

Florin Japanese American Citizens League
Oral History Project

Oral History Interview

with

JOY YUKASHI NOZAKI GEE

April 25, 1996
Sacramento, California

Interview by Violet Hatano. Transcription, photo work and
desktop publishing done by Joy Gee as donation
to Florin JACL

Florin Japanese American Citizens League
and
Oral History Program
California State University, Sacramento
Sacramento, California



JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE

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PREFACE

In the summer of 1987, a small group of people from the Florin JACL met at Mary and Al Tsukamoto's home to plan a new project for the organization. Because of the unique history of Florin, we felt that there were special stories that needed to be preserved. The town of Florin, California was once a thriving farming community with a large Japanese American population. The World War II internment of persons of Japanese ancestry living on the west coast, devastated the town and it never recovered. Today there is no town of Florin; it has been merged into the larger county of Sacramento. Many Japanese Americans who reside throughout the United States, however, have their origins from Florin, or have relatives and friends who once had ties to this community. The town may no longer exist, but the spirit of the community continues to survive in people's hearts and memories.

Several hours have been devoted to interviewing former Florin residents. The focus of the interviews was on the forced internment and life in the relocation camps, but our questions touched on other issues. We asked about their immigration to the United States from Japan, pre-war experiences, resettlement after the war and personal philosophies. We also wanted to record the stories of the people left behind. They were friends and neighbors who watched in anguish as the trains transported the community away.

We have conducted these interviews with feelings of urgency. If we are to come away with lessons from this historic tragedy, we must listen to and become acquainted with the people who were there. Many of these historians are in their 70's, 80's and 90's. We are grateful that they were willing to share their experiences and to answer our questions with openness and thoughtfulness.

We owe special thanks to James F. Carlson, former Assistant Dean of American River College and to Jackie Reinier, former Director of the Oral History Program at California State University in Sacramento. Without their enthusiasm, encouragement and expertise, we never could have produced this collection of oral histories. We also wish to acknowledge the project members, volunteers, the Florin JACL which contributed financial support, Sumitomo Bank for their corporate donation, and the Taisho Young Mens Association which contributed some of their assets as they dissolved their corporation on December 31, 1991.

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California State University, Sacramento
Oral History Program
Biographical Summary
Joy Yukashi Nozaki Gee

The bombs that fell on Pearl Harbor wrought defining changes in the lives of all nikkei. The leading citizens of every Japanese community were arrested by the FBI and torn from their families although all were later proven to be totally innocent. The carefully built world of the issei was wrested out of their control, and the bigotry directed evacuation robbed the nikkei of freedom, home, and lifetime savings of property and possessions. Then upon war end, further hardships awaited them as lives had to be resumed under severe adverse circumstances.

The twists and turns in directions from these events were as varied as there were individuals. These raging times only served as an all-powerful motivator that propelled the nisei to reach for and attain a level of success and achievement above what they would otherwise have sought.

This is the story of Joy Yukashi Nozaki Gee whose life reflects the positive forces that can work amid conditions born of racial prejudice.

✓ Her path begins in Fife, Washington, where she was born to well educated parents who taught Japanese school. Then a move to Garden Grove, California at the age of 3. This is followed by a happy childhood in Arroyo Grande, California, in San Luis Obispo County. The Pacific War starts, her father is taken away by the FBI, and soon the Nozaki family, consisting of the remaining mother and two daughters, were in the Tulare Assembly Center, and thence to Gila Relocation Center in Rivers, Arizona. Gila had 12,000 people, where there were as many persons in one camp block of about 200 as the entire Japanese population of Arroyo Grande. And in this concentration of Japanese, Joy learned more American ways of life in thinking, customs, and activities with exposure to nisei from many parts of California with a wider and varied age, background, and experience. The older nisei were clearly in charge in camp,.

In order to be reunited with the father, the family had to go to a Family Reunion Camp in Crystal City, Texas. As all the nisei 18 or older that could make their own way relocated to the East Coast and elsewhere, the families that were joined together in Crystal City consisted of adults and their minor children. So in Crystal City, the issei were once again the dominant force. Crystal City abounded in activities, but there was a Japanese slant as well, as parallel to the American school, there was a regular Japanese school. But this proved an enriching experience for Joy, as a new world was opened to her in the persons of an M.D. couple from Hawaii and a Zen priest from Los Angeles.

At war end, the father faced two choices, either to remain in the U.S. where there were no job opportunities for a former Japanese school teacher, and where his daughters would have to work as maids, or to go to Japan which was in the ruins of a lost war but where he could surely teach English with his degree from Waseda University and and M.A. from the University of Washington, and his daughters could be raised properly. He chose Japan, taking his family with him.

The family landed in Uruga, the assembly center for repatriating Japanese. The ten days there left indelible memories for Joy of barely edible meager food, freezing temperature with no heat, no bathing facility other than icy faucet water, putrefying smell of the no-flush toilets, the excruciatingly painful sight of the repatriates from the South Pacific with only cotton dresses and no shoes in the sub-zero weather, and grime everywhere.

After leaving Uruga and while headed for Nara, the father made an immediate decision to get off and work for the American Occupation Forces when the train stopped in Kyoto, the only unbombed major city in Japan. There the entire family got jobs with the Sixth Army, and this ensured clean and decent shelter and sufficient food, and the family was spared the bitter hardship of much of the populace in Japan at that time.

From Kyoto it was to Tokyo, then back to the U.S., getting married in L.A, then back to Tokyo with her husband and being able to help the parents in Kyoto. The husband, already an alcoholic, also took up gambling, which led to a separation after two years. Joy left for U.C. Berkeley, where she excelled both academically and in campus activities, and earned both B.S. and MBA there. After she was graduated, she had a successful career as a research specialist for the State of California.

Joy 's first husband was Ted Tadashi Ohno of Los Angeles, 1948-1954. Her second husband was George Gee of Sacramento, 1955-1979. Joy and George Gee have two children: Robin Frederica Gee, born October 4, 1959; and Bruce Revzan Gee, born April 10, 1962. Robin majored in communications at the University of California, Berkeley (BS) and the School of Annenberg at University of Southern California (MA). Bruce received his B.S. from Stanford, and Master's from the Sloan School of Business at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, majoring in economics and business. Both are successful executives in their fields. Joy has two grandchildren, both Bruce's children, Kirby born September 24, 1994, and Keri, born August 18, 1996.

*Florin JACL Oral History Project
CSUS Japanese American Archive Collection
Oral History - Joy Yukashi Nozaki Gee*

This is an interview conducted by Violet Hatano for the Florin JACL Oral History Project in conjunction with the California State University with Mrs. Joy Yukashi Nozaki Gee at 1435 Oregon Drive, Sacramento, CA 95822 on April 25, 1996.

It is a pleasure to be interviewing you. Please begin by giving your parents' names and a brief history of your parents' birthplace, where they were born, and what they did in the U.S.

My Father's name is Kiyoshi Nozaki. He was born in Osaka, Japan on September 21, 1888. At the age of three, his father, who was a physician, caught a disease from a patient and died. Then at the age of four, his mother died, leaving him an orphan who was raised by his uncle in Nara. He had two uncles, both doctors, and his male cousins were all doctors, so he too intended to become a doctor, and attended the Osaka Medical School. However, after six months of medical studies, he felt he could make a greater contribution to society by *not* becoming a doctor. He then enrolled at the Waseda University in Tokyo and was graduated as an English major. Father said there were only four students majoring in English at Waseda at that time. To get a notion of how long ago it was, Father spoke of Emperor Meiji passing away while he was still a university student, and the students all faced in the direction of the Imperial Palace and bowed to express their sorrow.

After he was graduated, Father became a school teacher, and this was the point at which my Grandmother discovered him and decided he would be a good husband for her daughter, my Mother.

My mother's name is Toyoka Shimizu Nozaki, and she was also born in Osaka on December 5, 1893, which made her about five years younger than Father. I know she spent part of her early years in Okayama long enough to pick up the Okayama dialect that stayed with her the rest of her life. She was the youngest child of my grandmother who had married twice, after the first marriage left her widowed. At some time in Mother's teen years, she was adopted by her oldest half brother, and lived there until her marriage to my father. Father described the *miai*, the first meeting of the prospective marriage partners, as follows: First my Grandmother walked in, a beautiful woman (her portrait hung in a bedroom all the while I was growing up, and she was forbiddingly imperious looking). Her eldest son, Mother's half brother and adoptive father, next walked in, a handsome man with aristocratic bearing. We have a photo of him when he was 60 years old, and he was still of movie star good looks. Then Mother walked in. Unlike her brother who got

his genes from Grandmother, Mother took after her father. Since I look exactly like my Mother, you may say I missed great beauty by the whim of heredity.

After the wedding date was set, Grandmother told Mother that eight suitors had sought her hand, all of whom Grandmother dismissed as not suitable enough. Mother did think one of them wouldn't have been bad as he had a cheerful disposition. At a *miai*, the marriage is a go unless total revulsion or the like was felt by either party as all other details, such as comprehensive checks of family backgrounds, were already done. Mother thought Father had gentle eyes and Father voiced no objections, so they were married.

Father found marriage to be a splendid arrangement. The meals were cooked and served, his clothes were laid out for him in the morning, and when he came home, Mother would bow to him and say *okairina-sai* (welcome home.) He was freed of all shopping, cooking, cleaning and other mundane chores, and a fringe benefit was Mother's money management. Each payday, he would hand Mother the paycheck in an unopened envelop, and there was no running out of funds towards the end of the month. In his bachelor days, he would put his pay into a sock, and he would spend until it was gone. If there was a gap to payday, he would take some of his books to a pawn shop, get his tide-over money, and then redeem the books when he got paid. This scenario took place often enough from what I gather. He said at such times, and he could not afford *unagi* (eels) for example, he would inhale deeply as he passed an *unagi* shop. On occasion Father would practice economy, as when his *tabi* (fitted heavy cotton foot cover) wore out, usually at the big toe, he would cover his toenail with *sumi* (black calligraphy paint) and no one would be the wiser as men's *tabis* were usually black.

An early discovery in his newly married state was Mother's frugal use of everything. At the verandah area where he put on his *geta* (wooden clogs), he noted a nappa plant growing. He watched it grow day after day, then one day, lo, it was gone. But it reappeared in the evening's *miso* (soy bean paste) soup. Decades later, Father recounted to us with wonderment this transition from plant to soup.

All through the marriage, to the very end, Father had no notion of family assets. Mother had a budget she adhered to, and she entered every cent spent in her accounting book each evening. The budget must have been on a weekly basis, for she would announce "We can buy more meat this week." She was not a pinchy-winchy seeking to save every penny, but allowed us to live at a standard of living she saw fit. But she was a great saver, and I think she was my role model in that area. Unfortunately, all her hard earned savings were totally taken away with the war by the Alien Property Custodian. Mother kept all records in one secret place, and Father's job was to remember where it was in the event he outlived her. Periodically Mother would remind him where the records were as he tended to be absent-minded even in his younger days. One of Father's fervent desire was to predecease Mother, tended lovingly by her to the end with no need for him to remember the hiding

place, and he did get his wish.

Shortly after marriage, Father decided he would like to get an American degree, and embarked to attend the University of Washington in Tacoma, Washington in 1919. Father received a Master of Arts degree in 1921; his thesis was comparing two female-dominated societies, the reign of Elizabeth I in England and the Heian era in Japan. Father had obtained his degree in two years, and the Dean told him that that was the quickest any Japanese had earned a Master's degree at that university. Moreover, the Dean urged him to go for a Ph.D., for he would give it to him in a year. But Father felt he had come for a Master's, and that was enough. At the University of Washington, there were a quite a few Japanese doing graduate work. I have a group photo of these Japanese students, and the singular noticeable thing about Father in the picture was that he had hair; Father's hair began thinning not too many years after that, so my entire memory of him is that he was bald headed. One of the men in this group picture was a well regarded person in LA and known to be somewhat of a snob about being a graduate of University of Washington with a Master's degree. Whenever his name was mentioned, Father would smile with amusement, as this person had taken six years to get his Master's compared to two years for Father.

Father had the option of typing his own Master's thesis, or getting it typed, which he deemed unaffordable. Therefore he bought a used Underwood typewriter and became the fastest two-fingered typist I've ever seen. He spoke of how he typed by the light of a kerosene lamp, so he must have been living in some substandard housing or electricity was not yet in widespread use. Many years later, when I was typing my own Master's thesis, I compared my comfortable well heated and lighted room at the International House in Berkeley with the conditions under which Father typed his work.

After obtaining his degree, Father decided he would rather live in the United States where societal customs were not rigidly restrictive as in Japan, and decided to become a Japanese school teacher in the U.S. rather than an English teacher in Japan. He returned to Japan to fetch Mother and came together to the United States on June 11, 1922.

Father and Mother's first job in the United States resulted when Father put in an ad, "Young Japanese Couple, Hard Workers, Want Job." Father thought he may have exaggerated a bit (for himself, that is) about the "Hard Worker" bit, but it made the ad sound good. They were soon hired, and worked for a Caucasian couple as "Fred" and "Nellie". As Fred, one of Father's duties was to milk a cow, but he was too scared to go near the cow, so the lady of the house had to do the job herself. Also, when Father was asked to shovel the garden, he set about jamming the shovel into the ground with arm muscle power, and then lifting out the soil. Upon seeing this, the lady of the house came over, put her foot on the shovel, pressed her foot firmly on it, and pushed the shovel into the ground. Father was amazed how easy

the job became. Mother, as Nellie, did the housework. The first day, she found a penny on the carpet, so she turned it in. The next day, it was a nickel, then a dime, progressed to a quarter, then to a fifty cent piece, and finally to a full dollar bill. The day the dollar bill was left enticingly on the staircase, the lady of the house was very nervous, and paced back and forth, keeping her eyes on the money. But never fear, Mother, as usual, turned it in, and her trustworthiness was authenticated. However, after a month, they received their paycheck of eight or ten dollars and let go. The lady of the house said "Nellie is fine, but Fred can't do a good job." They had lived in a shack near the house, and never got a bath during the entire month.

The next job was working for a Japanese farmer. Both Father and Mother are *shizoku*, from samurai families. Mother had to do housework at her brother's house as essentially an unpaid maid, but Father had never done manual work and had been raised as a privileged male. The first day, the farmer handed Father a hoe and told him to cut weeds. Father understood the mechanics of the required motions, and went up and down the rows in the field, marveling how the weeds were aligned so straight and in even distances from each other. He had done three long rows when Mother discovered he was cutting down all the young pea plants. Mother said she felt so *kinodoku*, apologetic, to the farmer.

Teamwork paid off when strawberry picking time came. Father's hand-picked berries did not look choice, as he was not keenly attuned to the degree of ripeness, and were often clumsily crushed to boot. Mother had him place his strawberries on the bottom half of the box, while Mother's pristine pickings went on the top. They picked strawberries from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., from the first glimmer to the last flickering of daylight. Father used to falter in his zeal at berry picking, but Mother used to exhort him, "*Gambari na sai*" ("buck up!") Those long hours in the field gave Mother some kind of a toe nail fungus, and I used to watch her put on many a prescription for it with nary an effect all her life.

After that sojourn on the farm, Father and Mother got jobs as teachers at a Japanese school in Fife, Washington, where I was born. In those days, there was no such thing as a baby sitter for Japanese in our circumstances. When Mother went off to teach in the afternoon, she would put me down for a nap, and when I fell asleep, she would tip toe out, putting a bowl of crackers on the bed. She said it got harder and harder to leave as I would try to stay awake longer and longer. But ultimately, I would fall asleep, and when Mother returned in early evening, she found that I had cried myself to sleep after eating all the crackers and there I was with dirty diapers. Mother said it was a wonder that I never got hurt all that time tended by no one. But one day, when I was cutting toenails when I was about 11 years old, Mother noted that the ring finger on my right hand had been pushed in and thence was shorter. Upon examining other fingers, the little finger on my left had also suffered the same fate, although to a lesser extent. The difference between the right and left little fingers was but a quarter inch, but years later, that quarter inch affected the reach of the left hand to play certain chords on the guitar.

When I was born, and when Sister was born two and a half years later on August 21, 1927, Mother immediately put in \$250 in a bank account for each of us in the Sumitomo Bank. At that time, the yen exchange was 2 to 1, so the \$250 translated to 500 yen. That \$250 per child was a lot of money in the 20's, and represented a lot of sacrifice on my parents' part. This money was supposed to pay for a dowry at the time we got married in perhaps 20 years. Mother explained that each account should increase to 1,000 yen by then. That should purchase necessary items for a Hope Chest as in terms of purchasing power, the 1,000 yen was almost the same as \$1,000. But by the time I was 20 years old, Japan's defeat in World War II had taken place in the interim, and the yen exchange was 360 yen to 1 dollar. So the 1,000 yen was worth less than \$3. We didn't even bother to locate the marriage accounts after the war. If Mother had put the \$250 in an American bank for 20 years, it would have increased to \$632 at 5%, \$756 at 6%, and \$904 at 7%. Now that the yen has gained strength, with the exchange currently about 124 yen to 1 dollar, the 1,000 yen dowry is worth \$8.06. Mother should have lived it up with that \$500 back in 1925 and 1927 for it would have purchased a lot of whoop-de-do. The virtue of frugality has its downside sometimes.

Mother always considered Father eccentric, but actually Father was far in advance of his day and age. For instance, Father considered *nihongi*, Japanese kimonos, as an instrument of torture where the men regarded women as toys to be callously put in clothing that bound them so tightly about the waist that they could barely breathe. Therefore, although all of our friends had kimonos, Father never permitted kimonos for us and we felt a bit deprived.

Who taught the English he learned in Japan?

I don't know who taught him, but I don't think it was an English-speaking Caucasian, because Father spoke with a distinct Japanese accent. This is common when one learns Japanese visually instead of by sound as visually the sound is translated into a letter of the Japanese alphabet. Also Father's English vocabulary had remnants from the 20's, for occasionally he would say "I should snicker!" and something about a cat's pajamas. Another leftover, from his Osaka Medical School days, was a smattering of German, for sometimes when dinner is about to be served, he would announce "Ich habe der Hunger."

Because Father always spoke Japanese to the Arroyo Grande Japanese residents, someone once snidely remarked he probably does not speak English fluently even though he had majored in English at Waseda and got his MA at the University of Washington. This person thought he would catch Father, and one day at a large community picnic attended by both Caucasian and the Japanese, he made a surprise announcement that Father would be the main speaker. That didn't faze Father in the least, for he got up and made an impromptu speech in English for what seemed to be about two hours (but speeches always feel interminable to me). I do not remem-

ber what he spoke about, but he looked great, standing straight and tall, projecting his voice loudly and clearly to the large gathering. His speech was punctuated often by bursts of enthusiastic applause, and the applause was positively thunderous when he concluded his speech. The Caucasians were thunderstruck that a Japanese had such a command of English, and the Japanese were happy and proud that their Japanese school teacher made such an excellent speech in English. Father was rather pleased with himself too.

Do you still have the photo you were speaking of that hung in the bedroom?

No, we lost just about everything. But we did store two trunks with a friend, and after the war, I went to pick them up, and everything in the trunks was intact. That is why we have some of the family photos, the piano music I used to play (imagine music costing only 35 cents a sheet!), Mother's hats from the 20's, and woolens she had bought for only a dollar a yard during the Depression when we were living in Garden Grove.

Could you tell us something about when and where you were born, and your siblings?

I was born in Fife, Washington on November 9, 1925. Fife is near Tacoma, where Father had attended the University of Washington. When I was born, I was supposed to be a boy (Mother said Father had wanted to buy a baseball bat and ball prior to my birth). Father had "Taro," a boy's name, all ready, but when the unexpected happened with a girl baby, it took him about a week to come up with a girl's name. He finally decided to take it from a *haiku* by Basho, a Chinese poet, which goes "*Yukashi naniyara sumire gusa*," which loosely translates "How elegant is the violet nestling in the grass." So my name became Yukashi, the first word in the *haiku*. When my sister came along two and a half years later, she automatically became "Sumire," or "Violet" in English. Father used to jest that had there been a third child, he or she would have been called Grass, completing the Basho *haiku*. I did not come by my English name until I started kindergarten, when Yukashi was a bit of a challenge for my Caucasian teacher. So Father named me Joy on the spot because he said I laughed a lot. When I was in the fourth grade, I discovered that "delight" was synonymous with "joy," so for a period, I wrote "Delight Nozaki" on all my homework and test papers to see how my teacher would react, but she handed all the "Delight" papers to me without one perplexing moment, so that was no fun and I reverted to Joy.

When I was about three years old and Sister a year old, we moved to Garden Grove where Father and Mother were to teach at the Japanese school there. We sailed on a white ship from Seattle with a stopover in San Francisco. It was Christmas season then, and there were gigantic Santa Clauses attached to every street lamp. Coming from the winter of Washington, San Francisco in December seemed warm to Father, so he held his overcoat over his arm as we were strolling

into Japanese town. A San Franciscan looked at this, and remarked to Father that he couldn't believe Father felt no need to wear his overcoat. Father took us to a noodle shop, and we had the simplest non-fancy noodle (*kake-udon*), but it was delicious. Besides, it was the first time I had eaten in a restaurant. On the ship coming over, Father and I went down to breakfast first before Mother and Sister. The waiter asked what we would like, and Father asked me what I would like. I squirmed in my chair and said "*Gohan* (rice)," which to me represented a meal. The waiter brought me a bowl of steamed rice floating in milk, at once familiar and unfamiliar, and I refused to eat it. Father had ordered bacon, eggs, and potatoes with toast, and I watched him eat it wishing I had some of it. Father reported to Mother that I must not be hungry, for I didn't even touch my breakfast. Moral of this experience is never let a three-year old order his or her own meal because Father and Mother know best.

Garden Grove

We spent our early childhood years in Garden Grove, located near Anaheim, now known for Disneyland. We were there from ages three to seven for me and Sister two and a half year younger. There was a lot to explore and learn while growing up in the years 1929-1933. And the time as we all know was the Great Depression.

The house we lived in at Garden Grove looked big to me at the time. We even had a room that was used only for storage. Mother kept all her canned goods there, and one day, she discovered Sister sitting there, busily peeling off the labels off from all the cans. For a many months thereafter, we could only guess what a given can contained and Mother had to be quite flexible in menu planning as she opened each mystery can.

The house had indoor toilet, but not a bath. The bathhouse was a separate structure with a Japanese *furo*, wooden bathtub heated with a gas jet underneath it. You can soak vertically up to the chin in a *furo*, and the spas that came out decades later was nothing more than the Japanese *furo* updated with plastics and modern plumbing.

After we were through with the American school for the day, we attended the Japanese school where my parents taught. When I started Japanese school, Father discovered I had learned a lot of the reading and writing on my own, so he advanced me one year without the formality of learning what was taught the first year. But that skipping caused me to not learn what was Right and what was Left in Japanese, reversing the two. So for nearly eight years, I thought the word Left in Japanese was Right, and the word Right in Japanese was Left. I only became aware of it one day when Father was giving someone a ride home, and the girl said in Japanese "Go left, Teacher," and he turned to what I had thought was Right. To this date, I remain confused as to what is left or right, and I hope English will always suffice when the direction of left or right is crucial to life and limb.

Father usually took Sister and me along wherever he went. An unforgettable trip was an errand to Long Beach. Sister and I were about four and six years old then, and Father's usual custom was to buy us a treat just before we set home. This time, he got three ice cream cones. As Japanese considered eating while walking bad manners, we knew we get to eat the ice cream cones only when we got in the car. However, on this particular day, as was wont to happen now and then, Father could not remember where he had parked his car. So we went back and forth in the approximate area where Father thought he had parked the car. I remember we kept passing a bakery with a gingerbread man in the window, and each time we went by, the ice cream in Father's hands had melted a bit more. Sister and I watched anxiously as the ice cream slowly changed from solid to liquid form, and when it overflowed onto his hands, Father said "Bosh, it's all melted," and threw the three ice cream cones onto the gutter. Shortly thereafter, Father finally found the car and we went home. We told Mother what had happened, and she said "Did he buy you a replacement?" and when we said no, she said, "My, what a *kawai-sona* (heart-breaking) thing he had done!" and we thought so too. After that, we always took care to note where Father parked the car.

Did you cry?

It's funny, we were accepting, and it seemed logical to throw away ice cream that had melted, so we did not cry. We were not demanding, and I cannot recall a single incident where Sister and I cried to get what we wanted (that is, as far as my memory takes me, which goes back to when I was three). If our parents chose to give something to us, we were delighted. I guess we felt secure that whenever a need arises or the time had arrived, they would provide it for us. In those days, commonplace things today were treats. We got ice cream when we went shopping to San Luis Obispo (16 miles north of Arroyo Grande where we later moved), and we got a three scoop cone holding vanilla, strawberry, and chocolate ice cream, all for five cents! And we never felt deprived either, just tickled pink at the treats we could expect on shopping expeditions to nearby towns.

Mother would be busily sewing before the start of a new school year, and Sister and I would have a new wardrobe of perhaps 14 dresses each. We would have special dresses for dressy occasions. When Father went out of town, we could expect an *omiyage* (gift) upon his return. We got to see a movie almost weekly as Father was quite a movie fan. Father would subscribe to magazines ranging from *Child Life*, *American Girl*, *Tip Top Comics*, to Japanese children's magazine because we wanted to read them. When Father went to the local drug store, Sister and I were allowed to browse and buy one comic book; we felt entitled to read at least five before purchasing one. There were Big Little Books selling at the Five and Ten, and Father usually let us buy what we wanted. These were called Big Little Books because they were thick, about two inches, and Little because they were no more than 4x5 inches. These books were usually condensation of popular stories and movies complete

with pictures; we had the complete Shirley Temple movie series. One day Father came home with Mickey Mouse wristwatches for each of us. Immediately all our classmates were clamoring for Mickey Mouse wristwatches too. One mother, a widow, phoned Mother and said just because I had a Mickey Mouse wristwatch, her daughter wanted one, and she cannot afford to buy one for her. She asked that since I was a role model as a teacher's daughter, I should set a good example and never buy anything unless everyone already has one. So after that, I was always the last in my peer group to get anything, but Sister benefited in being younger, as she always got it the same time I did. So when I was the last in my class to get a permanent (Sophomore in high school), sister got it at the same time as an 8th grader. So we didn't cry when our ice cream melted and Father threw the soggy cones away.

But there were occasions when I did cry. I remember when I was about five years old in Garden Grove, Mother would shampoo our hair in the separate bathhouse which had the Japanese tub. On shampoo days, Sister would gather the neighborhood kids to watch, saying "She's going to cry. She always cries when Mother washes her hair." I would try not to cry, but as she began rubbing in a beaten egg she used to give us what she thought would be lustrous hair, I would start wailing, and Sister would say to the crowd "See, I told you she was going to cry!," and the neighborhood kids would say "Yea!"

Did your sister also get the egg treatment?

Yes, but Sister didn't cry. Before the war, a traveling movie man made the circuit of small towns throughout California showing Japanese movies. Many of those movies were silent, and he would say all the parts, be it man, woman, or child. Japanese movies were invariably sad, or as Father put it, the characters got themselves into heart wrenching fixes through every possible act of gross stupidity in order that the movie producers could exact every possible drop of tear from the audience. The lights would go on whenever the movie man needed to change reels, and all the ladies would have red swollen eyes and their hankies drenched with tears. And Sister would brightly look around her, noting all the sniffers, and she was the only female not crying. When we went to Japan on the SS Matsonia, she was one of the two passengers on board who did not get seasick. Father used say "Sumire is *nibui* (slow to feel things)."

How did that affect her as an adult? Not releasing any emotion in front of people?

Far from that. You should see her when she is mad. You would never see anyone who could get so mad loudly, vividly, and colorfully. One time, she had a 12-unit apartment building. The apartment next door shared the same garbage can area as hers, and one of the tenants, until she tracked him down through an addressed envelop in the trash, would throw his garbage from the third story window, and it would splatter all over the garbage area. Since Sister and her husband lived in that apartment building they owned, she was the one who kept it clean, and each

splattering episode of a garbage missile would leave her in rage that if emoted on the silver screen would rate a diamond studded Oscar. Our grandmother and uncle both died from cerebral hemorrhage, grandmother when she flew into a rage when a maid had failed to cover the floor opening that held the *kotatsu* (charcoal burner when covered with a heavy quilt, kept those with legs underneath warm) and grandmother fell in. It is a good thing Sister did not own a gun at that time.

Was she a stoic?

Oh no, she was vibrant in high school. She was voted the most popular girl, the most all around girl, cheer and song leader. Fabulous athlete. And she made Phi Beta Kappa in college too.

Was there a lot of competition between you two?

No, for some strange reason, Mother thought I was the brighter of the two of us while Sister was regarded as the stronger, being husky. But she grew up to be a beautiful sophisticated looking woman; whenever she stepped into a room, all male heads would turn. Even when she turned 60, a stranger stopped her in Safeway and said to her, "Do you know you are beautiful?" Since my value in life did not include physical beauty, I never had a mud hen complex when walking with Sister. Sister had Father's perfect body proportions which made her a superb athlete when combined with her muscular prowess. From childhood on, she could beat any male in arm wrestling. When practicing for a camp track meet event in Gila, she outran a high school track star who was aspiring to be my boy friend, and humiliated him so handily that he slunk out of my life (he wasn't my type anyway). Sister was spectacular at the track meet, easily winning the 50 yard dash and 100 yard dash long distances ahead of the next runner. But the race that drove the crowd wild was the relay. I would never succeed in running for my life, but they needed one more for our block relay team so I was on. Sister was the anchorman. I was the fourth to run, and barely maintained our fifth position, which wasn't bad as I could have run us into sixth place of the six teams. The runner after me kept the status quo of fifth place, and then Sister grabbed the baton for the final lap. The crowd was already roaring in expectation, and Sister did not disappoint them. She passed the fourth place team, then the third place team, then the second place team, and rapidly closed in on the first place team. I can still see the face of the anchorman of this Turlock team, her face contorted with supreme effort, and star athlete in her own rights. The crowd was going berserk. If the race had run two more feet, Sister would have beat her, but what a race! No one can ever forget that race.

Father always said Sister will some day run in the Olympics, but the war came. In Gila, the PE department sought the most athletic girl in high school, and measured running, jumping, making baskets in basketball, and the like, and Sister by these objective criteria was the selected the Most Athletic Girl. We were going to UC Berkeley when the 1952 Olympics were held, and one of our hometown fellows,

who knew of Sister's athletic feats, wrote and said UC Berkeley's Brutus Hamilton was an Olympic coach, and if Sister would not go to him for a place on the track team, he would write to Coach Hamilton himself. So we decided to see how fast Sister was running, and lacking a stopwatch, I used my metronome for the piano. I set it to 60 ticks per minute, measured off 100 feet (sister had clocked at 100 feet in 10 seconds when she was tested in Gila), and shouted "Go!" The metronome ticked off 10 clicks, and Sister was still heading towards me, and the final time was definitely not Olympic caliber. Sister thought she at 22 was too old, but she should have gone into training. Sister's Gila record was not equaled until the 1964 Olympics, where the Gold Medal was won by a 29-year old. While my children were growing up, Olympic time on the TV was always an occasion for me to talk about the Gold Medal Auntie Vi would have won.

Sister was a top athlete in every sport she engaged in. In the Gila River Relocation Center, our Arroyo Grande-Guadalupe basketball team, called Sparklettes, won first the Butte Camp championship, then played the Canal Camp champ to win the Gila championship. The last 30 seconds of this camp championship game was spectacular. The score was tied, and Sister had the ball at the half court mark. With no time but to make one shot, she heaved the ball towards the backboard. It sailed halfway across the basketball court, and to the astonished shouts of the crowd, made the basket, and we were champs!

In college, our dorm where I was dorm president decided to enter the intramural basketball league for the first time. Among nisei, I was a benchwarmer, for on the Sparklettes in Gila, the coach would say "Go in Joy!" when the team would be 35 points ahead, and five minutes later say "Come out Joy!" when the team was 33 points ahead. But I wasn't too bad among the Caucasians as I was at least nimble. We had two pretty good Caucasian players, but Sister was clearly the star. Our Mitchell Hall team came out of nowhere and we won the UC intramural women's basketball championship, much to the mortified chagrin of a sports sorority that was accustomed to the championship year after year. The following year, we were well on our way to another championship, when one of the members of the opposing team deliberately stepped on and held her foot on Sister's foot as Sister was rapidly moving forward. That snapped some foot bones, and Sister was on crutches for the next six weeks, but we had won enough games and we got the championship that year as well.

Sister could hit home runs in baseball as far as any boy. No matter what sport she took up, she excelled in it. Later in life, when she was in either late 40's or early 50's, she had enough time to join two tennis clubs to resume her tennis game. For the first six months, she took lessons from a tennis pro, and practiced at home with a tennis robot. Then she felt ready to play in the tennis tournament, and asked her coach which flight she should enter. He said "Why not all of them?" She took first place in the C Flight, first place in the B Flight, and went into the finals in the A Flight and came out second. Thereafter she kept challenging the top player, but the

top player used every possible excuse to avoid another game with Sister. With her muscle power, Sister's serves were like cannonballs and literally struck sheer terror into every fiber of her opponents on the receiving end. But one day, her tennis triumphs came to an end when she hurt her knee, and although she went to the best and most expensive surgeon in the Bay area, he goofed, and unwilling to admit to the goof, it was too late to repair the damage by the time she went to a second surgeon. She could still move about normally, but hard tennis was out. She brought over 80 tennis outfits to be sold at my neighborhood garage sale.

So there was no sibling rivalry, as we both had an assured place. In college, although we were both in business administration, we took only one class together. Sister had a strong A throughout the semester, but in the finals, she assumed that the professor would know that anyone would know the minor details, and left them out in the blue book essay exam, so she got a B. I think I had a B+ up to the finals, but when I am B-ish, I go with a big push in the finals that would net me at least an A-. In those days, A- was the same as an A for gradepoint purposes. So sister ended with a B+ for the course, and I think I got either an A or A-, but it didn't bother either one of us siblingwise. The only other arena of competition was when she was the Freshman ping pong champ and I was the Senior ping pong champ at the Gila River high school. There was no all class playoff, so we both enjoyed our own niche.

Now back to Garden Grove and childhood days.

I learned a valuable lesson when I was about five. Our family had gone visiting, and the hostess leaned down to Sister and me with a banana loaded plate and said "Would you like a banana?" There is a seemingly inborn trait, Japanese in origin I am sure, which when something is proffered, you are to refuse it at least twice, and when you are coaxed for the third time, you get to take it. We therefore both politely said "No thank you." She was supposed to say, "Do take one," after which we were going to say "No thank you," and then she was supposed to say "Come, come, do have one," after which we were going to say "Thank you" and I would take one for me, and one for Sister. Unfortunately, when I said "No thank you," the first time, she just said "All right then" and walked on. And there was no repeat opportunity. That was a good lesson that one should cut out that "No thank you" bit unless you mean it and go straight to "Thank you very much."

Garden Grove was close to a number of beaches. There was Huntington Beach, where the waves were gentle and benign. Then there was Long Beach, with its powerful currents. Father often took us to the beaches, and he would sit on the sand with his hat on under a beach umbrella while Sister and I played in the water. That day, I thought Long Beach was Huntington Beach, and waded in up to my knees when a receding wave knocked me off my feet and started to carry me off. I can still remember being borne aloft, still above water as I was being swept away, and the sight of my Father running madly towards me, clothes, hat, and shoes and all. He somehow reached and grabbed me while the wave was undulating and before I

was carried to the briny deep. I can well imagine the horror that galvanized him into action.

Each night Father would tell us a bedtime story, and he used to make up the stories himself. Our favorite was Fly Horse, a fly that was crawling on the wall, when all of a sudden, it began to grow and grow until it had attained the size of a horse. Hence Father called him Fly Horse. These series always started out "One day, Fly Horse would be cloppity-clopping along..." (Fly Horse also made the same trotting noise as a horse.) Fly Horse had the best fantasy adventures. In those days, Milk Nickel, a chocolate covered ice cream on a stick, would sometimes have a nickel coin in wax paper wrapped on the wooden stick. When Fly Horse would get a Milk Nickel, lo, there was a nickel! So he would buy another Milk Nickel, and wow, there is another nickel! So he would buy yet another Milk Nickel, and terrific! Another nickel! As Fly Horse would go from Milk Nickel to nickel to Milk Nickel to another nickel *ad infinitum*, Sister and I would squeal with delight and would be bouncing up and down on either side of his lap.

Garden Grove offered another memory bit: the Long Beach earthquake. It was shortly before supper time when the first shock wave struck, and Sister and I were playing hopscotch in front of the house. As the ground heaved us off balance, we ran to the house, weaving and stopping, weaving and stopping. When we got to the front door, it was jammed, and it wouldn't open. Just then, Father arrived home in the school bus. In addition to his teaching duties, he had to take all the children home in the school bus each week day. I finally yanked the door open, and we rushed in calling to Mother. She was in the kitchen, holding up a cupboard that had fallen down on the stove. The pots holding the cooking food had spilled on the floor, and Mother shouted to us, "Put a cushion on your head and run outside!" We did as bid, our hands holding down the *zabuton*, the seat cushions, atop our heads. In Japan, where earthquakes come fairly often, people would run out into the street with a cushion over their heads because the Japanese houses had ceramic tiles on the roof, and those tiles would come crashing down, at times on the heads of the unwary. So Mother was following a Standard Operating Procedure, ...for Japan. All that night we stayed outside, with the earthquake rocking us periodically with a rumbling sound. Someone built a campfire, and a number of neighbors joined us, and exchanged earthquake horror stories of how the earth would open, swallow you, and close again. Our dog Fido howled piteously all night with each shake and rumble. By morning, no further tremors took place, and Father packed us in a car to survey the damages in the neighborhood. Garden Grove was close enough to Long Beach that the earth shook and rumbled like the epicenter (sort of), and all the brick chimneys and walls had come tumbling down. Our small downtown area looked like big dollhouses with open walls, and it seemed every house had the smattering remnants of a brick chimney on its roof. This gave me an aversion to brick as construction material for decades to come.

At the time we got Fido, Father preceded his acquisition with a touching story of

a faithful dog named Fido. Unfortunately, our Fido did not always evoke a warm glow. I can still see the milkman frantically trying to outrun Fido to the safety of the milk truck. As dairy and mail services became curtailed, Mother had to confine Fido to the range of his tether. The careless still got bit ("Hi doggie," with a pat on his head was an extremely bad idea), but this was in the days before excessive litigation, so what Mother did was to give everybody who was bitten a box of candy on every Christmas thereafter while we lived in Garden Grove. I believe the list was up to nine the last I remember.

The Olympics came to Los Angeles in 1932. The newspapers carried pictures and stories of the daily events, and Father started an Olympics album for me. It was a huge and sturdy album, at least a foot wide and two feet high. At least to a six-year old. The heavy pages had vertical stripes of glue dots running at an inch interval and already had a yellow hue of age. All I needed to do was to moisten the dots, and press down the news clippings that Father scissored from the newspaper each day (it was a big day when Father said to us one day, "How would you like to read the comics everyday instead of just on Sundays?" and we clapped our hands with delight; we were a mite disappointed that the comics came in black and white on weekdays and in color only on Sundays). A runner named Zabara was the marathon champ, and a woman swimmer named Hideko Mayebata was the Japanese hope for a gold medal. Three of our neighbor's kids, near our ages, and Sister and I usually played together, and during the Olympic run, we played Olympics. We ran races of varying lengths, jumped over a jump rope held at various heights, did the hop, skip, and jump, and threw a circular metal disk we found as a discus. The oldest of our gang of five, the leader by virtue of age, declared we needed prizes, and selected some of Sister and my toys to be handed out as trophies. We even won a few of our toys back.

Father took us to where the Japanese Olympic players were staying, but Sister and I were more interested in a monkey that was in a cage on the compound. We attended Olympic practice events in the LA stadium too, and thoroughly enjoyed the taste of our first Olympics. I don't know if we attended any real event, but the daily additions to my Olympic album, the radio coverage, our make-believe Olympics and excited daily discussions with Father about the Olympics made it so alive for me.

Our neighbor in Garden Grove had many children. The father regarded life as a series of pleasures, and supporting a family was not one of them. His mother-in-law had selected him because he was a good Japanese *shigin* singer, and had a carefree disposition. He kept his wife pregnant on a regular basis, and Father used to remark that no matter what year, he would have a same aged child dangling on his knees. The grandmother paid for her choice of a son-in-law, for she was the only member of the family engaged in gainful employment for her daughter had no time for any pursuits other than caring for an ever-growing brood. The mother never talked or smiled, always bent over a small child with a strand of hair falling over her

stolid face. The grandmother was a hard worker, skilled in making tofu, and that supported the family in a manner best described as subsistence level. One time they were trapping sparrows with a screened wooden box propped up with a stick with a string attached as the entree for that evening's meal. Their main house was a long shack, and in front, there was a house, roofed and framed, but not completed as they didn't have enough money to finish it, and the grandmother made her tofu there. When Disneyland opened decades later, my husband and I visited our Garden Grove home site, that incomplete house had finally been finished and occupied by a family of one of the family members who had lived there. We also went to visit the daughter of that family who was the same age as I. She was serenely working on a dress for her daughter to wear that night, and she told me "When your Mother moved from Garden Grove, a light went out of our lives." She had a difficult life, for when her older sister died in childbirth, she married her brother-in-law at 16 to become a mother to her niece and nephew.

Our gang leader lead us in many projects. One year of his chronological superiority had us in sheep-like obedience. Once he told us that pennies came from rocks, and set us to work busily hammering and cracking a goodly pile of rocks in search of copper pennies. Fortunately Mother came out the back door before we blinded ourselves from flying rock chips, and instantly quelled our quest for fortune in pennies.

By 1933, the Depression was hitting our community in Garden Grove severely. Many were strawberry farmers, and prices were so low that the farmers could not even pay their electric bills. With so much hardship, Father offered to take a pay cut, and was jolted when it was cut in half (the way it worked, Father got paid, and Mother who put in the same hours, was sort of thrown in free as an extra teacher). But considering the times, even the half pay wasn't bad, but a 50% reduction is a shocker, and put Father in a mood to move elsewhere. Shortly thereafter, Father saw an ad in a Japanese newspaper for a teacher in Arroyo Grande, applied and got the job. There I would be starting third grade, and Sister first grade. As we left Garden Grove in our box-like Buick and followed by our mover in his moving van, the last glimpse was the entire Japanese community standing in front of our home and the adjoining Japanese school and shouting "*Nozaki-Sensei, Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*" and throwing up both arms with each *Banzai!* In those days, there was no militaristic overtone to *Banzai!* Just a rousing hurrah which it actually is.

Arroyo Grande

It was a long drive to Arroyo Grande, but we made it in one day, arriving in early Evening. The house was so small compared to the one we had in Garden Grove that we had to leave the sturdier items outside. A young couple had occupied the house before us, so the five rooms consisting of two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bathroom had been adequate. The community immediately set about enlarging the house by two rooms which we used as a dining room and a living room. And every-

thing outside fitted nicely inside.

One of the parents met us when we arrived, and he took us to his home for supper. As the lady of the house picked up a rice bowl to put in the rice, apparently there was a wisp of something in it, because as she picked the bowl up, she blew into it and let it fly out. That jarred Father. Which explains why I don't like to eat any food that anyone breathes on, and my son doesn't either. But the meal tasted good after the long day's drive.

Arroyo Grande was a pocket of prosperity amid the miseries and deprivation of the Depression. The farmers grew pole peas, and at that time, Arroyo Grande was the Home of the Pole Peas. The ladies had permanents instead of having hair knotted into a bun, but when they noted that the Wife of the Teacher had a bun, they quickly let their hair grow and also had a bun. Our entire family was a designated role model. That is why as a little girl I decided I would never become a teacher or marry a teacher. Or worse, marry a minister. Being a role model is not carefree.

With Arroyo famous for its pole peas, we received a lot of peas, and I remember our childhood where Sister and I would sit cross legged on the floor, shelling peas onto the front of our dresses. To this day, peas are my favorite vegetable. In addition to peas, the farmers of Arroyo Grande grew lettuce, celery, onions, Brussels sprouts, nappa (Swiss chard-like Japanese vegetable), and others. They caught trout and perch. And they were generous in sharing their bounty. One friend even had a well that produced clear, sweet spring water, and when they discovered Father was purchasing Arrow Head spring water, one of the sons would regularly bring a 5-gallon jug of their refreshing spring water. We hardly ever lacked fresh vegetables, which was fortunate as about all Mother could muster was carrots although she did alright on flowers. I gave cucumber a try one time at about sixth grade, and a lone cucumber managed to attain a length of perhaps two inches before one of my pet chicken cut short its growing period.

Mother, despite her lack of fluency in English, was an admirable shopper. In Garden Grove, she found her way to Piggly Wiggly, the bargain supermarket of the area. In Arroyo Grande, we got meat locally, as well as bread (bread was 12 cents for the large size, and sometimes we got prizes nestled between slices, such as a Lone Ranger balloon, which was always a nice surprise even though a pink balloon would give bread slices on either side of it a tinge of pink.) But the main shopping was done weekly at a Safeway store in Pismo Beach, four miles away. In those days, Safeway had the Family Circle magazine for free, but as befit the price, it was slim and printed on cheap paper. For Japanese goods, she went to a Japanese store in Pismo Beach, and she would buy a year's supply of everything, sacks of rice and sugar, soy sauce and pickled scallions (*rakkyo*) by the tub, soy bean paste, not to mention dried bonito, seaweed and the like. She didn't take delivery all at once, but the grocery man would bring them over as needed. For fish, a fish store man from San Luis Obispo, 16 miles north, would make the rounds of the Japanese in the

county, and Tuesday morning was our day. So I automatically learned to love *sashimi* (raw fish) as a cultural influence; otherwise I probably would have said "Raw fish! Yech!" I have never been an adventurous gourmet.

The areas around Arroyo Grande were often foggy, but when one looked into the sky, there would be one patch of sunshine, and that was Arroyo Grande. The fog source of course were all the beaches that were within easy driving distance of Arroyo Grande. Avila Beach, for instance, would announce its location by an umbrella of fog. Japanese oil tankers used to drop anchor offshore of Avila Beach, and we were told that all the black gunks that would stick to our bare feet were due to the leaking oil from those Japanese tankers. So cleaning the soles of our feet of the black hardened oil was part of the ritual of going to Avila. Oceano Beach was perpetually foggy, and was nothing more than an expanse of sand...the water was too cold for anyone to take a dip. We just went there to play among the sand dunes. Pismo Beach was the nicest of all the nearby beaches, because we could actually go into the water and there was no swift undertow. Also, at that time, it was known for its plentiful giant clams. Shell Beach was not particularly popular as it was not a genuine beach with sand, but with a lot of rocks and pebbles. But it was true to its name, and as the tide came in and out, we would find a lot of shelled denizens scurrying about. We called them "With House on Their Backs" as the shell was their home. Morro Bay is now within proximity of a morning golf game via the freeway, but in the 30's and early 40's, 60 miles was a long, long way so we didn't count it as our beach. The only time we went there was when a local lady died, and she wanted to be cremated, and Morro Bay had the nearest crematorium. So a cavalcade went from Arroyo Grande to Morro Bay and back again, and the road went high on mountains and low on the downgrade and tortuous to boot. Putt, putt, putt.

During most of my years in Arroyo Grande, the closest movie theater was in Pismo Beach with its Ward Theater. To accommodate the Arroyo Grande movie-goers, Ward Theater had a large billboard smack by the middle of the Arroyo's one main street. The movies, always double features, changed three times a week, and the best ones were always for Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays. The main movie always occupied the entire billboard, with just a line for the second feature. Wednesday and Thursday programs were generally B pictures, and Fridays and Saturdays usually had Westerns or detective stories, and each of the two features for those dates took up one half of the space on the billboard. Admission was 30 cents for adults and 10 cents for children. The big jump in admission was when one graduated 8th grade, for you are now adult ticketwise. And to insure that the new high school freshman would not try to sneak in for ten cents, the Ward Theater owner would always film the Arroyo Grande 8th grade graduation ceremony as local news to be shown in his theater. That usually deterred ex-8th graders to attempt admission as a child. If a high schooler was small in size, he was usually described as "He could get in for ten cents."

In Japanese, movies are called "*katsu-do-shashin*," or moving picture. But Father

always referred to movies as "*Eiga-no-kenkyu*," or "A Study of the Cinema," so we spent most of our childhood thinking the Japanese word for movies was "A Study of the Cinema." Father loved to make a study of the cinema often, generally taking just Sister and me as Mother was limited in her enjoyment as she did not understand English too well. She never missed a Shirley Temple movie however, which she attended to observe the latest in little girl dresses. She drafted her own patterns, so we had Shirley Temple dresses without their price tags. The big movie in our days was "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." For that, we had to go to the Santa Maria theater, 14 miles away, and Mother came along too. The other biggie was "Gone With the Wind," for which we waited until it came to Pismo Beach as Santa Maria was rumored to have raised the admission to exorbitant level for that occasion. We sat in the movie darkness of Ward Theater in rapt expectation, and it opened with the movie title literally blowing across the screen and impressed us that we were about to watch a true movie event. And "Gone With the Wind" had an intermission, and that was the first time we had a movie long enough to warrant an intermission.

Hollywood touched Arroyo Grande just once while I was there, when Clark Gable and Joan Crawford were filming "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" at Pismo Beach. Everybody cut school to gawk. Clark Gable was wearing a long fur coat, and looked exactly like himself. Joan Crawford had on a reddish makeup, probably to hide her freckles, but she was Joan Crawford all right. The movie changed its title to "Strange Cargo" when it came out, and it was a box office boffo at the Ward Theater, but when Clark Gable was dragging Joan Crawford across the African desert, it was Pismo Beach to all of us in the audience. There was an anecdote after the Hollywood crowd went home. A tale told was that Joan Crawford noticed a girl with a violin wrapped in newspaper. She told the girl she would like to send her an autographed photo, and obtained the girl's name and address. A few weeks later, a violin case arrived at the home of that girl. We were all so thrilled!

My big pet experience came with 4th grade. We always had a dog, but a new pet world opened up for me when a family friend gave me a white Leghorn hen. We named her Jane, and Father built a clumsy looking fenced in chicken yard for her, as well as an even clumsier looking hen house which looked more like a small dog house. We put some hay in Jane's house, and she began presenting us with an elongated white egg almost every day. Another family friend, noting how we were enjoying Jane, decided to go better, and gave us a black hen with 10 chicks. Father extended the boundary of the chicken yard, added a make shift looking gate (which was permanent), and built a bigger house to accommodate the expanded chicken population. This hen house was an improvement, as he even included a perch inside the house so that the grown up chicken could perch on it at night to sleep. This perching was important, as the chicken would produce fertilizer during the night, and weekly I would clear the area of the pile for the week. Mother used this chicken manure as fertilizer, and to encourage me, she gave me a little bucket and offered me a penny per bucket. Money can motivate, and I used to even follow the chicken around gathering up the manure within seconds after emergence. But

the slow production rate made this instant pickup not worth the while.

As the 10 chicks matured, they quickly developed a pecking order. Top of the heap was a magnificent rooster that I named Mr. Cockle-doodle-doo, but called Mr. Cock for short. One thing I was never exposed to in neither English nor Japanese were bad words a good girl wouldn't use. The chickens were my primary subjects in my 4th grade essays, and each week I would write about their activities, with Mr. Cock as the leading chicken. So it was Mr. Cock this, and Mr. Cock that. I also wrote stories at home about the chickens, sometimes just sitting in the chicken yard and recording what was happening. I wrote on a long roll of white butcher paper, so the written material was more like a scroll rather than a book. The top hen of the brood was Greedy, named thus because as a chick she would crowd out all others, other than Mr. Cock, from the chicken feed. But she later proved to be such a good mother that we changed the "d" in her name to "t" and called her Greety. Each year Greety would lay 10 eggs as round as a ping pong ball, and then set down, ready for motherhood. It mattered not that the only egg under her was a glass decoy that each nest sported. Since 10 eggs was her production limit for the year and not a single egg more, we always acceded to the inevitable and gave her 10 eggs to sit on. To get a variety in our chicken yard, we used to get the setting eggs from a Czechoslovakian neighbor whose chickens were definitely not pets. When it was time for the chickens to hit the pot, this lady said she would grasp a chicken's head in each hand, and flip! Instant wringing of the necks! I never witnessed this, and did not care to do so. Once in Garden Grove, our neighbor axed a rooster's head on a tree stump, then let go of his legs, and the headless chicken scrambled frantically in all directions, spattering blood as he went, and it was a traumatic sight. My pet chickens' ultimate futures never ended at the dinner table. They were tame, and Mr. Cock and Greety would stop to be picked up whenever I would lean down to do so, and Mr. Cock would crow in my arms if it happened to be crowing time. We had a handsome and intelligent white Leghorn rooster named Jumpy as he would always jump on our laps, who was qualified to be a King of the Chickenyard. He deferred to Mr. Cock to rule the little kingdom, but I felt that he was too good to be Second Fiddle. So I gave him to a girl friend so that he could have his own chickenyard domain. But an ugly rumor came to my ears that the evening of the day I gave Jumpy to my friend, her family had a delicious chicken dinner.

One thing my pet experience has taught me is that when children have pets, they should always be under adult supervision. As a starter, I had no concept of how much to feed the chickens. Mother had started me off with a smaller can to fill with feed, and I did move to a bigger can after my first ten chicks matured, but the feed allotment remained at that level for the rest of my chicken caring days. Each day the feed was supplemented by kitchen peelings and other chicken edibles, and our dog got the table scraps, but that was it. The best time for my chickens, if they were to tell their tales, is when the spring rains came, and the grass would grow green, for then I could let them out of the chickenyard to feast on the grass to their stomach's content. Another exception would be when there would be a New Year's

celebration at the Japanese school grounds, and there would be so much garbage the chickens could hardly move after stuffing themselves. I would once in a while even forget to check their water, and when I refill the two containers, the chickens would go on a water drinking spree. Also periodically, when night has fallen and the chickens are perched asleep in their hen houses, I would suddenly realize that I had not fed them that day. I would say to Mother, "I forgot to feed the chickens!" For at least 30 years thereafter, I would have a recurring nightmare, "I forgot to feed the chickens!" Animal rights people had better get on the unintended abuse of pets by children.

The all-time favorite playtime activity for Sister and me in Arroyo Grande was paper dolls. That is, paper dolls that we made ourselves. We started with commercial paper dolls, such as a Shirley Temple doll. We also cut out the paper dolls in the comic strips such as "Tillie the Toiler," a fashion conscious career girl of that time. But the wardrobe was limited for these paper dolls to what was printed, and versatility of play was confined to whatever we had.

One inspired day, I must have been about nine years old, and Sister seven, we decided to make our own paper dolls. I made cardboard templates of a girl doll and a boy doll, so all girl dolls were the same size as were the boy dolls. The only exception was a boy doll named Shorty who had his own template, since he was named Shorty for a reason. Each doll was given its own personality, voice, and manner of speaking; we didn't deliberately set out to do this, we just did to differentiate each doll as much as possible.

We started with a population of 12 dolls, three of each sex for Sister and me. We played all this on a card table, Sister on one side, me on the other. Since we had six dolls each, each doll occupied an assigned space, six on Sister's side of the table, and six on mine. Between the two living areas was the largest space, and this was where all the play took place. Whenever one doll wanted to do something, we would trot it out of its space into the common area, and Sister and I would maneuver our dolls around with words and action.

Since I was the more skilled artist of the two of us, my doll, Timsey Polksey, owned a dress shop, and made many dresses, outfits, and gowns from the girl doll template. We didn't have a men's clothing store, as basic garb was considered sufficient for the boy dolls for all occasion. We later even went so far to draw the clothes right on the boy dolls, so there was no need to put clothes on and off. Exquisite fashion creations were only for the girl dolls, and Sister's doll Narda was Timsey Polksey's prime customer. This was because she was the only doll with money as will shortly be explained.

One of my dolls, Robert, had a restaurant, which was the only source of food for the paper dolls as we relegated shopping at stores, cooking, and having home cooked meals to another type of playing, such as "Store" stocked with empty carton boxes,

cooking with toy utensils, and serving snacks on doll dishes. Our paper doll playing was pure action, and was a super economy version and precursor of Barbie and Ken. Robert's restaurant was a white shoe box, the cover of which showed pictures I had drawn of many entrees and desserts with a price underneath each item. At meal-times, all the dolls would order and deposit the right amount of money in the slot that was cut out at one end of the white shoe box. Since eating was one of the most frequent activity, owning a restaurant was a lucrative monopoly for Robert. With only 12 dolls to work with, and each with an occupation, we never considered another doll opening even a hamburger joint in competition with Robert. But we knew enough about marriage and divorce (the woman got everything) so that Robert would be periodically relieved of his entire accumulated wealth on a regular basis by Narda.

The money for play came from our own monetary system. Our Treasury boasted a supply of butcher paper, two pairs of scissors, a printing set of farm animals, and a printing set of numbers. We cut up the butcher paper into 1"x3" rectangles, then printed a different farm animal for each denomination, starting with a hen for \$1, pig for \$2, cow for \$5, and horse for \$10 (we had a coin-shaped 50 cent piece, but took it out of circulation as it was untidy to handle) and put the numerical values on the two upper hand corners. Sister and I engaged in an assembly line production, cutting and stamping. After each printing, all 12 dolls received 1/12th of the latest production, but as time went on, we had to go into another printing because all of the money ended up under Sister's doll Narda's account with her constant marriages and divorces, primarily to Robert and ever so often, to Timsey Polksey whenever he waxed rich from her purchases of dresses and gowns. Narda's major expenditure was on clothes, and Timsey was busy creating glittering beaded and feathered gowns for her.

Sometimes we would decide to play "Country," and we would increase the doll population, and create three countries. Narda was the Queen of Boheyama, wearing costumes swiped from Queen Azura in *Flash Gordon*. A new boy doll named Princas came into being only in the "Country" mode as King of Prussia, and Robert was King of Anglo-Saxonia. The costumes were drawn right on the dolls, for now we were interested in action rather than putting clothes on and off. Unsurprisingly, the national characteristics were patterned on England for Anglo-Saxonia, Germany for Prussia, and anything glamorous and materialistic for Boheyama.

A third option for playing paper dolls was to marry the dolls off, each couple would have one child, and we would go into a family mode. But we liked the single and dating format the best, so Sister and I would sit at our respective end of the card table, and play paper dolls for hours at a time.

Our minimal chores included picking up after ourselves, but we were quite cavalier about it. One time Sister and I were heavily engrossed in checkers,

playing every chance we got. But we never put the checkers away. One day Father sternly told us if we do not put the checkers away, he would burn it. We blithely ignored his admonition, but the next time we wanted to play checkers, we could not find it anywhere. Just in case, we went outside to check the trash burning area. And sure enough, there was our checker set, the ashes still showing the shape and design of our checkers.

One thing our parents expected from us was filial piety. From early childhood, we were indoctrinated with being *oya-ko-ko*, being good to parents. The supreme goal in life was to be a *ko-ko-musume*, a daughter who is good to her parents. A great sin, for instance, was to talk back to parents. When I was about nine years old, I must have done so, for Mother blasted me and said "How DARE you talk back to your parent!" I never dared forever. Obedience was the order of the day. With the halt of Japanese immigration in 1924 under the Gentlemen's Agreement between the governments of the United States and Japan, the Japanese in the United States were isolated specimens transplanted from the Meiji era, and we children, the *nisei*, continued as such specimens. We got all of the teachings of that period, and Mother had us convinced that the Japanese had the corner on the virtue market. Whenever Mother met a Caucasian that had fine qualities such as honesty, integrity, consideration, graciousness, generosity, thoughtfulness, hardworking, and the like, she would always say in wonderment "Why, he is just like a Japanese!" I later discovered in life that the world is filled with people who are "...just like a Japanese!"

Japanese have a lot of superstition. Fortunately, Mother's were few, but she firmly believed them and passed them on to me. One New Year's day, I was sweeping the front porch, and Mother came out hurriedly and said "Stop! You will sweep all the good luck out for the new year!" Therefore the big cleaning was done the day before, called *o-misoka*. I adopted the policy of not doing any cleaning on either day, the first because it becomes such a harried activity, and the second because I am not about to sweep any good luck away. Mother didn't like the Japanese word for "4," pronounced "*shi*," because "*shi*" also meant "death" in Japanese. Some people go so far as to be averse to all even numbers, so you would find five in a tea set, not four nor six. So I was averse to anything that had any resemblance to "four" for most of my life; only in recent years, feeling more daring, I would even select four as a Lotto number. Mother had a family no-no number too, 11. It seemed Grandfather died on the 11th, so whenever the calendar rolled around to the 11th of the month, Mother would caution us to be especially careful as "Today is the 11th." And if anything did happen, she would darkly say "Today is the 11th." Mother also had a bane on food combination of cherry and milk. She firmly believed that is what killed President Harding. The Japanese Ladies Home Journal, *Shufuno-tomo*, that she subscribed to, once helpfully printed an entire poster full of illustrated bad food combinations which Mother had posted in the dining area, but I can't recall observing any of those taboos.

Some things learned as a child stays with you. When Mother cracked eggs, she

always cracked eggs one at a time in a dish, then put it into a common bowl for whatever she may be preparing. She never cracked all the eggs into one bowl where they would commingle with other eggs or ingredients. It was many years before I realized that in the old days, one never knew if an egg would be bad. Therefore if an egg were cracked separately, a bad egg could be thrown away by itself whereas if cracked into a common bowl, that one bad egg would contaminate all contents of that bowl. In the decades since, I have rarely come across a bad egg, but I still crack each egg separately, just in case.

Mother also believed that drinking hot springs water was a healthful thing to do. Somewhere between Pismo Beach and San Luis Obispo, there was a long downgrade on the road, and right at the bottom of the dip was the "Ontario Hot Springs." It had a swimming pool, but anyone swimming there was subject to public scrutiny as the motorists come down the grade. Father said with his bald head, he would be spotted immediately, so if we felt like a hot springs dunk, we always went to the bath houses that were in a separate area. Mostly, we would stop by a fountain in the middle of the compound that had spouts pouring out the warm sulfurous water and fill our gallon insulated container. This was free.

One of the most fun family activity came about when Santa brought us a carom set. Mother called it *tokyu-ban* in Japanese, and it was a square piece of heavily varnished plywood with a variety of designs on it that allowed the playing of many games. It came equipped with a generous supply of wooden rings about an inch and a quarter in diameter, most abundantly in green and red, with just four yellow rings, one white ring, one black ring, two die, half a dozen small spinning wooden tops, and four pool cues. There were four concentric circles on one side of the carom board, and the innermost ring had small screwed in wooden posts that were meant to guard this inner circle. Father simplified the playing by piling all the pieces other than the pool cue sticks in the center circle with the exception of the yellow rings, which were our shooters. The play was simple, the object was to hit the inner circle with the full force of our shooters, and we each got three consecutive turns to hit any loosed items with our shooters into any of the four net pockets in each corner of the board. But if you shoot so hard that your shooter goes beyond the boundaries of the board, your turn ended right there. The different items were assigned different values, with the plentiful red and green rings worth a mere one point while the tops were worth five point, the white and black rings each worth ten points, and the die value was whatever you rolled. We played this game night after night, the four of us crouched on the rug around the carom board, leaping and hopping to change to a more advantaged position, and did we have fun!

So we grew up. On occasions, a Caucasian kid may say "Why don't you go back to Japan?" and we would hear "Japs" now and then, but everyday living was moving us into the American way of life. First the American schools and the English language, then the church, then the customs, the food, the games we played, the songs we sang from the radio, all in all, the way of life was transforming us from the

Japanese root to growth as Americans.

I would always remain averse to the word "Jap." The Caucasians were well aware how pejorative that word was to all those of Japanese origin. Before the war, when a longtime next door neighbor, an Arroyo Grande pioneer died, her son rented the house to an Italian-American family. They had a darling four-year old girl that they often sent over to play with us. One day she came over, and said "My mother told me to go over to the Japs." I brought this matter up with her mother, and she said "Oh, I wonder where she could have picked it up for we *never* use that word. It must have been from a Sunday School song that goes "All the happy little Lapps and the Japs too." Oh, sure. During the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor, I remember expressing my dislike of the term to my Caucasian friend as, "Don't say it podner, even if you smile."

Our parents never made us study. Somehow, I knew we were expected to do well. Father would say things like "Always do your best. If you do your best, you will never have regrets that perhaps you could have done better." Also "Never cheat in exams, for you will never know your true worth." Another one was "Do not overstudy. If you have to go to extremes to get your grades, you do not deserve the grades." And "Pay attention in class and study diligently." So I did all that automatically, and the payoffs were as Father expected, excellent grades. More than graduating with honors in college, one of my happiest moments was when I was invited to join Phi Beta Kappa, the ultimate to me in scholarship. And having Sister join Phi Beta Kappa at the same time was kudos to our parents. At that time, the Nichi Bei Times, a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco, ran a front page story, "Nozaki Sisters Make Phi Beta Kappa Together."

For all these years with my name as Violet, I did not know that there was a Japanese equivalent for Violet. All the Joys I know, they have all lived up to their names. So I was wondering if all their lives, they had to live up to their names or they were so joyous they were Joy.

My disposition, according to my Father.

Tell me, in your early years, did you speak English?

Even though Father spoke English, we spoke Japanese at home. However, once we started kindergarten, we were speaking English fluently in a matter of weeks. There was no problem that I can recall. Also, the older children we played with were already speaking English, so that made the transition easy.

Were there other nisei children in your class?

Yes, two boys and two girls in Garden Grove, and when we moved to Arroyo Grande when I was ready to start third grade, there were three boys and five girls.

The boys in my class were very shy. I remember one boy who used to keep one thumb hooked onto his pocket, and if a girl came within eight feet of him, his hand would start jiggling quite nervously. Actually, he never did marry.

In our school, we did not have a cafeteria. We brought our sack lunches and ate it in the patio area. How was your school?

Through fifth grade, we had an old-time school house, two stories high, housing third through eighth grade, with a separate small building for kindergarten through second grade. We didn't have any cafeteria there, presumably because at the time it was built, schools did not have cafeterias, and lunch boxes and brown paper bags were our portable private cafeterias.

This school house had the old time Booth Tarkington ambiance. It had a bell tower, and our janitor, Mr. Doty, would pull the rope about 15 minutes before school was to start, and as we walked towards school in the morning, the pealing would call out to us. One time, when I was about to eat an apple, Mr. Doty pretended he was going to take a bite out of it; I struggled to keep it out of his teeth's reach, and although he let go once he was within biting distance, I didn't want the apple anymore because he breathed on it, and Mother had told us about germs. We also had Mr. Branch, a policeman in full uniform, with riding pants and boots, who came on his motor cycle and directed traffic to insure that the children crossed the street safely. Across the street to the side of the school was a log cabin grocery which had an impressive array of candies where the children could spend their pennies. Yes indeed, pennies. A penny could buy Babe Ruth, Butterfinger, Abazaba, Love Nest, long red or black licorice whips, O Henry and many others. There were wax statuettes filled with a colored sugar drink. Jawbreakers went for two for a penny. If we wanted to squander a nickel, we got a yard of paper strips on which sugar candies were stuck.

We didn't get any allowance as such, but in grammar school, Father gave us money for school related ice cream and candy sales. The ice cream was a commercial product, but candies were homemade by whatever class that was sponsoring the candy sale. Since Mother was not into candy making, I did it. As a 4th grader, I tackled fudge, which refused to get hard no matter how long I cooked it. So I put the gooey mess onto wax paper and twisted it into a ball. The candies brought by class members were jumbled randomly into small bags which sold for a nickel. I always hoped I would not get a bag containing my fudge, and the law of probability was always on my side. Candy Day ceased to be a Candy Complex Day for me when a classmate, equally culinarily handicapped, gave me a recipe for penuche that was guaranteed to harden. It was made with brown sugar, and all I had to do was keep sprinkling in baking soda until it got hard; the taste was another story, but I settled for hard. I tried butterscotch too, but I always burned it, which gave it an extra hue of dark brown. As for the ice cream and candy money that Father gave us, we had the choice of spending it or saving it. As frugality was a way of life in those days, I often chose to save it. On one of his many trips to the Santa

Barbara campus to check out its library books (one of his University of Washington classmates was a professor there), Father brought as *omiyage* (gift) small red wooden barrel bank that had a metal top that could be locked and opened with a key. When it got full, Father took us to the local Bank of America to open an account in each of our names, and we were proud of the mounting balance with each trip. By the time the war came, including the cash I chose over a class ring, I had a little over a hundred dollars saved from those forsaken ice cream and other goodies. But the Alien Property Custodian moved with great alacrity with Pearl Harbor, and confiscated all Japanese assets, and impounded my hard-saved account at the same time. A decade or so later, I did get it back, and not only was no interest paid on my account, but the Alien Property Custodian had charged me an "administrative fee" and my savings was \$11 poorer...220 ice cream bars I had given up in grammar school!

But going back to grammar school at the old schoolhouse, Sister and I were both saving our ice cream and candy nickels, but one day, Sister took her entire stash of 80 cents and splurged it all on penny candies at the Log Cabin and passed them out to her classmates. I asked her why she did such a thing, and she replied "It was taking too long to save a dollar."

When I became a sixth grader, a new modern grammar school finished construction in a field much further away, and together with better playing facilities and a library of sorts, it had a cafeteria. Of course, I did not get to eat at the cafeteria every day. Father thought once a week was about right, so it was a looked forward weekly event. For 12 cents, the school cafeteria offered salad, hot entree, dessert, carton of milk and all the buttered bread you can eat. I remember one nisei boy ate 21 slices, and the cook remarked "That Jap boy sure eats a lot." I asked him how he could eat 21 slices at one lunch. He replied, "It's easy, you just fold the bread in half."

Since Mother prepared basically Japanese food at home, the cafeteria introduced regular American fare to me. I remember eating a dish called *porcupine*, which was hamburger mixed with rice, and covered with tomato sauce. It was a first-time tasty treat. We always ate cooked celery at home, so I was amazed how one slice of raw celery atop a salad could be so delicious. Mother's cooking policy was to boil all vegetables until the fibers were completely limp. I disliked cauliflower nearly all my life because boiled cauliflower was not pleasant to my palate, but when I married into a Chinese family and stir fry, the flavor of a barely cooked cauliflower was a gastronomic marvel. Mother had firm ideas on what food was fit for her family: hamburger was verboten, as one cannot tell what the butcher put through the grinder; ditto for wieners, though she did relent on that although Father always referred to it as *kami-ni* (paper-wiener); and any organ meat was out, which meant no liver, brains, kidney, and the like. So when it came to meat, it was always round steak, converted into the shape and size required for the cooking at hand...steak? round steak; stew meat? round steak; sliced beef for sukiyaki? round steak.

The transition of my life from one stage to another could almost be measured by the introduction of new food to my diet. When we went to the Tulare Assembly Center, I was surprised at what appeared to be a large steak for dinner. But, it smelled and was mushy, and was the never before eaten liver. At college dorm, what I thought was a tough and smelly pork chop was lamb chop. Also, at the college dorm, the dietitian's notion of the volume per serving varied considerably from mine. That meant I had to eat everything on my plate, near my plate, and by my plate, including cottage cheese which I had never seen nor tasted before, and drink milk which I wasn't wild about. But I did draw the line at chicken gizzards, so strong was Mother's influence. Lent was nice, for girls all around me gave up dessert, so they would pass it on to Joy, and Joy happily ate six extra desserts.

As mentioned, the school cafeteria gave me my first experience in eating American cuisine. Of course, home prepared breakfast and school lunches were American, but dinners, the main meal, were always Japanese. When I was in Garden Grove, breakfast was peanut butter on toast (2) with cocoa, and I used to dunk my toast in the cocoa until limp and then press out the cocoa with my fingers and eat it; Mother used to look at me as if I were doing something strange. The only time we had bacon was one time in Arroyo Grande when the butcher gave me a pound for Christmas; of course, Mother had abhorrence of fatty food, always slicing away every bit of fat from the round steak that was our universal all-purpose meat (it used to be 25 cents a pound, so I was sent to the butcher store for a quarter worth of round steak; when the price went up to 30 cents, I still asked for 25 cents worth of round steak). When I became about 10 years old, I felt old enough to voice a choice and we not only got to buy wieners but bologna as well. Up to then, our school lunches were always egg sandwiches. Then when I hit high school, there was no cafeteria, but the wife of a local grocer ran a small hamburger stand near the high school. I could now buy hamburgers, and Father raised my weekly allowance in order that I may patronize her once a week. What nice sizzle, what nice aroma, what nice hamburger, with tomato, onions, lettuce with mustard and ketchup, all for 15 cents and I think I got Coca Cola for a nickel.

Do you recall any activities of your early school?

In kindergarten, I remember the teacher had to call Father because I started crying when my straw became non-functional while drinking milk. But those were the early days. We played on swings, see saw and overhead bars, but I didn't climb on top of those bars because all the girls who did had their panties on view for those below them and Mother had imbued us with modesty. I had my first crush, on a brash boy with a big smile named Tsutomu. Mother started to celebrate Girls' Day, on the third day of the third month, and I would run home from school because the dolls would be on display and goodies would be set in front of the dolls. I ran home on my birthdays too, for Father would get store bought cakes. There was a chasm of a difference between Mother's home baked cakes and store bought cakes. Mother believe in healthy ingredients, such as butter instead of shortening in store bought

cakes. Until I was well along in high school, I always thought home made cakes were heavy and flat, and only store bought cakes were light and fluffy. Then one day a lady gave us her home made cake, and I was astounded that it was just like store bought cakes, light and fluffy. By then a sophomore in high school, I got a free copy of Aunt Jenny's Cook Book through the mails, convinced Mother I should try the shortening called Spry, and made my first cake, which was not exactly store-bought like but a vast improvement over Mother's. I achieved light-fluffy success only at Crystal City, an internment camp in Texas where we had the most primitive but adequate cooking equipment. We put a portable metal box over two gas burners, and with a hit-or-miss adjustments of the gas jets, one could achieve a working oven. I used a new cake making technique that Betty Crocker had just come out with where you dump every ingredient in a bowl, whip it around for two minutes, pour into a pan and bake. This method produced a cake that was a match for any store bought cake, a miracle. So when Sister said she had to have a cake for a gathering, I gave her this recipe for surefire success. But Sister must have lacked the proper twist of the wrist or something, for her cake came out heavy and flat.

In first grade, the teacher used to give Butterfingers when the pupil would get 100% on a spelling test and I always got one.

When I was in second grade, one of my Caucasian classmates invited me and a few other Caucasian girls to her house for a game of Old Maid. How exciting! The only card game I had ever played was *karuta*, a Japanese New Year's game where you matched the written sayings on a card to a picture depicting such saying. Each card had a homily to impart: "Buy cheap goods and you will lose money;" "Even dust would become a mountain if it accumulates;" "If you love your child, let him travel" (I couldn't quite connect those words with a picture of a smiling child walking with a knapsack on his back); and "Even a dog would bump into a stick if he walks" (How about that?) So I played Old Maid for the first time, thoroughly enjoying the game, and oblivious of the passing time. I was jolted to discover it was already 4:30 when I considered leaving, and hurriedly left. When I reached home, matters were in a state of turmoil. A student at the Japanese school which was next to our house spotted me and yelled, "Where were you? Your Father is worried sick because you did not come home on time." I was gripped with guilt and premonition of deep trouble. I thought Father would ban me from the family. I decided to accept my deserved fate, went to the back of the house, fetched our red wagon, put a small blanket in it, and pulled it to our neighbor's house and asked to sleep in it in front of their house. I was really sad and very sorry, and the Little Match Girl couldn't have looked more forlorn. However, at that moment, Father burst on the scene, and gave a loud shout of relief. He didn't even scold me as he was happy to have found me safe. I was happy I didn't get an expected heck.

Another unforgettable experience happened when I was about nine or ten. Mother had purchased a large watermelon and was going to cool it in the bath tub. But I decided that it would take too long to fill up the tub, whereas a wash tub located

outside would fill up sooner. As I struggled to carry it out, Mother called out, "Don't take it out. You may drop it and it would break." "It's okay" I shouted back. Then a few steps later, the watermelon slipped from my grasp, fell on the ground, and splattered into a dozen pieces. Terror flooded me, and I ran and hid in one of the small buildings on the Japanese school grounds where we play ping pong. I crouched petrified under a table. Shortly I heard Sister call out my name and looking for me, but I remain silent, fervently wishing that she would not find me. She called and called, and the decibel of her voice varied as she was near and far. Finally, about a half hour later, Sister had another message: "Come out *nechan* (big sister), Mother said she will not scold you." Advance pardon always does the trick, and I came out of hiding. Mother had even cleaned up the watermelon mess.

It is interesting how accepting we children were. True, there were prejudice and bigotry, but we were cocooned into our own society that the issei parents had created for us. We went to the regular American school, then after school, we attended Japanese school for an hour each day. After class, we would go outside to play. We had a baseball field, which used to be an asparagus field, and continued to produce asparagus on the fringes of the field. We usually played "work up," which allowed the number of participants to be quite fluid, and we got to play all positions. I thought being the pitcher was great until one day in 5th grade, at the American school, I was the pitcher, and the batter hit a ball that hit me socko on the forehead; after that, I did not relish being the catcher either, for one could get boppo with a bat. We had an outside basketball court where we played half court or full court, depending upon the children available as classes were over at various times. We had a ping pong room adjacent to the garage that held our Buick, and those from Arroyo Grande were pretty good ping pong players. I was the class ping pong champ at the Arroyo Grande Union High School, the senior class champ at the Gila Relocation Center (and Sister was the sophomore class champ, and there was no interclass playoff, so Sister and I did not have to face each other), and later when I was middle aged, I was the women's ping pong champ in the Sacramento city tournament for two consecutive years.

Going back to those prewar days in Arroyo Grande, we also played all the usual children's games of that time, such as kick the can, hide and go seek, Simon Says, Red Rover-Red Rover, Prisoner, jacks, jump rope, hop scotch, and numerous others. The day would end as evening neared, and all the fathers in the community would come to the Japanese school to pick up their children.

The wealthiest man in the Japanese community had donated a community hall built on the Japanese school grounds that served many purposes. It had a stage, with heavy red brocade stage curtains that opened and closed via pulleys. On Christmas, Father would write plays, make ingenious stage props, Mother would teach songs and dances, and the Japanese school students would put on a well applauded program for relatives and friends. Once a month, Father would hold a Story Day, where each student would have to get on the stage by himself or herself, and give a

short speech. That is why public speaking came easy for all of us, for between the plays and monthly story telling, we knew how to modulate and throw our voices to the person in the last row. I remember there was a speech contest for the West Coast, and one of the students coached by Father went on to the finals in Seattle, and her sister who accompanied her met the young man who later became her husband.

The Buddhists used the hall for services, and since Father was not a priest nor a reverend, a Buddhist priest would come either from Pismo Beach or San Luis Obispo each Sunday.

Weddings were performed in the hall, as were banquets. At these events, one or two of the men would get inspired after quaffing a quantity of sake, and would get on-stage and sing an interminably long song. The hall also served as theater to a traveling Japanese movie man. In those days, a lot of the Japanese movies were silent movies even when the Hollywood movies had sound. So the movie man used to play all the parts, and we did not think it strange that the beautiful woman on the screen had a man's falsetto voice.

The hall was a meeting place for the Japanese community too. One time, a Christian leader came to speak, and every time he said "Spirit," a boy one class below me and who was about 9, would say "Spinach!" from under a ping pong table at the end of the Hall. That got funnier and funnier with each repetition until it was downright uproarious. He later grew up to be a staid pillar of Arroyo Grande. At the same time, other boys his age were out in the dark, stealing cherries from the two cherry trees growing by the side of the school. I went out there after being unable to quell the laughter shaking up my stomach from one too much "Spinach!" and espied those forms clinging to the trunks of the cherry trees. "Don't tell your Father!" came a voice. I heard that often enough. I never took advantage of the fact that Father was the teacher, and was a figure of authority. But Sister did. Whenever she got into a fight, she would clench her fist, raise it back to a striking position, and belligerently say "I'm going to tell my Father on you!" That always brought things her way. As for the cherries on the cherry trees, we always had a Cherry Day once a year, and the entire school would pick all the cherries, and then the harvest would be distributed fairly to all. Those cherries were delicious, and we used to spend weeks watching it ripen and waiting for Cherry Day.

The Japanese school was the center of all community activities, a haven that permitted self respect and realization of self worth for the issei. The nisei were slowly assimilating into the American mainstream, but the issei were still in full control. Father had always recognized that the nisei's country was the U.S., and he himself regarded the U.S. as his home. Father once told me, "You nisei are fortunate in that you have two cultures to choose from. Make sure that you select the best from each." Father taught the Japanese language and history, the moral and ethical values inherent in the Japanese heritage; he had never advocated jingoistic nationalism.

On Fourth of July, the Japanese community would hold a barbecue picnic. We had a special brick barbecue pit off the side of the baseball field, and the men folks would skewer huge hunks of beef on giant iron rods, and grill it over burning wood. The women folks were in the ping pong room, cutting up the ingredients for a green salad, and the ladies always added canned crab that made the salad taste superb. Outside would be cases of Nehi soda water, and beer for the men. There would be two huge boxes containing ice cream, with the inside perimeter lined with dry ice; after the picnic, we used to like to drop the dry ice in water and watch the white "smoke" go up. After leaving Arroyo Grande, I have never tasted barbecue that tasted the same as those Fourth of July barbecue; other barbecue, Bar-B-Q, whatever, just wasn't it; I later found out what we had was a Portuguese barbecue. When I reached high school, I was eligible for the *Shojo-Kai*, a young women's group, and that group was eligible to help our mothers in the makings of the salad. I liked to cut cucumbers, as though my culinary skills were not honed (never ever honed actually), the speed the cukes afforded my knife made me feel like a kitchen whiz.

Mother subscribed to Japanese magazines, *Shufuno-tomo*, a Japanese Ladies Home Journal for herself, and *Yonen-Club*, a children's magazine for us. I used to read her magazine as well, and one thing I picked up there was the art of reading palms, a feature that had its own special section each month. I have read other palm reading books, but the degree of accuracy in the *Shufuno-tomo* interpretation of the palm lines astounded even me at times. The best one was when I looked at the palm of an officemate's wife at a party, and exclaimed in surprise, "You are supposed to be dead, at about 25." Startled, she said "You are right. I was a nurse, and was all set to go overseas to Korea when I was 25, and was about to board the plane when Dave (now her husband) came running shouting 'Will you marry me?'" She shouted back "Yes," and came scrambling down the boarding steps. The plane then took off, began to sputter with engine trouble, and crashed right there on the airfield before their eyes. Not one survived, and she was saved only by my office-mate's proposal. As another example, I was a volunteer Fortune Teller at my children's elementary school fund raising fair, and my fame was schoolyard wide. I would have repeat customers year after year who was hung on my 35 cent reading. One lady came back three times on the same day, trying to see if my palm reading would differ each time, but it did not since I simply read the lines. Incidentally, she decided not to divorce her third husband when I told her she had only three marriages showing on her hand. The school secretary and janitor even got married when I saw a happy second marriage on each of their hands. So much for my prowess in palmistry (I'm not aware of my misses.) But back now to *Yonen-Club*, the Japanese children's magazine. The magazine would have bonus supplements which varied each month, and numbered anywhere from three to even seven, and when cut, pasted and put together, would equal many a Toys R Us product today. One of our favorite games, vintage pre-war, actually became a toy sold at Toys R Us many decades later, an exact copy, except it was made with plastic instead of paper.

The Japanese school adjourned for the summer at the same time as the American schools. This was a big event to celebrate the graduation of each student from one class level and promotion to the next (nobody ever flunked to my knowledge) and was a multi-town affair for the Japanese schools in San Luis Obispo county. Since San Luis Obispo was the biggest town, we all gathered there...Arroyo Grande, Pismo Beach, Los Osos and of course San Luis Obispo. The early part of the program was solemn, where the teachers stood in front of the stage before a pyramid of scrolls, and called out each student's name, and the student would come forward and receive his graduation certificate. Everybody was dressed in his best for this occasion, and the one I remember the most was when a plump nine years or so boy, dressed in a suit, walked briskly up to receive his graduation paper. However, the hardwood floor was a bit slippery, and his brand new shoes had no grip, so as he moved swiftly forward (no dilly dallying as there were many students to go) Plop! He hits the floor. He got up, and walked faster to make up for lost time, then another Plop! And he had his third Plop! before he finally made it to the podium. His return trip to his seat was a cautious one and thus uneventful although we had our necks craned waiting for the next Plop!

There would be a lot of food after the ceremonies, but the big event of the day that generated heated competition were the plays put on by the various schools. For Arroyo Grande, Father would have written about five plays, and we would have had about a month of learning our parts plus rehearsals. We were always the undisputed best. But the desire to beat Arroyo Grande was great on the part of other schools, and one year, the Buddhist priest who was the head teacher at San Luis Obispo got a commercially written script, rented elaborate samurai costumes, and when the play drew loud applause, the priest who had imbibed quite a bit of *sake* (rice wine) by then shouted "We beat Arroyo! We beat Arroyo!" and passed out.

Another multi-town occasion was Emperor Hirohito's birthday. The formal program would always end with a rousing "Tenno-heika, Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" For many years, actually until fairly recently, I was under the impression that the word "Banzai" was a militaristic patriotic cheer denoting loyalty to Mother Country Japan. After all, every time the Japanese soldiers gained territory in the invasion of China, they could be seen banzaing all over the place. There was a man from Pismo Beach who usually led the cheers, raising his arms straight up into the air with each "Banzai!" Then when the war came, it seemed that he would be a prime target for arrest by the FBI for being such a prominent "Banzai" cheerleader. But when he escaped arrest when men being treasurer or secretary of a parents' association were taken away, whispers were that he was saved because his son was a JACL president, and was an *inu* (informer) who had fingered the other men in the community. But Banzai actually meant "Live Ten Thousand Years," a celebratory bit of a shout that was innocuous as "Hip, hip, hooray!" Later, in the award winning book, "Years of Infamy" by Michi Weglyn which served as the basis for the redress for nikkei incarcerated in camp and lucky enough to be alive by the time redress was

to be made, gave the facts and details that showed that the FBI and other policing arms of the government were right on the job, and had no need to rely on late teen-aged JACL officers to act as informants. Therefore, Live Ten Thousand Years, Banzai! In camp, when the young men volunteered for the 442nd and were leaving, their sendoff by the issei men was "Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" Definitely a pro-American occasion. But going back to the prewar Emperor's birthday, the big thing for the kids was a track meet. There was a race for every age group and gender, and a prize for every participant. The top three prizes were all tablets with an Indian Chief on a red cover: first prize was a big tablet, second prize a smaller but thick tablet, and third prize the same smaller size but thinner tablet. Everybody else got a pencil. Sister could run at Olympic speed, and always got a big tablet. I usually, if not always, drew a pencil.

Years later, after the war, when I visited my home town, former students of my parents told me the reason so many Arroyo Grande nisei turned out so well was the influence and teachings of my parents. I did note in camp that although Arroyo Grande was a small town, we had a disproportionately high number of leaders when we went to Gila, a camp of 12,000. We had moral character, discipline, confidence in our abilities, feelings of responsibility, high sense of duty and obligation, and all in all, mighty fine people. I was touched recently when a Sacramento friend told me in her visit to southern California, she met a person from Arroyo Grande (I did not recognize her married name) who she said in the course of conversation, "You know, we were very fortunate in Arroyo Grande because we had Mr. and Mrs. Nozaki as our teachers." I always thought I would never become a teacher or marry a teacher for all the endless hours of work and dedication the job required, what did it really matter in the end. But hearing words like that, I felt my parents' lives were very well spent.

Was this Japanese school tied in with the church?

No, Father was neither a pastor, priest nor a reverend. His grandfather was a Christian I know, but when Father died, Mother gave him a Buddhist funeral, so when Mother passed away, I gave her a Buddhist funeral. Father used to say he believes in religion, but he doesn't like the agents. He said when the street car bound for heaven reaches a transfer point to hell and the conductor shouts "Transfer to Hell!" all the Buddhist priests would go scrambling off.

As for our religious upbringing, he felt that so long as we went to some church it was fine. So we always went to the closest church. In Garden Grove, we went to some Christian church each Sunday, and Father brought us a set of paperbound books that contained Bible and Sunday School stories. I took a match box (those big ones back in the Depression days), cut it so that it opened up like a small screen, and on the clean inside, took a heavy string, and glued it in so that it formed the words "Jesus, Son of God" and sprinkled some sugar over glue so that it sparkled it bit, and prayed before my homemade shrine each night. In Arroyo Grande, the Bud-

dhist church was closer, being right on the Japanese school grounds, so we went there each Sunday. A Buddhist priest would come in from Pismo Beach or San Luis Obispo and conduct the services. And best of all, when we trooped out of Sunday school, we were handed a lollipop. It was shaped like a lion's head, and nice to spin around in the mouth. The Buddhist chant that the priest intoned was new to Sister and me, and the first time we went to a Buddhist funeral, we thought the long chant was so nasal and funny that despite the solemnity of the occasion, we were practically rolling in the aisle. Fortunately, all the children were seated in the front, out of the purview of the adults seated in the back although I don't know what thoughts were running through Mother's mind as she saw Sister and me gagging ourselves while heaving with laughter.

At the Gila Relocation Center, I was 16 at the time, I was asked to play for the Buddhist Sunday School, so I had the children marching in and out to Schubert, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Concone and the like. My first husband was Episcopalian, so I went to John Yamazaki's St. Mary's (he married us too). The church had a young people's group that met on a regular basis. The year was 1948, and sansei and yonsei (third and fourth generation Americans of Japanese ancestry) would be surprised to know what the job situation was like then. At the first meeting of this young people's group, as we sat in a big circle, each person was asked to give his or her name and occupation. The young men were grocery clerks at their Mom and Pop stores or gardeners or students at colleges, and the girls did housework or did gift wrap at posh department stores (there was an exclusive girls' club that called themselves "The Magnin Girls"). I had just come back from Japan, aged 21, with typing, stenographic, and administrative experience under my belt, so I landed a job as secretary to the public relations man for the Los Angeles Smog Control Board. When he discovered I had journalistic experience as well, I did the writing too while he drove around doing PR work. To come back to the St. Mary's young people's group, my turn in the seated circle came, and I said "My name is Joy Ohno, and I am a secretary." To my great surprise, this was greeted with applause. By circa 1955, it was practically an insult to be called a mere "secretary," but back in 1948, it was worthy of approbation!

My second husband was Methodist, my children went to the Trinity Church of Nazarene as my in-laws were accommodating about taking them to Sunday School (I followed my father's philosophy of any reasonable Sunday School will do), and I am presently with the Mayhew Community Baptist Church because it has such an energetic and dedicated pastor who preaches common sense sermons on morals and ethics with no pulpit pounding hell and damnation scare tactics.

You spent your junior high days in Arroyo Grande?

Yes, but we did not have junior high per se. Our grammar school was for Grades 1-8, and high school for Freshman through Senior, Grades 9-12. Although we were a small town, it was surrounded by even smaller towns. So students were

bussed in from Pismo Beach, Nipomo, Oso Flaco, and Lopez Canyon as well. Even then, the entire student body of our high school totaled only 200.

In 7th grade, one of the fun things in class was the weekly plays we put on. The class was divided into groups of six, so when we put on "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," we had to make do with "Snow White and the Four Dwarfs". Each group had a turn every five weeks to entertain the rest of the class. Our group originally wrote and memorized our parts, but one day while rehearsing, we discovered that we could ad lib. We liked it so much we just ad libbed for the rest of the school year.

You people should have gone straight to Hollywood at that time.

In 8th grade, the World's Fair was playing at Treasure Island near San Francisco. Knowing Father was not the best of drivers as he tended to be absent-minded often (absorbed in his many thoughts), one of the parents offered his high school senior son as a driver if we wished to attend this once in a lifetime event. So with this responsible, mature high school lad at the wheel, we set out. We managed to have two mishaps however, once when Father remarked to him as we were about to pass a gas station "Should we get some gas?" and pointed to the gas station. Our driver followed his pointed finger, and while his eyes were on the finger, rear-ended the car ahead of us. Our front end suffered a bit of a cave-in, but the other car was undamaged and waved us on. Then as we were driving in San Francisco, Father said to the driver, "There is the Opera House." The driver's eyes again focused on the target of Father's finger, and there was another "Crash!" right into the car ahead of us. The driver of that car ahead came out to survey the damage, and noted while his rear end was fine, our car's front end, which had caved in further, looked bad. The other driver thought all that damage was due to his car only, and went somewhat berserk. Father quieted him down by saying it was our fault, and he was not at fault in the least. That reassured the other driver and he drove off. Father restrained himself from pointing out anything to our young driver for the rest of the trip, and we were without further incidents. We had a wonderful time at the Fair too, entering the ground where a huge cash register was ringing up the attendance count. At the Aquacade, Johnny Weismuller was fine although all he did was to dive into the pool at one end and swim to the other side, but we were disappointed that Eleanor Holm was not in the Treasure Island Aquacade and we had someone named Esther Williams in her place. The amusement section was called "Gay Way", and we looked in wonderment at the interesting offerings. Incidentally, nearly a year before Treasure Island opened, there was a contest to name the amusement section, and each entry had to be accompanied by an Oxydol soap box top. Father mailed at least 20 entries in separate envelopes, and we had two or three year's supply of Oxydol lying all about. One of his names was "Gay Land" which he thought was better than "Gay Way" but I sort of liked Gay Way better and that's how the judges felt too. The father of our driver felt his son was at fault for the accidents, and gave us a brand new gas kitchen stove to make up for it. I don't remember

what Mother did in return, but Japanese can go back and forth quite a bit on who tops whom when gifts and conscience are mixed.

How about talking about some of your chores before the war?

I thought part of the duty of a mother was to be a maid to the children. It never occurred to Sister nor me that we were supposed to help. But when we got older, say about sixth grade, Mother decided we should perform a few household duties. Since Sister was of strong husky build in childhood, her job was to mop the floors. My assigned duty was to feed the laundry from the washer tub to the wringer, and as the wrung clothes land in the bathtub filled with water on the other side, Mother would do all the rinsing and wringing out. The fact that my job was slight and Mother's heavy did not appear uneven, for I regarded Mother as merely doing her job. One day, as I was pulling up the soapy clothes and putting through the wringer, my hand got caught in a pants pocket, and after my hand, my wrist followed into the wringer, then my forearm and at that point I managed a yell. Mother looked up and hit the release bar just as my upper arm went through. My face had turned green as all my red corpuscles seemed to have fled. Thereafter I was more diligent in performing my wringer chore.

Sister and I had one other chore, that of taking turns in wiping the dinner dishes while Mother did the washing. But each evening we spent a goodly time arguing whose turn it was to wipe, so Mother invariably did the wiping herself while the argument was in full heat. Looking back on those days before the war, Mother was too lenient with us and fostered the wrong idea concerning the mother-children relationship. I tried to correct that mistaken notion with my children, but Sister, who is nothing short of a perfectionist, outdid Mother as a Super-Duper Do Everything Mom. Her two boys are used to so much service that one of my secret fears all the while they were growing up was that Sister and her husband may leave this earth suddenly and together, as in an accident, and I would have sole custody of the boys to raise. Sister's standard for a Mom was stratospheric, so when the boys reached adulthood without mishap to their parents, I was thankful indeed.

Do you remember some of the activities in high school? Extra-curricular activities?

Well, I never got into football, and can't even keep scores on football because on Saturdays, when the games were played, were piano lesson days. Two other girls and I went to Guadalupe, a town 11 miles away, driven by our fathers who took turn. Our teacher was an Englishwoman named Muriel Fiske, and with the exception of two Caucasian students, all of her students were nisei. She taught only classical music (go elsewhere for popular songs she said), and we always had a helping of Bach at every stage. Since liking for piano music is often formed by familiarity with it, it was fortunate that I went with two other girls, for I came to know and love their music too. I used to play by ear from about first grade, but took lessons only from 8th grade when Mother saw me earnestly learning a number

called "Hanging Gardens" which I had copied by hand from a friend. One of the two girls with whom I took lessons had started taking lessons from 1st grade, and the other girl, from 3rd grade. So with one having an eight year head start on me, and the other six years, I was greatly motivated to catch up. However, the gap was actually not that great, for both girls had considered an hour or two of practice per week sufficient. I practiced two hours every day, and four hours on Sundays. Father always left the house when I started practicing, escaping to the quiet of his study at the school house a short distance away. But Mother showed her full support of my endeavors by never flinching and remaining in the house during all those practice hours. At Mrs. Fiske's, we could always measure our progress by the order we played at the class recitals that were held every three months or so. At the first class recital, of the three of us, it was me, the six-year girl, and then the eight-year girl. Six months later, it was the six-year girl, me, and then the eight-year girl. One year later, the order was the six-year girl, the eight-year girl, and then me; and I felt I had reached a milestone. Once a year, Mrs. Fiske would rent the Minerva Club in Santa Maria and invite the public to attend the recital. We were readying for our annual recital in mid-December when Pearl Harbor canceled our plans. I was part of a three movement Concerto in D Major by Mozart, and was going to go on first with the first movement, followed by more advanced students for the second and third movements. But the recital was not to be. When we were in the Tulare Assembly Center the end of April to August 1942, Mrs. Fiske came all the way from Guadalupe to see us, and all of us former students gathered at her top student's place to talk to her. Her face was red in the unaccustomed heat of Tulare, and we from the coastal town of Arroyo Grande were feeling pretty warm too (but we had the fiery oven of Gila Relocation Center located in a desert waiting for us three months down the line).

Back to Arroyo Grande: I had my first taste of seeing social equality in action as a freshman in high school. It was the surprising leveling effect of a gym uniform. We had to purchase a white blouse and royal blue shorts with white stripes down the sides, both made of a high quality cotton gabardine. It seemed all the Hispanic and Portuguese girls suddenly moved two notches upward on the fashion front to equal footing with the well dressed Caucasian girls. We Japanese still looked Japanese, so it did not make any difference to me. Sister had a credo, "Fine feathers make fine birds," and she had a tremendous affinity for fine feathers, but this was "Same feathers make same birds" and those gym outfits were almost revolutionary to my thinking of social strata (in a low key way).

By virtue of taking Spanish, I was a member of the Spanish Club. We had an extraordinary Spanish teacher, Miss Ruth Paulding. Fridays were fun days. There was a piano in the classroom which Miss Paulding played, and we sang Mexican songs all the way from "Alla on Rancho Grande," "La Paloma," to "La Noche Esta Serena." One time she even threw in "You've Got to be a Football Hero" during football season, which I thought was naughty ("You've got to be a football hero, you bet; If you want to get, a baby to pet!"). We read the Spanish Reader's Digest.

She would make genuine Mexican chocolate, which was thick. And tortilla and beans. We had word games, and one time, when no one else knew the Spanish for "corner," I was called on as the "white hope," and came up with "rincon," which earned me a hearty clapping of hands by Miss Paulding. "White hope" had no racial connotation at that time. Once a year, all organizations had to put on a show at the school assembly, and at the Spanish Club turn, Miss Paulding brought out all her Mexican items of clothing, serapes, and the like, and one person did the hat dance (Miss Paulding had just one hat suitable for that purpose), and the rest of us shouted "Viva, Juarez!" at the finale of a very short play. A Mexican fellow in our class played Juarez, the first Mexican president, resplendent in 30% of the available wardrobe.

Miss Paulding was an example of the outstanding teachers we had at the Arroyo Grande Union High School. We had Charles J. Tremblay, who had the physical appearance of Bob Hope but the wit of Oscar Levant. He was always dressed in a white shirt, tie, and a suit. The only time he took off his jacket was when the thermometer hit 90 degrees, and that was rarest of the rare in perfect weather Arroyo Grande. The school officials were debating whether to let the school out then as we had never experienced a 90 degree weather.

About the time I was a sophomore in high school, the town fathers decided we will have a Harvest Festival. We had a parade, game booths, street dancing (I was flabbergasted to see Sister jitterbugging away for we theoretically didn't know how to engage in something sinful as dancing), and one of the festival attraction was a theater production of an old-time mellerdrama. And playing the dastardly villain was our algebra teacher, Charles J. Tremblay. He swung his black cape, twirled a long, black mustache, and snarled his name, "Daniel Desborough Desborn," slowly and in menacing tone as he pointed towards the door as he evicted the helpless heroine from the shabby room. We had Kenneth Grisinger, my junior English teacher. He subjected us to minimal grammar, which the class loved, and one day, he wrote on the blackboard the word "Gerund." "This is a Gerund," he said. "It always ends in *ing* and is always preceded by a possessive pronoun." For decades, I could look instantly erudite in English grammar by casually saying when a gerund hovered in sight with an improper usage, "That is a gerund, and it is always preceded by a possessive pronoun." I wrote an essay in his class, "A Romantic Trip into Romanticism by a Romanticist" about Whitman, Hawthorne, Poe and the like, which he read to the class with high praise and I was shyly modest.

Another Arroyo Grande community activity was a big Halloween party for all the children and high schoolers. It started with a parade where many showed off their costumes. We dressed up Spotty, our dog, and entered him in the parade but we didn't win a prize. Then we would all hike over to the high school football field, and there would be a big bonfire made of old tires. This Halloween party did not guarantee a prank-free Halloween, for one year some students put a cow on top of the high school principal's roof. We don't know how they got it up there, nor who

got it down, or where the cow came from but we thought it was great.

Could you think of a funny incident before the war?

When the Freshman Class and the Sophomore Class had to take their turns at the school assembly, I played the piano both as a Freshman and Sophomore (we got in camp when I was about to finish off the Junior year). I played a rousing Beethoven number for the Freshman assembly. As it happened, after I pounded out the two opening measures, a sudden hailstorm pelted the roof of the auditorium, and my music was completely drowned out. Since I had started the music, I plowed on, thumping away amid the roaring drumming on the roof. Then, as if planned by a finicky Muse, the end of the hailstorm coincided exactly with the last banging notes of my performance. I stood up, took my bow, and the students applauded anyway.

The occasion was much different at my Sophomore assembly. Mother had made me a new dress with a circular skirt machine embroidered with music, and I twirled on-stage. I launched into Chopin's "Nocturne in F# Major." It was a difficult piece, for not only did it have six sharps, but in one segment, my right hand was playing in fifths while my left hand was playing in thirds, and I hate thirds, even more the fifths, and they were both together. On conclusion, I got thunderous applause that rolled on and on. As I retreated to the side of the stage, the person in charge said, "Quick Joy, play an encore." I said, "But I didn't practice an encore." The applause became even louder and insistent. The stage manager said "Then play the same thing again" and shoved me on-stage. So I played Chopin again. This time the applause was still heart warming, but it did not continue on for an encore, for the audience already knew they were going to get that Chopin for the third time if they insisted.

An ethnic happening in high school was when the Senior class decided to have Japanese Tea Garden as the theme for its prom. So the nisei girls at all high school grade levels were asked to wear a kimono and serve tea. I didn't have a kimono, but my Japanese face sufficed for the occasion. However, when the girl who was supposed to pick me up was an hour late, Father said it was too late a start to come home at a reasonable time, and I could not go. Furthermore, he thought it was rather demeaning for all the nisei girls to serve tea anyway. For me, it would have been a chance to see a high school dance, as we were not allowed to learn how to dance, as one of the issei parent declared it was only hugging set to music. Decades later, while talking with a nisei fellow, discovered that those nasty boys did regard dancing as an opportunity to hug girls with varying degrees of closeness (and some even dared to bring certain body area to within rubbing distance of another equivalent body area of the girl), so perhaps that low-minded issei wasn't too far off. But as teenagers, we had group activities, such as weenie roast at the beach and roller skating. The first glimmer of courting in our nisei cadre took place when one of our older out of school bachelor had dared to asked a girl to skate with him. His mate search then moved into high gear, and as was the custom, required a

nakodo, a go-between, as a formality. My parents, as teachers in the community, were accorded that honor, and in due time, Father was asked to make a call on the skating girl's parents to ask for her hand for the daring young man. Unfortunately for him, his chosen beloved was the second daughter, and the eldest was not yet married. So he had to marry the eldest or none. Since the mating season was on hand for him, he felt no such thing as undying love that warranted waiting until Daughter #2 became available. And so he married Daughter #1.

One of the discoveries in high school was that I had no talent whatsoever as an artist. An art class in my sophomore year proved that beyond any doubt. From 3rd grade on through the rest of grammar school, my class peers mistakenly thought I was a natural born artist simply because I was the first one in the class to be able to draw a human figure with the arms down (rest of the class drew with both arms outstretched), and in 4th grade, I could depict a three-quarter view of a face in addition to the full face and profile. Fourth grade was a banner year for me, because I also drew a sumptuous turkey in colored chalk with fully delineated feathers on the blackboard for the month of November. That further added to my undeserved reputation and I had a free ride on that glory through 8th grade. In that 4th grade heyday, I entertained thoughts of becoming a cartoonist and even drew "Adventures of Det Dawson" on butcher paper. Father added further encouragement, and when he wrote a story on planting trees, he let me illustrate it with a cartoon of a bird watching a man dragging a bare root tree. When the story and the cartoon were published in a newspaper, I made my debut as a cartoonist, but it was the first and only time a cartoon of mine saw print.

Mother harbored plans for my becoming a piano teacher. I was making gallop along advance in my piano lessons, and the teacher was speaking of me in glowing terms to others. Actually, talent had nothing with my meteoric rise, as I had close to none. Since we had to memorize every piano piece for recitals, I had simplified that process by memorizing everything from the start, and it was easier to do that than to read the music. So that left me with minimal ability to read music. The music I was playing at the time the war broke out was rated at the 8th year level, but my sight reading ability was probably closer to six months.

With each issuance of the high school report cards, a Honor Roll for each class was posted. Only about six from each class were on it, and most of the names were Japanese despite being a small minority. I was always on it. The biggest ethnic group I think was Portuguese. Arroyo Grande had no blacks, some Mexicans, and the prominent Hispanics were Spanish because after all, this was California, and they were here second after the Indians.

All through grammar school and high school until we went into camp at the tail of our Junior year, I took it for granted that the nisei were smart. Not that others were dumb, but nisei, in addition to black hair and brown eyes, had brains, a natural order of things it appeared to me. When we went into camp, it seemed every

valedictorian in California schools were in my class. In our Gila high school senior class of 200 (winter and summer graduates), the graduation program showed 50 students on the honor roll, but the 51st student still had an "A" average. I can attest to that because though a high schooler, I had a part-time job as a reporter on the camp community newspaper, the Gila News Courier, and the Education Department on my beat gave me a list showing the name, grade point, and ranking of every member of the senior class.

One of the shocks as a sixth grade student in camp was how smart everyone was.

And some were determined top students too. I remember a girl from Pismo Beach in my Spanish I class back home in Arroyo Grande who was well known for her brains, and her demeanor and looks left no question as to her mental prowess. She was a Junior, and I was a Freshman, and I admired her from afar, a distance of three desks away. One day, she caught a cold, and she was so resolute in her desire to go back to school that she returned before she was fully recovered. So she had a relapse, and the cold turned to pneumonia, and again, before she was fully recovered, she came back to school because she did not want to lag too far behind the class. This time, not only did the pneumonia return in full force, but it developed into tuberculosis, which two years later led to her death. Nisei devotion to studies was carried to the extreme in her case.

I am more motivated by competition I discovered. Our high school had three Spanish I classes, and I got an "A." There was only one Spanish II class, and on the first day, it seemed to me that all the brains from the three Spanish I's were there in that one Spanish II class. But I must have tried harder, for I was the top student in Spanish II. Then in Spanish III, and there was only one class, and none of the brains in Spanish II were present. There was absolutely NO competition. I almost got a C, a grade that represented total disgrace.

Could you do Spanish now?

Si.

Were you still in high school when war started?

Yes, Pearl Harbor was unbelievable. About 3 p.m. that Sunday of December 7, one of Father's students arrived with half of an orange cake she had baked. "Sensei," she exclaimed, "America and Japan are at war!" My parents and I found the idea totally preposterous. Sister, hearing the loud voices in the living room, came in from the bedroom where she was busily listening to the latest hit tunes, and said "The radio had been saying something like that all day, but I didn't pay much attention because it can't be true." It simply could not be happening.

We rushed to the living room radio, a large Philco console Father had purchased in

Garden Grove for \$100 (Depression price too!), and the events unfolding could only be happening in a nightmare. But it was real... chillingly, frighteningly, bewilderingly all real.

Arrests of the leaders of the Japanese community started almost immediately, and men who did nothing more political than to be the officers of the parent-teacher association, or on the board of the local farming co-op were taken by the FBI. There was a farmer who had been too poor until a year or two before Pearl Harbor to send his children to Japanese school, and when he was finally able to do so, he was honored as treasurer of PTA. That was most unfortunate, as that elevated him as an officer of an association, and he was arrested by the FBI in the first sweep together with men who had been *president* of the PTA. His weeping wife and four crying children were left instantly fatherless.

There was not a single case of sabotage by a Japanese in the West Coast or Hawaii, but thousands were torn from their families and separated at a crucial time when evacuation also uprooted their homes. Fifty years later, when some of the men were able to overcome their deep pain and humiliation of arrests to even talk of those arrests and incarceration, we discovered that the interrogation of these innocent men included bludgeoning with rifle butts and severe beatings and kicking. Some were even shot and killed under questionable circumstances. Practically none of our fathers ever spoke of what had happened after they were led away from their homes.

When our Father was taken away because he was a teacher, we were fortunate that our hometown sheriff accompanied the two FBI men. Mother, also being a teacher, was also on the arrest list. But our sheriff said "There are two minors here. We can't take away both parents," so Mother was spared. The roundup of teachers and ministers was on the radio, so my best girl friend's father said "Joy and Violet must be crying with both Father and Mother gone," so he came all the way from Fowler to pick us up. We will forever be grateful for his action.

I later wrote of this experience in the 50th anniversary reunion album of the Crystal City internment camp:

(KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!!!)

It is that dreaded knock on the door following the events of December 7. You open the door, and there stand two FBI agents, accompanied by a member of the local police. They have come to arrest your father, or some instances, your mother as well. What is the FBI, the heroic G-Men of the popular radio show "Gang Busters," doing here? Your father is not Public Enemy No. 1, not even the ten most wanted. What crime has he committed to be personally arrested by the nation's top arm of the law?

The answer is that our fathers committed no crime, they were totally innocent. Totally. This fact is supported by the Munson Report, an exhaustive investigative report, ordered by President Roosevelt specifically to determine the degree of loyalty of the Japanese and those of Japanese origin on the West Coast of the U.S. and Hawaii. This report was done in October and early November 1941 when war clouds were gathering. It corroborated the findings of more than a decade of U.S. domestic and military intelligence work where the Japanese in the U.S. and Hawaii were kept under continuous surveillance. The Munson Report conclusively stated that "there is no Japanese problem" regarding loyalty to the U.S. This report was submitted to President Franklin Roosevelt, and shared only by the State, War, and Navy departments. However, despite this security clearance, a clean bill of health, our fathers were arrested and kept in custody. And their families that had relied so heavily on their husbands and fathers were faced with the immediate and desperate trauma of fending for themselves in a period of increasing turmoil and uncertainty. I know one woman, a teenager then, who had both her father and mother taken away, and she is not here at the Reunion today because the memories of those days are unbearable. With the Munson report, there was absolutely no justification for evacuation, but the roundup to the concentration camps proceeded. The Munson Report was kept a wartime secret that permitted totally unnecessary hardship, suffering, and at times tragedy for the Japanese and those of Japanese descent.

The authority under which our fathers were arrested is the 1798 Alien Enemies Act. It states that in a declared war between the United States and a foreign nation, "natives, citizens, denizens, or subjects of the hostile nation" 14 years or older, may be "apprehended, restrained, secured, and removed as alien enemies." By the evening of December 7, 1941, the FBI had arrested and detained 736 mainland Japanese aliens; by December 11, the number was 1,370, and by February 16, 1942, 2,192. In Hawaii, 879 Japanese were arrested by early 1942. And why were they enemy aliens? Because the discriminatory language of the 1790 Naturalization Act, buttressed by a Supreme Court decision in 1922, denied naturalized citizenship to the issei, and they remained alien noncitizens regardless of their length of residence. They therefore remained citizens of Japan, and when war broke out between the U.S. and Japan, the issei automatically became "enemy aliens."

Prior to World War II, Germany, Italy, and Japan signed an Axis Pact, where each was to come to the aid of the other in times of war. With Pearl Harbor, Germany and Italy immediately declared war on the United States and vice-versa. But the German and Italian nationals in like circumstances as our fathers were not arrested. They were not subjected to interrogations that were brutal at times and exhorted to confess. Only certain select Germans and Italians, such as those in the diplomatic corps, or actually spies or potential saboteurs, were taken into custody. Furthermore, the German and Italian

aliens were allowed to become naturalized citizens, and with it the protection citizenship conferred.

For the Japanese group, the "high risk" persons were the following categories:

1. Shinto priests
2. Leaders of prefecture-based social and welfare organizations.
3. Japanese language teachers
4. Labor leaders
5. Veterans of the Japanese Imperial navy and the army.

But many of our fathers did not fit into any of the foregoing categories, yet were arrested. It was left to the imagination of these victims to somehow come up with some reason for their own arrest. The most plausible all-purpose reason they told themselves was that they had donated funds to one organization or another, and that organization was on a taboo list. It is difficult to arrive at a reason for guilt where no guilt exists.

There is a slightly humorous side to the arrests. Very slightly. Because most Japanese with any standing in their communities were arrested, those not arrested, while relieved, nevertheless felt somewhat slighted as being regarded as nobodies. Therefore among those taken in the February and the March 1942 sweep were a few men, not many, who were secretly happy that the FBI finally considered them important enough to arrest.

But in most instances, the stigma of an arrest by the FBI cut deeply, and a pervasive feeling of shame prevailed. Mere accusation had made them feel guilt. For many, the rest of their lives were ruined. For some, death came during custody. In at least one instance, in a PBS documentary, a formerly prominent and successful issei finally committed suicide long after incarceration because he could not cope with the humiliation and disgrace he felt.

How do we, the nisei, their children, feel? An expression of this feeling may be found on the Dedication page of the Crystal City 50th Anniversary Reunion Album. May I read it to you:

They measured life's worth in service to others. They were dedicated to a code of duty and obligation that made total demand of themselves. They were selfless, and every sacrifice they made was done as a matter of course. They were the respected leaders of their communities. And because they were all this, they were the prime targets for arrest beginning December 7, 1941. They were our fathers and sometimes mothers.

A fellow nisei remarked, "Oh, Crystal City. They were the BAD people!" No, they were not bad, they were good. Not only good, but the very best issei

society could offer. This album is dedicated to them with proud hearts and full appreciation of what they represented.

The day after Pearl Harbor, we went to school as usual. We were feeling self conscious, wondering how the other kids were going to react. But there was no overt act of hostility. In my typing class, our teacher pointed to an empty seat, smiled and said "Our national emergency has created a vacancy there." The fellow there had volunteered immediately for the Marines. He had the best accuracy of all students in the class, zero errors at all typing tests, but he also held the record for the slowest speed, 4 words per minute. I had the top overall record with my 16 gold stars on the blackboard chart far exceeding the closest rival, with the mere speed of 42 words per minute on my manual Underwood. Later, in the working world, I was able to more than double that speed. Most Arroyo Grande high school teachers went about teaching without referring to the shattering event of the day before, but I will forever be grateful for the words of my English teacher. He started class with this address to the students: "Now is the time for tolerance. We must remember that your classmates have been your friends for many years, and an event of one day that is not of their doing should change how you feel. I hope you will remember this in the days to come." After the war, I wanted to seek him out and thank him for that day, but he had contracted tuberculosis, but even after treatment, he could not resume his teaching career, and worked at the post office, and passed away before I could express to him the gratitude that will forever be in my heart for his words the day after Pearl Harbor.

Almost immediately after Pearl Harbor, the coastal area was declared Zone 1, and a lot of our farmer friends in Oceano had to move to Zone 2. It was like an immediate abandonment of their homes. We lived in Zone 2. The Japanese school compound had our small house, a big house that served as the school with a sign by the door proclaiming "Arroyo Grande Japanese Language School" in calligraphy, a ramshackle building that housed a garage for our car, with the other half used as a ping pong room, and food preparation central for our 4th of July picnic, and a community hall of respectable size that accommodated the Japanese community for all special events, such as Christmas programs, Japanese movies, traveling ministers, weddings, funerals, and the like. So we had plenty of space for families that had to find a roof over their head. It must have been a tremendous inconvenience for those families, for they were able to bring very few items with them, but they were in good spirits throughout their stay. Curfews were also in effect, and no one was allowed to be outside their own homes after 8 p.m. Mother decided the displaced friends needed a consolation gift, and all 11 of my pet chickens were selected to do the consoling as dinner. During all the years that we had pet chickens, we never ate a single one, and their departure to Chicken Heaven was caused by disease and old age, and not a trip to the pot.

Orders were issued that all arms and weapons were to be turned in to the local police. We had one pen knife and a BB gun, so we took them to the Arroyo

Grande police chief, and he was bemused to receive such "weapons," and debated whether he should even accept them. But we are strict law-abiding citizens, and I insisted that he take them. By late January and into February 1942, talks of evacuation were circulating and appeared imminent. Government storage was offered, so Father busied himself making large storage boxes. He rarely attempted carpentry in any form, and his handiwork reflected his lack of experience. But he correctly surmised that if they were tied with enough sturdy ropes, they would probably survive transport to a distant locale. We read about the first contingent in the LA area being sent to Manzanar in Owens Valley. Life magazine featured the primitive accommodation in the desolate area, and a picture showed evacuees stuffing hay into a ticking to make their own mattresses.

I was such a law abiding citizen that when one of the ladies from the school building a hop away was over our house, I urgently said, "Mrs. Ikeda, it is almost 8 o'clock, curfew time!" And she would just laugh, but would leave shortly thereafter as I hovered with a worried face.

The old-time Arroyo Grande residents did not change their attitude towards the Japanese because of the war. There were no overt act of hostility, but the late-comers to our farming community let us know they thought we were the enemy.

In the late 30's, Arroyo Grande began to get an inflow of people from Arkansas and Oklahoma as they fled the Dust Bowl. They did not look like *Tobacco Road* people, and blended well into our community. We had only one welfare type family in the entire town, and they were longtime residents. The children wore grimy and threadbare clothes, their hair was unwashed much of the time, and they usually smelled, and few wanted to play with them. But when the war started, these newcomers to Arroyo Grande became superpatriots. There was an Arkie family down the road and we used to exchange comic books with the boy. He had an enormous collection compared to us, so the exchange was on a relative basis, all we could carry of his and what he could find he hadn't read of ours. With the war, his parents decided to do their part for the war effort, and sent him and his younger brother to our back door with their harmonicas to serenade us with "America" and "God Bless America." I don't think they could quite manage "Star Spangled Banner" for their renditions were limited to those two numbers.

We had a fairly recent Italian neighbor next door. For most of our stay in Arroyo Grande, we had Mrs. Forsting, a gracious pioneer of Arroyo Grande. Her doorbell had a knob you turn and it would ring, and she lent me the original "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to read and it had shocking lithographed illustrations. After Mrs. Forsting died a few years before the war, her son inherited the house but did not need it, so he rented it out. An Italian family moved in. The husband did not seem to go to work on a regular basis, and Mother wondered how he made a living. They used to send their four-year old girl to "play" with us, which would now be

considered free baby-sitting. The most notable thing I recall about the mother of that family was that they had received a beautiful English shepherd dog, Mitzi, from the Czechoslovakian lady on the other side. Father used to say never give a puppy away free, for people will not take care of it because it had cost them nothing and they did not have an investment to protect. Those words were heartbreakingly true for Mitzi. Whenever the next door woman fed Mitzi, she made a big show of it so that we could see that Mitzi was getting fed. But feeding time became more and more infrequent, and one day Mother said "Look at that starving dog. It is so gaunt that its long hair that used to be so close to the ground is up so high up you can see most of the leg." Mitzi had by now noticed that Spotty, our dog, was being fed on a regular basis. So being untethered, Mitzi would answer chow call the same time as Spotty, and being at least one-third bigger, would promptly crowd Spotty out and ravenously gobble up all the food. So out of compassion and necessity, Mother regularly fed Mitzi at the same time as Spotty, with sufficient distance between the two to assure Spotty his dinner.

But once the war started, the woman next door decided she would personally spy upon us to make sure we would not engage in any activity inimical to the welfare of the nation. Whenever a visitor came over, she always found some excuse to come outside and check on what was going on. That was a bit amusing, for we were suspicious of her obviously Italian husband, for Italy together with Germany were allies under the Tripartite Pact that bound the three nations in peacetime and wartime, and it was wartime. So we did our patriotic bit too, keeping an eye on goings on next door. We knew we were no saboteurs, but we certainly didn't know that of him.

When the Japanese invaded the Philippines, and Manila fell, some Filipinos vented their anger on the U.S. Japanese. A number of the Arroyo Grande farmers had Filipino workers, and they had a near family relationship, so we had no fear of those we knew. But news flowed in from elsewhere of the attacks on the Japanese, and we were warned never to open a door so that you stand exposed in the doorway, but to open the door so that you are behind the door after you turn the knob and open the door. One man was reportedly saved when he did exactly that, for his Filipino visitor immediately fired a shot as soon as the door opened without seeing if a target was present in the line of fire. So we always opened the door standing behind the door. One day, after Father was gone, an old car drove to our school grounds, and an unknown Filipino came out and started wandering about. We had our dog Spotty in the house, so we hurriedly ushered him out the back door so that he would do his dog job, such as barking ferociously and scaring our intruder away. We watched the stranger through the window curtains, waiting for Spotty to make a beeline for perhaps his pants leg. Soon Spotty appeared in view, but he just wagged his tail and smiled a dog smile and followed him. We watched through a window as the stranger walked around the school compound, and noted he didn't have any shotgun with him, but were greatly relieved when he got back in his car and left.

About a week before evacuation, Spotty followed our car as we were going into town, then fell behind, and the last thing we had said to him was "Go home, Spotty, go home!" We never saw Spotty again. Mother said Spotty knew we were going away, so he had gone away too. A few days later, we heard that a dog fitting Spotty's description (he was basically white, with brown and black spots, and his special markings were two large black patches near his tail, so we called him "Tale of Two Cities") was found run over on a road near our home.

Your father was not with you when you went to camp?

Yes, he was taken away towards the end of March 1942 and first sent to Tujunga. Father was then sent to Lordsburg, then to Santa Fe. As the truck pulled out of Lordsburg, Father said "Farewell, Lordsburg, the Lordsburg we will never see again!" In Santa Fe, in addition to his assigned duty in a shoe repair shop (it was difficult to imagine that any shoe repaired by Father would fit a human foot), Father regularly wrote a weekly newspaper, with the top half written in English and the bottom half in Japanese; he felt the mimeographed newspaper would entertain fellow Santa Fe inmates, and perhaps provide an English lesson as well. He also staged miniature plays on a pedestal, where he would fashion figures and scenery from any twig, paper, or any other discards, and have an accompanying script posted on the small stage. Father continued this practice in Crystal City, and people walking by Q-44-4 on the way to the community shower could pause and enjoy the latest presentation. The officials at Santa Fe appreciated the efforts Father had made to maintain the morale of the inmates, and upon his leaving Santa Fe for Lordsburg again, they presented him with two sterling silver tie pins with turquoise insets. As the truck drove Father and others back into Lordsburg, Father said, "Lordsburg, oh Lordsburg, the Lordsburg I never thought to see again!"

It was two years after the FBI arrest before we saw Father again.

Now we're up to when you went to camp. I know it was a traumatic thing.

Actually, it wasn't. One of the characteristics of the Japanese is they accept things, *shikataga-nai* (there's nothing you can do about it). And then you have the *gaman-suru* (persevere and put up with it). So between *shikataga-nai* and *gaman*, you've got a populace that put up with gross injustice and act of harsh bigotry like pretty good sports. But I was a teenager then, not feeling the true impact of what evacuation was all about. Yes, we lost most of our material possessions or sold for nearly nothing, and my parents lost practically all of decades of frugal savings, from the savings accounts at the Yokohama Specie Bank and Sumitomo Bank (promptly when the war started), even their insurance policies as Father's policy, then Mother's policy matured, turned over to the Alien Property Custodian at the instant of maturity. And Mother had even paid the expensive premiums even from camp. And with the loss of all their financial resources went the financial independence in their old age, together with the money they had expected to use for our college. But

what happened to our family was mild compared to what happened to our friends and other Japanese. Issei and older nisei who had already started to establish themselves were the hardest hit. Crops, land, farm equipment, representing their entire savings were lost. One WW I issei veteran in Pismo Beach protested that he should be not evacuated for he was granted U.S. citizenship because he fought in the Great War. When he was told that cuts no ice, his friend who went to pick him up for evacuation found him hanging dead from the rafter with a heartbroken farewell note; his U.S. citizenship meant so much to him and yet the government brushed it aside as a matter of no importance.

Father had been gone about a month when evacuation came. We had received a few letters from Tujunga where he was first taken. His letters had sections cut out. He said all letter had to be written in English, and many of the arrested men could not write English, so he was kept busy writing for others. He also wrote that nobody wanted to clean the latrines, so he has volunteered to do it. Mother greeted this news with distaste, as she did not like that idea any more than all the men other than Father who had refused to do this chore. We did not know for a half century how our fathers had been interrogated and beaten, as our fathers never spoke of it, regarding it as a personal shame.

Evacuation was about to become a reality. We had been told we could take only what we can carry. Sister had a collection of junk jewelry which she kept in Father's leather collar box from the 20's, and she said she would take it to camp even if she had to carry it in her teeth. Mother decided we had better go into town (Arroyo Grande was a one street town) and buy suitcases as we only had trunks in the house.

We had three trunks, one that Mother had brought over from Japan, and two when the family moved from Washington to California. These three trunks gave us the ties to the past after we were uprooted by evacuation. We stored items precious to us but that we could not take with us, such as a photo album and my piano music, and left them with a friend of a friend. After the war, when I returned to Arroyo Grande, the trunks were intact and contents untouched unlike the belongings of many of our friends.

With Father taken away, I was the driver of our household. When Pearl Harbor broke, and with many men of the community arrested by the FBI, Father felt it wouldn't be long before he too would be arrested. He had never done anything wrong, but neither had any of the other men. Preparing for that day, he gave me driving lessons on our school baseball grounds. All we did was to go around and around, so my steering experience was limited to going in a circle, so we kept our trips into town to a minimum. Driving in a straight line on the correct side of the road, and making turns without swinging into the wrong lane took all my concentration. Fortunately I was not aware that there was something called a driver's license, otherwise I would have faced additional stress and would have been looking

over my shoulders as I precariously drove.

We got a chunky Samsonite suitcase which was within my maximum carrying ability, and also a footlocker for strong Sister to lug. Mother also felt both Sister and I should have nice pajamas as other people may be seeing us in nightwear. Sister and I had never worn store bought pajamas before, so we were very proud of the distinctly high priced P.J.'s Mother had purchased for each of us (\$5.98!)

We had to dispose of our household goods, and everybody knew it, so the scavengers would go over to Japanese homes to see what they could pick up for next to nothing. A man we did not know came over with a truck, and offered \$100 for everything in the house. Mother protested that just the ironer had cost \$100. Father had bought it for her after she had an appendicitis operation in Los Angeles. It was a huge thing, occupying space in her bedroom, and the exorbitant consumption of electricity by the large sole plate horrified her to the extent she refused to use it. Father had made a big hit with her when he got her an Easy washing machine, but you can't win them all. So she refused to sell anything to the man in the truck.. Another stranger drove up and asked to buy anything we wanted to get rid of. I sold him for \$1.50 Father's beloved and oft played beautiful record player circa 1930 or so that had to be cranked up to play. Father had a record collection that filled eight of nine Nabisco boxes; in those days, the boxes measured about the diameter of a 78 rpm record, and was about six inches high; he loved John Philip Souza marches, and had three records of *Stars and Stripes Forever*, his favorite. I sold Father's entire record collection for 50 cents when just one record had cost 75 cents in those days. Mother said "How could you ask for so little?" and I wondered why I did, but we had heard all the stories of how people in Terminal Island had to sell a refrigerator for \$5, a piano for \$10, and I had priced the record player and records accordingly. A Czechoslovakian neighbor two houses down the road came over to buy all of our food items...sacks of rice, a 100 lb sack of sugar, canned goods, dry goods, nearly everything except a half full *taru* (wooden Japanese barrels) of Kikkoman soy sauce; we put that into government storage and were overjoyed when we got the soy sauce with the rest of our stored goods at Gila...the American made La Choy soy sauce we got with our camp meals was really lousy in those days) and we sold him everything at a fraction of what we paid for them. He didn't bargain with us, but we priced everything at evacuation prices, a shade better than nothing. One of my high school classmates had her brothers over for furniture and the like. Both her brothers had gotten defense jobs, and wore steel hats. The war was a boon to all those not in the service. The Depression was about to become a thing of the past, and they were flush for the first time. But being classmate's brothers, we gave them super evacuation prices. They were rather surprised how little we were asking, so as we proceeded and we came to the living room rug which had cost \$80 or so and was almost new, they decided to bargain. When Mother said \$12, they said \$10. Mother refused and said we don't want to sell anything more. They immediately changed their minds about the \$12, but the evacuation sale to them was over. We sold our radios to another neighbor, a Philco cabinet radio for \$5 (it was a handsome piece, but we

brought it over from Garden Grove, so I marked it down for depreciation), a Stewart Warner four-band radio for \$11 (Father used to listen to baseball games from Japan as he was an avid baseball fan), and a small radio for \$1. We had a few big household items left, including the Gulbrandsen piano. I was reluctant to sell it dirt cheap as it was a special item to me, so I priced it at \$60 since we had paid \$125 for it originally a few years before. We left these goods on consignment with a general store, and within a few months, we received a modest check from the store as the items were priced to sell. We left our Chrysler Air Flow with a friend of a friend who said he will store it in his garage for the duration. Father thought the war should end soon for the two nations should realize that it was a mistake and resolve the matter peaceably over a conference table. But as the war entered its third year, Father decided to sell the car as it was only deteriorating. The person storing the car said he will buy it, but he said the tires were stolen while it was in his garage so he was willing to pay just \$125 for it. I later discovered in that same year when our Chrysler Airflow (top of the Chrysler line) sold for \$125, an older model Plymouth had sold for \$700. But this was a situation repeated in spades for many Japanese families, except their losses were expensive farm equipment that sold for a pittance.

Evacuation day arrived. We reported to the local high school where they had two long registration tables set up outside. Greyhound buses were revving their engines nearby. We each got a tag identifying us by our assigned family number, #12489. Mother was #12489A, I was #12489B, and Sister was #12489C. Local old-time Arroyo Grande ladies had coffee and doughnuts for us before we boarded the bus. That was a treat for us, for Mother did not go in much for store bought food. She said the bakery goods were made from unhealthy lard, so bakery cakes, pies, and cookies were verboten. Mother's homemade cakes were no doubt superior nutritionally to that made by bakeries, but its appearance and taste were far from delectable. If Mother's cake batter was an inch and a half high in the pan, the final baked product did not rise much further. We grew up believing home made cake was something solid, and only bakery cakes, made with the magic lard, leavened to heavenly heights. Fortunately, Mother learned how to make cream puffs well, so we were not deprived of all bakery goodies. We even helped her, and learned to our disappointment one time that when you whip cream too long, it turns to butter.

We did not know what our destination was to be. The Pismo Beach JACL had told the local populace the best way to prove our loyalty was to cooperate fully by going to camp. I cannot recall any feeling of apprehension, just absorbed in what was going to happen next.

Tulare Assembly Center, Tulare, California

Our destination was the racetrack in Tulare. It was called the Tulare Assembly Center, and we were duly being assembled. It was already abuzz with activity as we were among the later arrivals. The Guadalupe and Santa Maria people from towns near Arroyo Grande were already there, as well as those from Gardena, Ox-

nard, Santa Barbara, and Pasadena. Those from Arroyo Grande who preceded us were assigned to horse stalls as family quarters, so they were busily shoveling out the horse manure and scrubbing the stalls down to eliminate the smell as much as possible. But the three of us lucked out, for they had run out of horse stalls when our turn came to be assigned quarters, and we moved into newly constructed barracks of fresh green lumber.

Each barrack building was divided into four living units, and we Nozakis were the new residents of G-21-C (G Section, Building 21, Unit C). Each unit consisted of one room, which afforded space primarily for cots plus space to walk to, fro and around them. We went around looking for our friends to see where they were located, and then went on a tour to see the rest of the racetrack.

Earlier arrivals were already adding homey touches. One door had a sign "Dew Drop Inn," and since it was the first time I had heard of that, thought it clever. Amazingly, some people had brought records and a record player, and Japanese love songs were floating out of their windows. Until I got into the assembly center, I didn't know Japanese had love songs. There were children's songs, songs about the moon and cherry trees, military marches that included one for horses that tromped around China with the Japanese soldiers, but love songs? My goodness, boys were strictly off limits. Even holding hands was a scandalous act frowned upon. But upon repeated exposure to these songs, one day I went back to our barrack room singing "*...biru no mado kara nozoke-ba, dareka yobu yona koe ga suru*" (...when I looked out the building window, it seemed someone was calling to me). Mother exclaimed, "Where did you learn a song like that!"

We discovered we were getting fed at places called "mess halls." We were in G section, so were assigned to the J Mess Hall. It was a new experience, lining up for chow time. A Pasadena fellow with glasses and a crewcut had on a white mess cap and a canvas apron over his white T-shirt, and he was overseeing the dispensing of food. I can't remember any other item on the menu, but we had canned green beans, and I had always eaten fresh string beans given to us by our Arroyo Grande friends. Shortly after dinner, I had a stomachache that lasted all night. I never ever again touched canned green beans again. One time we had what looked like a nice piece of steak. It smelled, and upon biting it, it crumbled in my mouth and tasted awful. "What's wrong with this meat? It smells and tastes terrible" I inquired of my dinner mate seated next to me. "It's liver," she said, "it's supposed to be like that." Bleaaaaah! Mother had never exposed us to organ meat. But it could be added, nor to filet mignon, T-bone steaks, pork chops, rib steaks, leg of lamb, i.e. to no other meat other than round steak.

Latrines were located strategically throughout the assembly center. It met functional requirements, but afforded no privacy within which to perform them. There were no walls to constitute private stalls, just two parallel rows of lumber with holes for average sized adult bottoms. Underneath the seats were galvanized

troughs aligned with the seat holes. At one end was a huge delicately balanced container. It was an engineering marvel, which when full, went crashing on its side, sending cascading water along the twin troughs and flushing all liquid and solid waste in its path to the waiting sewage system on the other side. The evacuees called this process "*Dotan-Bashan!*," which when pronounced properly, approximated the noise the contraption produced as it crashed to its side, unleashing the accumulated water. Those who did not want others to see the mound they had deposited would sit on their seats until the last moment when the splashing water would take away all evidence, but they had to rise with alacrity as they risked getting splashed with someone else's fecal matter from upstream. The *Dotan-Bashan* occurred every ten minutes, so one had to time his or her activity at accurate intervals. Sitting down for a bowel movement had other occasion for embarrassment, for instead of no more than a *plop* ! (or *thud* ,! depending upon the size), one can unexpectedly release a loud blast of gas prior to the passage of the real stuff. Sometimes your #2 is especially aromatic, making you feel apologetic. And any grunter or noisy pusher really missed privacy.

The latrine required a wrenching change in attitude towards urinating and defecating in public on the part of the Japanese. At least the facilities for men and women were separate, for an unisex latrine would have given a more insidious meaning to anal retention.

Taking a shower was another group activity viewed with distress. I didn't mind the skin, but it was the pubic hair that seemed so indecent. Some never adjusted to such total exposure, and delayed their showering hours to the wee hours when the shower room was likely to be deserted. Unless there was another shy one in the block.

According to my diary, I cleaned house and played basketball, almost daily. How much cleaning is there to do in that room.

Japanese are an amazingly resourceful lot. Here we were in an assembly center, a huge mob of people from places ranging from San Luis Obispo down to Pasadena. But as soon as people finished cleaning the horse stalls at this race track, they wasted no time in making the best of things. A flurrying myriad of activities took place in every direction, schools for the kids, talent nights for entertainment, seminars and classes for all ages, even a weight builder group where members strutted their biceps before the community on a talent night.

Nearly everyone with a profession or skill, or college graduates or even those whose education were interrupted by evacuation seemed to have volunteered to teach. Three courses interested me, (1) piano lessons, (2) chemistry, and (3) a home nursing course conducted by a Registered Nurse.

The piano lessons were being taught by a talented girl who had been trained by

the same Englishwoman I had taken lessons from before war began. This girl was so accomplished that the teacher took lessons so that she may be able to continue teaching her. So I was thrilled to be taking piano lessons from someone as renown as she. But we were severely restricted in that there was only one piano in the Tulare Assembly Center to practice on, and without practice, we atrophied so fast that all the skills I had mastered were rapidly ebbing away.

My girl friend and I signed up for chemistry as evacuation kept us from completing the chemistry course in our Junior year. Our teacher was a brilliant macho graduate of USC from Gardena. It was rumored that although he was graduated No. 1 in his class, he could not get a decent job because he was Japanese. He had an imposing name, Akimitsu Shimamura, and it seemed one of his mission in his chemistry class was to get rid of all the girls. By the third session, only my girl friend, who was a science whiz, and I remained. Mr. Shimamura selected me as the next target for ousting, and his sneers and sarcasm were concentrated on me. One day one of the boys in class asked a simple question, "What is the difference between flammable, inflammable, and non-inflammable?" (goes to show you how dumb boys can be.) Mr. Shimamura looked at me and said with a now familiar sizable sneer "Would you like to answer that question?" then quickly laughed and scathingly said "Would you like to drop out now?" That did it, I had toyed with the idea, but decided I would never drop out of his class. His mind and knowledge had me dazzled, and I found endearing the way he would say "wait a scheck" (instead of "wait a sec") and then moments later answer a difficult question. I adored him and developed a huge crush on him. One day he showed up in class with a wide scab on his face from his forehead to his chin. And he said the scab continued all down his chest, thigh and legs. It seemed that the previous evening, he dove into the foot deep 10'x20' kiddie wading pool a committee had newly built for the tots. When he dove with a big push, Mr. Shimamura discovered that instead of skimming over the cool water, his 170 pound frame skidded across the grainy concrete bottom. This was not what you would expect a USC physics major to do. But that didn't faze my crush on him at all. At the last class session in chemistry, Mr. Shimamura told me I was better than he had thought. Ecstasy!

I thought the Home Nursing course was a going to be a handy First Aid course. The going was fine as the RN demonstrated how to make a tight bed, and how to give a patient a sponge bath without moving him out of bed. Then one day, she put up successive charts showing a growing fetus. We got all the particulars, except how the egg was fertilized, for the starting point was a fertilized egg. It may sound strange, but I had never noticed pregnant women. Perhaps it was because by the time I was old enough to notice changes in dimensions, all the issei ladies were past or thought they were past child bearing ages. But now I could see from the charts that the baby was getting pretty big, but somehow we blissfully thought when it was time to be born, it would be like a baby New Year, Ta Da! It's just there. How it got from inside the Mommy to outside the Mommy was not something we gave a single thought. Then horrors of horrors, the RN revealed how

the baby really got out. It was a shocker to most of us. We were stunned as to how anything big as a nine-month full term baby could get out of such a small opening. We had a good notion that it was going to hurt a lot, and I mean plenty. We didn't know about sex either, but *how* babies are born was enough. We thought babies were a by-product of the state of mind brought on by the act of getting married.

We elected a set of student body officers. The president was a good looking fellow from Pasadena, replete with brains and personality. His girl friend was the prettiest girl from Pasadena, and with one arm draped around her neck, he would take his much in demand presence around the assembly center grounds. Unfortunately, he also had conceit in abundance, which turned off his fans, and when we got to Gila, our relocation center, he ran for treasurer of our Senior class and got defeated. His opponent in Tulare, who was a big tall fellow, had an inverse political fortune with Mr. Erstwhile Popularity, and was voted Student Body President in Gila. This seemed to have crushed the ego of Mr. Popularity so devastatingly that he began slunking around with downcast eyes and posture, and began going around with a girl who in no way matched his earlier girl friend. I had always hoped he would pull out of it, and it took many years, but I heard he hit his stride again.

One nice thing about being assembled at a racetrack, and I believe all assembly centers were racetracks, is that it provides instant housing in the form of horse stalls, and the race stands provide means of the assembled ones to assemble for entertainment such as amateur nights. Saturday nights were "Talent Show" nights, which sometimes was somewhat of a misnomer when a more appropriate name would have been "Game Amateurs," but all were willing to entertain the Tulare inmates for a bit of lightheartedness. All achieved instant celebrity status of one type or another. One time, the body builder group put on a "Mr. Tulare" contest, and bugged my eyes with almost unreal bulges of various areas of their bodies that they flexed with front, side, back, and front view again. They had put on body oil too, to make themselves glisten, and somehow I thought it was an unseemly thing for a Japanese to do. One time, my girl friend and I were playing croquet by the grandstand, when along comes Mr. Shimamura, my hero, accompanied by Mr. Tulare himself. Mr. Tulare was one hunk of muscles with chunky movements. But they beat us at croquet, with Mr. Shimamura whamming my ball out of sight, and with a sneer de luxe, said "We beat you!" and walked away, with Mr. Tulare waddling beside him. My heart was going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

One day we were notified that we were to be given a clothing allowance. A mountain of clothing arrived from Sears, Roebuck for distribution to the evacuees, and it was immediately apparent they had cleared out the accumulated dregs for the past 10, even perhaps 20, years. None of the clothing fitted, the fabric was flimsy and cheap with hideous colors that looked as if they would run and discolor the entire wash, and the sizes seemed to range upwards from Size 44. It probably added heftily to the Sears bottom line that year; it certainly cleared out their ware-

houses of all unsaleable merchandise. Later shipments even had my size as they were apparently merely down to items that would not move at 60% off.

We entered Tulare Assembly Center towards the end of April 1942, and as the months wore on, speculation was rife as to where we would be sent permanently. Then about July or so, we found out we would be bound for the Gila River Relocation Center at Rivers, Arizona. There was another camp in Arizona, called Poston, and we had heard that people who had moved to Zone 3 in the Fresno, Lodi, and Sanger area, first announced to be safe from evacuation, were destined for the Poston camps. One of our Arroyo Grande friends abandoned his growing crop in Arroyo Grande with its investment and debt in fertilizer, seeds, and labor, to move to Zone 3 to avoid evacuation. He had again fertilized, planted, and was tending a crop that had emerged to a height of two, three inches when he and his family were ordered to Poston. The debt he had incurred was too great, and going to Poston would make repayment impossible, so he hanged himself. So his wife and four children sobbingly went to Poston without their father.

Gila Relocation Center, Butte Camp, Rivers, Arizona

Our contingent arrived in Gila in August 1942. The earlier arrivals, who had preceded us by a week, were at least seven shades darker from the desert sun. The trenches for plumbing and sewage pipes were still unfilled, and ran across the block, fairly deep but not too wide so that an agile leap would get you to the other side. Dust storms seemed to occur every quarter hour on the quarter hour. Lizards, scorpions, and rattlesnakes still had not vacated their habitat. Jumping cactuses posed prickly hazards, and sidewinders (a variety of snake) slid a curious pattern. We were also warned of Gila Monsters that were not only poisonous, but once they glommed their jaws on you, you can kill them, but death would not part those jaws.

Each barrack was divided into four units, but a unit could house two families if it were small as ours. Because there were only three in our family, we were to share 72-D-4 (Block 72-Building D-Unit 4) with a family of three from Oxnard. They slept on one side, and we slept on the other, both a mother with two daughters per family.

The first few days in Gila were spent in acclimating oneself to the desert heat. It was 119 degrees in the shade on the day of our arrival, and I spent most of the time lying on the floor with a wet cloth on my brow reading "Magnificent Obsession" and periodically moaning "This is hell."

The canned food must have had little fiber, for I really got constipated. Then one day, someone gave us an orange. The skin was dry and hard from the Arizona heat, but when we sliced it, it was nice and juicy inside. And was that a terrific and welcome laxative!

Because the scorpions and its humdinger of a sting were ever present, we quickly initiated a morning ritual where we shook out our shoes before we wore them in the event a foot may meet a live scorpion. Our nightly ritual was to shake the blankets and sheets out in case a scorpion may be taking a nap within the folds. Mother got stung anyway; one day she was ironing, and a scorpion came up the ironing cord, ambled towards the iron, and when it came in contact with her hand, got her.

My hometown girl friend lived in the next block, Block 73, and with our first meal together in Gila, we discovered a bonanza: if we were to hit the chow line on the opening gong at 5 p.m., we could go to two more mess halls before the last call at 6:00 p.m. By the third mess hall, we were quite picky, usually going only for the dessert. The fare was not standardized, and each mess chef appeared to have considerable latitude on what was served. We did not get to conduct any extensive research on which mess hall had the best spread, for within a week, we were issued mess tickets, and confined to only our home mess hall.

I had never seen so many nisei boys in my life. In Arroyo Grande, the entire Japanese population could not have numbered more than 200, and there were 200 persons just in one block. And there were 74 blocks in Butte Camp. And although it took a bit of trudging around, the 74 blocks were all within walking distance.

When we first got to Gila, we had about a month before school would begin. So we applied for a job, and got a job at our mess hall. Since we were temporary help, our pay was ten cents a hour and not the \$16 per month paid the regular workers. The best part of our job was that we got fringe benefits in the form of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich at the end of the shift. I entered Gila at 107 pounds, but by the time school started a month later, I had hit 113 pounds, the beginning of an uptrend in later years.

The barbed wire fences were not yet up upon our arrival, so many residents set out exploring what lay outside. As the heat was intense, long distance walking was not appealing. But when we heard that there was an Indian trading post some 12 miles away where we could get RC Cola, that was motivation enough. Six of us set forth into the desert in quest of RC Cola. None of us knew how to get there, but there was an unpaved road, so we followed it and we did not feel we would get lost as there was some traffic on the road and Indian huts along the way. We met an Indian with a horse drawn wagon loaded with small watermelons the size of cantaloupes. We asked where he was headed, and he replied "I'm taking these to the Jeps. I hear those Jeps will buy anything." The asking price was a dollar, which was too steep for us, besides we only had money to cover the cost of a RC Cola.

The evacuees discovered that some Indians had no sense of money. One camp resident saw some pomegranates growing at an Indian hovel. He asked to buy some, and the Indian lady told him to take a small bagful. After he picked them, he asked her what he owed her. She said whatever he cares to pay. He reached into his

pocket and took out the coins he had. He put ten pennies in one hand, and a quarter in the other, and held them out to give her a choice of the proper payment. She chose the ten pennies as there were more coins. But the Indians wised up fast, and soon were charging what the market would bear.

We met an Indian girl named Maxine along the way, who offered to take us through a shortcut to the trading post. As we wound our way through the desert, we chanced upon a cemetery. Maxine pointed to a grave that contained her aunt, and said she had died of pneumonia. We found it inconceivable that anyone would catch pneumonia in such a hot place as Gila, Arizona. But we were to find out how cold Arizona could get in a few short months.

By the time we got to the trading post, we were more than ready for the RC Cola. Although the RC Cola bottle is of generous size compared to Coca Cola, we each downed a full bottle to the last drop. We trekked back the 12 miles again, and felt the RC Cola had been well worth the hike. Shortly after that, the barbed wire and the guardhouses were in place, so commerce with the local Indians ceased.

With the oven temperature of Arizona in summer, the Japanese were sitting ducks for an enterprising con man who had evaporative coolers for sale at exorbitant prices. But a champion rose to redress the matter, and one day, Mother got a refund on the excess amounts of those coolers.

September and school arrived. The high school was located at the extreme south of the camp, in juxtaposition to the extreme north where I lived. The school barracks were of the same construction as our living quarters, and boards across saw horses served as desks. As I entered each class, it seemed every valedictorian in California towns were in my class. What competition! Some had already exhibited their intellectual prowess in Tulare, and others were unknown, but there were a lot of confident faces with alert and intelligent eyes. Academic achievement was prized by the Japanese, so no doubt many in the classes were sizing up their classmates as I was.

Early in Gila days, every resident had to fill out a statistical form that gave certain pertinent information about himself. On my form, I had noted that I typed 42 words per minute. That bit of data brought me a postcard from the personnel office offering a part-time typing job on weekends. The pay would be 10 cents per hour, which added up to 80 cents a day, \$1.60 for the weekend, and wow! \$6.40 for the month!

About 20 of us high schoolers reported to an administration barracks for our weekend typing job. We were to type the handwritten data into typewritten form. It was not easy, as none of the lines on the form coincided with the horizontal spacing on the typewriter, so we had to hand roll each line. Another girl and I raced to see who could type the most forms, and since there were a number of pages per

form, the most we did was about 15 forms a day. We had aching shoulders when the weekend was over, but we two probably led the group in productivity. The boys in the group had different values, for as soon as roll was called, they would climb out of the windows and return only in time for the closing roll call on which our pay was based. A fringe benefit of this job was that occasionally we would come across people we wanted to know more about. One of mine was a handsome and athletic fellow from Oxnard who looked like Tyrone Power. He was rumored to be from a wealthy family and had supposedly been driving around in a convertible before the war. That romantic notion burst when it turned out that he was a lemon picker. But he was still handsome, athletic, and looked like Tyrone Power.

The Oxnard family moved out when a brother arrived, qualifying them for a unit of their own. The brother told us that pachuco boys from a rough LA area called Boyle Heights were coming in soon, and they wore their hair in a duck tail haircut, wore zoot suit type clothing, and when they fight, they were rumored to do things like breaking a bottle neck and jabbing you with the jagged glass edge. We girls all gasped at such violence.

When those people did come in, only a small minority sported the pachuco look, but they turned out to be ok nisei like the rest of us after all. One time, boys from a tamer area caught one, and gave him a Mohawk hairdo in lieu of the ducktail, so he had to wear a knitted cap until it grew out.

The replacement of the Oxnard family was a newly married San Francisco couple from the Tanforan Assembly Center. The husband was a UC Berkeley graduate, and they were quite Americanized. They even displayed affection in public, and he had his arms around her as they were walking in Tanforan, and that got their picture in the SF Chronicle as a young couple being evacuated.

The first thing the couple decided was that they needed privacy. We strung a rope lengthwise across the room, and threw blankets over it. This blanket wall was not soundproof, but since neither Sister nor I knew anything about what married people do, the arrangement was OK with us. Periodically a 25-year old Caucasian Ph.D. friend of his would visit them and they would talk into the early hours of the morn. And I would be wide awake, with my ears perked right up, for even though I did not fully comprehend what this friend was talking about, I knew of the anatomical location of the subject matter. But after growing up and getting married, I used to wonder how couples, particularly those newly married, had fared with no privacy whatsoever with all those other family members in the same barrack room. Many decades later, I inquired of an older nisei how they performed marital acts, and he replied "V-e-r-y slowly." Then he waxed nostalgic and sighed, "Ah, those slow motion days." But he added that as they approached the finish line, they didn't care how much noise they made.

Within a short time, nearly every person willing and able to work had a job. For

the lordly sum of \$12 a month, many who had farmed went out into the desert to plant and raise crops that had never been grown in Arizona. Doctors, at the top of the pay heap, earned \$19 a month. Mother decided to work as a waitress at our Block 72 mess hall, and earned \$16 a month. There were essentially four pay scales, the hourly rate of ten cents an hour for part-time workers, the monthly salaries of \$12, \$16, \$19, with \$16 the most common. Our Butte camp, called Camp II, had a population of 12,000, was soon buzzing with activities of an ongoing community. Canal Camp, designated Camp I, was nearby, but separate, and had a much smaller population, perhaps about 5,000.

Winter arrived, and as our Indian guide Maxine had forewarned us, Arizona became as freezing as it had been hot. We were issued wood stoves, but there was one catch: you had to find your own wood. As both Sister and I were still under the illusion that mothers are supposed to do everything for their children, Mother did all the wood gathering for the stove although we were able-bodied teenagers. She had to go a considerable distance to where construction was still going on, and carry the wood home in her arms as nobody had wagons, wheel barrows, or the like. It was a time-consuming and heavy work. The next winter, we were issued oil stoves, and Mother's wood scrounging days were over.

In selecting the courses for my senior year, the English requirement could be fulfilled by either (1) grammar or (2) journalism. Faced with those choices, journalism won hands down. Years later, I wished we had been able to take both, for Miss Mabel Sheldon, who taught the course, was a superb unequaled grammar teacher. But journalism was a good choice for me too, for I discovered that when you are a reporter, you cannot interview with a list of questions, you had to be able to think on your feet and conduct the interview as the subject matter took you. You also had to write stories under a deadline, and had to learn to think and write directly on the typewriter, instead of writing it out in longhand, and then typing it for neatness. Furthermore, the journalism class gave me two memorable experiences I would not have had. The first was an opportunity to interview Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt when she visited our high school. She was most gracious and caring. The second was a field trip to Phoenix, 60 miles to the north, that our teacher arranged for the class to visit the publishing site of two major newspapers (actually, morning newspaper and afternoon newspaper put out by the same owner). We had to first scrape up enough money to pay for the bus ride for the entire class, so we held a raffle. The first prize was an oscillating fan that had cost all of \$15, but any fan, moreover an oscillating one, was a desired item since it was not generally available. The tickets were a dime apiece, and the newspaper staff hustled all over camp selling them; I sold over 20 books of 10 per book myself, and we netted our bus expense. Enroute to Phoenix, our teacher told us of the time he went to a game show (radio days). He knew he had a good chance of getting on the program, as one of his cousins was a big shot on the show. He said he worried that if he got on the show, he may even forget his name. He did get on the show, and when he was asked "What is your name?," he had forgotten his name.

We arrived at the newspaper building, and one of the newspaper staff acted as our guide, and showed us every step of putting out a newspaper ...how news was gathered, the teletypes, the newsroom, and the printing presses in action. The tour was over by lunch, and the next exciting portion was to visit the "outside" world. Our group split up to pursue our interests, and meet at the bus station at an appointed time. Another girl and I set out for lunch, shopping, and a movie. We weren't exactly sailors out on the town, but it was a heady feeling. We had a quickie hot dog and drink, and first on our agenda was a pair of white heels for my high school graduation. My purse held the precious shoe ration coupon. By splurging it on a pair of impractical heels, I would be walking in unrationed huaraches and espadrilles of woven ropes for months to come, but for graduation, I was going to get a genuine shoe. Leeds shoe store had a pair in the window that stretched my budget but warranted purchase, a white suede spectator heels at \$13.95. Since most of my childhood shoes were purchased at Karl's for \$1.99 or \$2.99, and once a princely \$3.99 which made me particularly proud of that pair, \$13.95 was a cost-buster. After the shoes, we made no further buys as we were not flush with funds, so we window-shopped along the mainfares of Phoenix until it was time to see the movie, "Hello, Frisco, Hello" with Alice Faye and Don Ameche. After the movie was over, we went back to the bus depot. We went home exhilarated. It was a wonderful excursion for the entire class, to savor life outside the barbed wire fences.

One of the big doings of our senior year was a Boys-Girls Week. This is when senior class members take over all the major community functions for a week. Since I was a high school newspaper editor, I was automatically the editor of "Gila News Courier," the camp newspaper. We were not left entirely to fend for ourselves, as a real newspaper had to go out, so the regular newspaper staff would drop in to answer questions and provide technical assistance as needed.

Another thing I will always remember is when the graphic artist and I were walking home in the wee hours of the morn, the clear Arizona air presented us with an unforgettable sight of a sky carpeted with more stars than we had ever seen in California.

We high schoolers worked like doggies, and we put out a respectable issue right on deadline. As the mimeograph machine was flomping out our little baby, the regular Circulation Manager treated the entire staff to orange drink. He got two gallons to assure plenty, and it cost \$3.50 per gallon at the Canteen, a total expenditure of \$7, a considerable sum out of a \$16 monthly pay. I was impressed by his generosity.

There was a postscript to this: I was somewhat attracted to the Circulation Manager, and learned that he was active in the Buddhist church. The following week, I heard that there was a folk dance being sponsored by the Buddhist organization, so I attended with a girl friend hoping he would be present. He was, and he did not ask me to dance, but he did drop by at the end of the evening to make a

smart crack. A day or two later, I received my first love letter. When it arrived, Mother suspiciously said "Who is it from?" and I, thinking Mother could not read English, said "Open it Mother." So she did, and started to read it out loud... in English! I retrieved it quickly, and the next day went to see the Circulation Manager as the coward had typed it, including his name instead of a signature. But since my reaction was favorable, he admitted authorship. At that moment, the editor, who was from my home town, called out "Hey Joy, want a part-time reporter job?" So while a senior in high school, I became a part-timer, and upon graduation, became a full time reporter. Thank you, Boys-Girls Week.

I want to include an aside on the editor. He was the brilliant eldest son of a family of six children that boasted high intelligence at the lowest end and brilliance such as his at the high end. One day, in the early days at Gila, Mother wanted to put a new faucet head on the water outlet adjoining our barracks. He offered to help, and taking a wrench in hand, twisted and turned it for a while, and he then said to Mother, "Sensei, it is all done." The only thing wrong was that the faucet was facing the wall, precluding any use. His mind works only on the highest plane, Mother said. This young man later earned a Ph.D. and was a professor at Columbia University.

The camp officials one day decided to make the barracks more accommodating. Instead of smaller families sharing a unit, as we were doing with the San Francisco couple, they decided to sub-divide an existing unit with a wall that went up about eight feet to provide privacy, but left the rafters open. We moved out of Unit 4, and moved into one half of Unit 3 that had been divided into two by a wall. A couple from Santa Barbara with a small child moved into the other half. Unit 4 was now occupied by a multi-generational family from San Diego of eight persons. They were bit of a rough unJapanese-like family, and were constantly brawling. I used to wish the wall went up to the ceiling, but their voices were so loud that the sound would probably have come right through the single sheetrock wall anyway.

Unit 2 of our barracks housed the sister of the husband of the couple next door. She was attractive, but past the bloom of youth. None of the nisei were old in those day, so she must have been in the middle 30's, old enough to look old to a teenager. This lady talked with broad A's, not quite an English accent, but heard she lived in New York at one time. She had an artistic soul, and she was definitely different. She had two girls and a boy, the girls about 6 and 8, the boy about 2. She dressed the younger girl just like a boy, with short cropped hair and T-shirt and jeans. When this girl went to a woman's latrine, and someone not familiar with her sees her, she would give a mini-fright to some poor old lady sitting on the pot, thinking a boy had just walked in on her. One time a man who was stranger to our block followed her into the women's latrine, thinking she was a boy and he was walking into the men's latrine. That would have really shook up any female on the can. This lady's two-year old boy always walked around stark naked except during late fall and winter. That took care of washing diapers, and the boy always had an

even tan.

Anisei lady from Pasadena volunteered to help the high school girls form Girl Reserve groups and serve as advisor. We had five Girl Reserve clubs in Butte, and our clubs had separate as well as coordinated activities. I was the president of the club at our end of the camp, and a girl friend from Arroyo Grande was the president of another club.

One day, our advisor decided a worthy project for the Girl Reserves would be to put on a puppet show for the children of Butte and Canal camps. She had a Caucasian friend who had been with the well known Pasadena Playhouse and was married to one of the Gila administration officials, and who had offered to help us put on a puppet show. We decided on "Cinderella."

The Pasadena Playhouse lady showed us how to make papier mache by soaking newspapers and mixing them in a paste mixture to ferment. Then we molded the papier mache into heads and hands of the characters. The bodies were made of stuffed fabric. We next painted the heads, the features, and the hands. The hair was made with stitched yarns. Then came costuming the dolls from scrap fabrics, and our sewing abilities were put to task. And finally we attached the strings to the dolls and to the cross sticks that maneuvered the movements. The play was next cast and parts memorized. It took about five months to this point, and dropouts were like flies. When we were finally ready to stage the show, only the officers of the club (with their strong sense of duty) and their bosom friends (bound by friendship) remained. I had made the Fairy Godmother, but our Pasadena Playhouse director cast me as Prunella, one of the stepsisters; she said my voice was just right for the part. We needed a prologue, and one of the girls, a talented classmate who often wrote poetry, came up with a lengthy and beautiful opener.

We then needed the right music that would accompany the poetry and lead into the play. Our advisor suggested that we contact the mother of Yuriko Amemiya, the ballet dancer, who had quite a record collection (Yuriko later joined the Martha Graham troupe and became nationally known.) Up to that point, I had not known the existence of semi-classic music as Father's taste in records ran strongly to John Phillip Sousa. Yuriko's mother played a few records, and suggested that the "Prince and Princess" movement from *Scheherazade* would be appropriate. We built a portable stage, borrowed public address equipment and light stands, and came up with various sound effects, such as rattling a square of sheet metal to simulate thunder. Yuriko even provided us with two girls from her ballet class to do a little number as opener for "Cinderella."

Showtime arrived, and our large kiddie audience sat on the floor in the darkened barrack theater (we couldn't scare up enough chairs). The stage curtain lighted up, and the thrilling opening strains of *Scheherazade* reached out throughout the barracks. After a crescendo of flutes came in, then ebbed, *Scheherazade* was muted to

the background, and a voice dreamily came in over the mike with the prologue: "Far away in fairy land, of rustling silk and castles grand, where, in a whirling mist of sphere, fairies, goblins, and elves appear! Now there is a tale by all bards told, the story of "Cinderella!" and it continued for a few more lovely verses. The children were enthralled, well worth the three cents admission charge. We had a two-night run in Butte Camp, and a one-night stand in Canal Camp.

Our Butte Camp Girl Reserves had a slumber party with the Canal Camp Girl Reserves one night, and it was fun because (1) it was the first time I had been to a slumber party. and (2) it was the first time then that I had been to Canal camp which was some not easily transversed distance away from Butte.

In time, the Japanese who went out into the desert to raise fruits and vegetables under the blazing sun for \$12 a month performed a wondrous feat: they had transformed the desert into a flourishing truck farm. A cornucopia flowed. To celebrate the harvest, a big-time festival featuring the bountiful fruits and vegetables was held. Even the governor of Arizona came to laud the farmers. Every organization in camp had a booth featuring food or games, and it was a gala event. Our journalism class thought a shaved ice concession would be dandy. The fellows constructed a number of shavers out of lumber and table knives (not the sharp kitchen knives either), and while the girls filled the paper cones and poured on the syrup and manned the sales counter, the guys had to do the ice shaving, which required a vast expenditure of muscle power. I was the chairman of the project since I was the editor of the high school paper, and I felt badly that the blades were so dull. But the fellows were high spirited and settled for calling me "Slave Driver."

The other nine relocation camps were no slouches either. Poston produced cattle, Idaho had potatoes, and I cannot recall what the specialties of the other camps were, but we had a good exchange program going and the camps were reasonably self sufficient, I think.

Graduation time came. The graduation exercise was held at our amphitheater, a knoll located about mid-point in Butte camp with a gentle slope that permitted people to sit on a blanket or cushion without skidding down. A stage was built at the foot of this butte, and a screen would be set up on movie nights. Movie time was dusk time. I remember "Wake Island" where a screaming Japanese army landed on the shores. The close-ups revealed the Japanese to be primarily Filipinos, since all the Japanese were in camps anyway. Still, in prewar days, there weren't any Japanese who would play villainous Japanese on the screen. They didn't want to shame the honorable ancestors. One of the best known was Tets Komai, who was in both Tulare Assembly Center and Gila with us. He put on a mime show at Tulare, and later was a speaker at a girls' club I was in. He told us of his Hollywood experience, and told us he could have had many parts if he played a Japanese villain, but he was absolute in his refusal. So he was a Malaysian who slapped Gene Tierney in a scene. So the Chinese actors had meaty Japanese roles. He told us the studio never built

any more prop than they had to, so a love scene could be played on a third of a rowboat. In the 60's, I saw Mr. Komai on TV, and was happy he was able to resume his career.

Mother never permitted Sister nor I to go to a movie with a Boy. She said since Father was not with us, she could not let us have any boy friend because a Boy may do a BAD thing to you. We had no notion what the BAD thing was, but I thought perhaps a boy loses his manners when alone with a girl, and beats her up. I didn't think any boy I knew looked like a girl batterer, but Mother must know best.

A memorable evening at our "amphitheater" was a production by Yuriko Amemiya. It was total enchantment, and her resourcefulness was amazing as supplies were severely limited in camp. She had taken cheesecloth, starched it heavily, sprayed it with paint, and a Vegas painting couldn't have bested her creations. Her class put on the Nutcracker's Suite, and she did a solo called "Ondine" in a skintight black-green costume. It was daring for the time and audience, but the shock quickly lost itself in the grace of her dancing.

One time, members of an Indian tribe from a nearby reservation came in full Indian regalia to perform for us. The first dance was fascinating as they danced to a chant. The second dance was very similar to the first dance. And so were the third, fourth, and fifth dances. If we could have performed Kabuki for the Indians, they may have suspected it was revenge in kind.

Mother had led me to believe that the Japanese were imbued with every virtue humans were capable of possessing. It was inconceivable that there may be a laggard who may slip here or there. So camp was a revelation, for among the Japanese, incredible as it may seem, morals were not always at the highest, for there was a thief there and a liar there, and even those without conscience. There were but a few, but that they existed at all among the Japanese flabbergasted me.

There was a 15-year old girl in the next barracks that was held up to me by Mother as an inspiring model. "Look how obedient she is to her father and mother" Mother would often say. I thought I was pretty obedient myself, a model Filial Piety Person, but Mother was pushing for greater heights. Anyway, this girl's shower time was often the same as mine, and I noted that her stomach and waistline were getting rounder and bigger. Then one day, she was not around for a while. After some time, she returned, slim again, and Mother never held her up to me an emulatable example again. I later heard that she had gone to Canal Camp, had a baby, and the father of her baby was her own father. I had no inkling it may have something to do with the Bad things boys do. Then there was spicy gossip of a couple that went out into the field of high grass outside the camp confines before the barbed wire fence and guard towers went up. The man got frightened by something, and they got stuck together. I didn't know where they were stuck, but it was racy anyway. The story was that this couple had to get wrapped up in a sheet, and taken to the hospi-

tal to get unstuck.

Life went on in camp. One day, a hometown lady from another block came to see Mother, and she was agitated. Real life soap opera was taking place right underneath her nose. It seemed her 21-year old eldest son was spending a lot of time with an older woman who was a DIVORCEE. The woman probably was no older than 25 or 26, and she could be described in my present vocabulary as sexy. The hometown lady was going out of her skull because she just knew the divorcee was up to no good with her son. She said "...she knows how good it is so she would want it again." Her words held mystery for me, but it sounded intriguing.

I had also tagged along with Mother when she and the same lady with the 21-year old endangered son went to visit a 13-year old girl who was ailing in bed. The young girl was having what her mother described as a terrible case of constipation. Mother's friend entreated her to push hard and get out even one small bit, marking off a small section of her little finger with the other hand to show even a tiniest start would get things moving. But as it turned out, it was not constipation. The sheriff from the nearby town of Casa Grande came over and took her brother into custody for a two-year spell in the local jail for causing what was not constipation.

A new world was rapidly opening up in Gila as I approached 17. The issei and older nisei suffered immeasurably with devastating losses of their life work, but for the teenage and younger nisei, life was a marvel of new facets of Americanization which was opened to us by older age groups from more sophisticated parts of California. All dances and parties were well attended in great numbers as we had a densely populated area. So many things were new, exciting, and different.

I remember a scavenger hunt for age groups that ranged from high school on up. It even included older people, some as old as even 25 or 26. There were several teams, consisting about a dozen persons each, an even mixture of young men and young girls. The items on the list were deliberately tough. One was a Florsheim shoe, and most of us only knew Florsheim as a rich man's shoes. Fortunately, our team included the only son of one of the richest farmers from Santa Maria. He was tall and looked like Toshiro Mifune, only more handsome. Honest. When we bemoaned where to find a Florsheim, he calmly sat down on a big rock, took off his right shoe, and flashed the Florsheim label to our astonished eyes. We felt confident we had an edge now, and our team broke up into groups of three. My group's assignment was a lock of blond hair, a snap. We headed for the area where the Caucasian administrative and teaching staff were housed. Our knock on the first door was answered by a woman with blonde hair. We asked for a strand of her hair, and she said "Of course." I thought she was then going to reach up and yank out one hair, but no, she went to her dresser, passed a brush over her hair, selected a few strands, and came back and handed them to us. No mess, no ouch. We didn't win the scavenger hunt, but we didn't care as it was so much fun.

We had a lot of block dances. They were held in the block mess hall, and the modus operandi was to get a public address system, douse out most of the lights, scrounge some bread, peanut butter and jam from the mess chef for simple refreshment, and we were in the dance business. My hometown girl friend and I attended the dances for the food. Besides, we didn't know how to dance initially, but another friend from Oxnard gave me lessons so I was soon doing the New Yorker and various forms of jitterbug. Actually, you really didn't have to know how to dance. At the Tulare Assembly Center, a popular form was "Tulare Rock," and the only skill required was that you rock back and forth, moving your feet to a new locale occasionally, preferably in time to the music. "Tulare Rock" was very popular with the boys, as it entailed little learning effort and achieved what they wanted anyway, which is body proximity to those of female gender. The dances were stag and stagette affairs. Most boys would have held up the walls all night, if it were not for the exhortations of those in charge with mixer dances. An oft-used kickoff was the "Grand March," where boys lined up on one side, the girls on the other, and when the music started, each line would converge in the center in two parallel lines. The boy at the head of the line would pair with the girl at the head of the other line, and so on. The first few at the beginning of the lines could see who their partners were going to be, but for the rest, it was a random selection filled with anticipation. This worked fine, as by the time anyone saw his or her counterpart on the other line, no ducking out was possible. Another mixer was a couple would start dancing, and after a half minute or so, the music would stop, and the boy would pick another girl from the side line, and the girl would do the same with the boy. Each time the music stopped, all dancers would pick partners from the side, and the geometric progression had nearly everybody on the floor in short order. Whenever I went to a dance, Mother always came about 10:00 p.m. to take me and Sister home. By then, the refreshments would have been cleaned out anyway, and I was never a belle of the ball so I didn't mind.

After graduation from high school in June 1943, I became a full-time reporter for the Gila News Courier. The original male News Courier staff that were around during the Boys-Girls Week were mostly gone. The U.S. Army had asked for volunteers to fight in the 442nd, and they had volunteered nearly en masse. The Gila News Courier came out twice weekly, semi-weekly so to speak. We had an editor-in-chief, two typists, with one doubling as a business manager, a sports editor who was so shy he hardly ever spoke to the rest of us but did a good job of covering the world of sports; circulation manager, two reporters, two issei men who did the Japanese section, a girl who did something I presume (I called her "The Cat" as she was catty), a fellow who always wore a UC Berkeley buckle, had a shiny wristwatch, and acted important although I don't recall what he did, and two mimeograph operators. We were under the Public Information Officer, who would periodically come over from the administration building to see what we were doing. She gave us benevolent supervision, and one would think she would serve as chief censor, but we never felt the heavy hand of censorship. Of course, we didn't write anything that would require a blue pencil. I remember when she would go to

Phoenix, she would come back with treats for us, such as Coca Cola and bananas. We used to play bridge between issues, and she bought us plastic playing card which was new on the market at that time, and cost a kingly ten dollars for a double deck. All of us continued correspondence with this wonderful lady for more than a decade after the war ended until she passed away.

My beat covered the hospital at the north end of the camp to the Education Department at the south end, and various offices in the administration building, which was located about the middle of the camp, so there was a lot of walking to do. Mother got me an umbrella to use as parasol, and I bought a pair of sunglasses at the canteen, so I was properly equipped for the desert sun. Another reporter and I shared a typewriter harmoniously. He had gone to LA City College, and had taken a journalism course. He ended his stories "30-30-30-30-30" which he explained to me is what journalists do to signify the end of the story. So I promptly adopted the "30-30-30-30-30" myself and felt like a genuine newspaper reporter. He would occasionally give me tidbits of his knowledge, with statements such as "There are three dimensions: up and down, left and right, and back and front. Some say Time is the Fourth Dimension" and when people left for relocation, he gave a Shakespearean quote "We meet, we part, only to meet again." I liked that quotation so much I used to use it for any apt occasion.

One of my favorite characters on my newspaper beat was a Mess Steward who was in charge of food for our camp. This was before the fiber food days, and his favorite saying to me was "Young lady, what you people should eat is beans. I was in the Navy for 17 years, and we ate beans everyday. What you need is beans, beans, beans." That sounded like something akin to starvation to me. Mother had never cooked beans, but then, because she taught school until nearly dinnertime, she never cooked anything that could not be on the table in 20 minutes flat. The Mess Steward could not have been the top student of his English class, at least in the grammar department. One day he said to me, "Young lady, I want you to put in your paper that 'Milk Has Went to War.'" I said "You want me to say 'Milk Has Gone to War?'" "No," he replied, "I want you to say 'Milk Has Went to War.'" The story was that henceforth milk will be given only to babies and pregnant mothers. Because I needed to uphold the standards of our mimeographed newspaper, my story started "Milk has gone to war..."

One day, the other reporter got tired of his farm beat. He said he had not been able to get a story for six months, so he wanted to trade. I had a Finance Officer I wasn't wild about (I called him "The Supercilious Fox") so we swapped. There were three men in the Farm administration, really great guys, and I got four stories the first day. One was about an animal that was getting into the hen house and decimating the feathered ones, so I wrote it up as a mystery drama, and it made a hit with them. After that, there was no longer a dearth of farm stories. Another on my beat was a civil engineer with a dignified mustache and an European accent. I always enjoyed interviewing him although there never was any earthshaking

news, and he most charmingly said "Good afternoon, young lady. How are you today?" The hospital head was a good looking red-headed Irishman and the stories were naturally public health news. The superintendent of education was a huge man with metal rimmed glasses and thinning hair. There always was a story or two in education.

An excellent fringe benefit working for the News Courier was that we received newspapers from most of the major cities in the U.S. A particularly gratifying issue was when the San Francisco Chronicle headlined "442nd Lands in Sicily." I felt grateful that a West Coast newspaper would give full credit and publicity to the all Japanese-American 442nd Unit. My heart was full with pride and thanks to these young men who offered their lives to prove their loyalty. The 442nd spearheaded the landing, and the casualties were heavy. One of the volunteers from the News Courier was killed that day. The lady in the next barracks received two telegrams the same day when the 442nd landed in Anzio, one for her husband, and one for her brother, both of whom had volunteered in the call for the 442nd. Her brother was a kick. When we were in Tulare, we heard shooting from the guard towers one night, and in the morning discovered that this young man had found a long pole and vaulted over the barbed wire fence just to get on the other side. He had no intentions of escaping, just wanted to see what would happen. His curiosity could have gotten him a fatal bullet then, but he did not suffer that fate in the Tulare Assembly Center. It was saved for him at the beach in Anzio.

One day, the other reporter and I decided to co-author a short story. We would start easy we decided, by just swiping the plot of a short story Father had told me back home. It was of a woman who went to a doctor and asked for an effective poison to use on her husband. He had innumerable faults she felt she could no longer tolerate, and she wanted to get rid of him. The doctor gave her a bottle of white tablets, and told her that the white tablets would work only if its use was accompanied by great display of love and affection by the wife towards her husband. The wife administered the pills to her husband, and by the end of two weeks, her husband was returning her attention with equal love and affection. The wife then realized she did not want her husband dead, and went in panic to the doctor and asked for an antidote for the white pills she had been slipping into her husband's food. The doctor smiled and told her, "Do not fear, those pills were nothing but sugar. The purpose was for you to show love to your husband, and I thought he may respond in kind." And that was it to the story, but we were endlessly rewriting each other's work and the hodge-podgy effect only worsened with each rewrite, so we finally abandoned our joint literary effort. We did have an uproarious time with the rewrites though, his laughing at mine, and my laughing at his.

The Army decided it was safe to relocate those of Japanese ancestry to states that were far enough from the West Coast. Chicago was a popular city for relocation. Our erstwhile graphic artist sent a cartoon that showed a relocated Japanese Ameri-

can fellow looking wistful in the Chicago bustle with the subtitle, "There's no latrine in every block." Another friend wrote back how cold the winds were that swept in from Lake Michigan. A number of our friends went to Cleveland, Ohio. The News Courier carried a job opening column, and most were for household help and the like. Each day a truck would haul away those relocating from the camp, and the well-wishers were gathered about the trucks before the relocatee boarded them. One day, I went to see someone off, and lo, in the center of the gathering nearby was Mr. Shimamura, my exalted teacher of Tulare days. As befit him, he was surrounded by fellows only, not a female in sight. What a he-man. I went to shake his hand, and wish him well, and that was the last time I saw him. Over the years, I would sometime wonder what had happened to him. Decades later, an enterprising publisher printed the name and address of every Japanese and Japanese American by city for the continental U.S. and Japan (U.S. civilians, I presume), and I pored over it carefully, but could not find him. I used to think if I were ever to become famous and get on the Johnny Carson show, I would turn to the camera and say "Akimitsu Shimamura, where are you?"

Before graduation, our senior class met with advisors as to which colleges we can attend. We pored through college catalogs, trying to make career choices as well as school selection. I first considered journalism, but when I found out what the pay scale would be, decided other fields would be greener with the green. I finally settled on becoming a social worker.

I had put in an application for scholarship, and it appeared I would be going to Syracuse University in New York. Many of my classmates had already left, and I was soon to go. Father had written that our family could be reunited at the family reunion camp located in Crystal City, Texas. I replied that I was going out to college, and therefore will not be going to Crystal City.

One day, a package arrived from Father. He used to send packages containing pieces of candy and the like to us fairly often, and after I removed the goodies, I noticed that the cardboard bottom in the box was loose. I pried up the cardboard, and there was a note from Father. The note tersely stated that if I did not go to Crystal City, I would no longer be his daughter. I cried then. I wanted to go to college. I did not want to go to Crystal City. But I didn't want to be disowned as Father's daughter.

Talk about Crystal City, that camp was a unique setting.

Our family was reunited in Crystal City, Texas in March 1944. The living arrangement was an improvement over Gila in that although the entire family still lived in one room, we could cook and eat as well as sleep in that space. There was a sink with running cold water, a kerosene stove which had a portable oven that could be placed over the burners, and table and chairs. There was a canteen where we can purchase groceries, and purchasing allowance in the form of colored tokens

that served as medium of exchange. Certain categories of food were rationed, but what we ate was not dependent upon a mess steward. We were among the last to arrive of the group called the "mainlanders." That differentiated us from the Hawaiian families that came later, and the Peruvians that came later yet. After we left Crystal City, the holdouts from Tule Lake arrived for incarceration.

The earliest birds at Crystal City were the Germans and Italians, and they got all the choice housing that was formerly occupied by immigration officials. Their quarters had bedroom, living room, kitchen, and bathroom. We had one-fourth of a barrack, went to a common bathroom and showers, and our eating area also served as a living room for socialization. But later arrivals had it worse. They got housing called "Victory Huts," a small squarish space built with minimum expenditure of lumber that offered shelter from the wind and rain, but not much from the heat and cold. But again the accepting nature of the Japanese was such that bickering and envy over the widely varying standard of accommodation never did arise.

Because the immigration station had been around for some time, there was no green lumber look about the barracks, just worn and dirty green paint job. And the partition between the compartments went all the way up to the ceiling, so we had a feeling of privacy from other family groups although not within the family group.

The earlier mainlanders and some Hawaiians had been there for a year or so, and there were a lot of established activities in Crystal City. There was a Young People's Association, so we new people, designated "Q-Section" because of our address, joined just in time for election of new officers. A young man of the earlier arrival group became president, and a Q-Section person became the Boys' vice-president and I, another Q-Section person, became the Girls' Vice-President. Then for good measure, the Q-Section group formed its own organization, the "Q-Section." So we were part of both the overall camp group and our own cozy neighborhood group. The latter group gave us a lot of flexibility and greater cooperation among the members. The smaller size was particularly convenient when we had homemade ice cream made from pudding for parties, as that had to be made in a makeshift ice cream maker that required a lot of cranking by the fellows.

The American school system was well in place with an amazingly high caliber of simpatico principal and faculty. Only slightly over two months was left of the second half of the school year, but I decided just in case I may still go out to college, I will take shorthand. Since the class was already well under way, I set about learning what I had missed the previous seven months on my own, and tried to keep up with both the beginners' and advanced classes the best I could. The teacher, Miss Adele Wildenthal, noting my efforts, told me she will give me special lessons on Saturday, all on her own time. With such encouragement, I spent every waking moment on shorthand. I thought in shorthand, talked in shorthand, read in shorthand, sang in shorthand, and spent at least four hours a day practicing shorthand and memorizing the forms, including what they called the "short form" where there

was a shortcut shorthand for entire phrases. The teacher's kindness did not end there. She told me I belonged in college, and set about getting me a scholarship to the University of Texas. Here we were, in camp because of the color of our skin, hair, and eyes, and the white race was the oppressors that had placed us there, but it seemed most of the Caucasians who administered and worked in our camps regarded the welfare of their charge as their job. Even the guards in the outposts above the barbed wire fence were not of sadistic bent, but more or less stuck in a boring job. And those who came to teach us, did their very best to educate us. By the time the school session ended in June, with the encouragement and help of Miss Wildenthal, I had learned the equivalent of two years of shorthand in about two months. I did not know then that in about two years, I would find myself in war torn Japan, working for the U.S. Army, and that shorthand would give me an edge in the steno pool where I even covered conferences and a court martial before I moved up to administrative work. A few years later, I used shorthand to vantage in college classes where I was able to take complete notes if I wished. Now in retirement years, I still use that shorthand for newsletters and as recording secretary for organizations I am in. I would have liked to thank Miss Wildenthal in later years, but it was more than five decades later when I met someone who knew of her whereabouts, but it was too late for this world.

There was a parallel Japanese school, again for all grades, and the faculty was made up of priests and former teachers. Since the FBI made a complete sweep of these groups, and many were sent to Crystal City, we had a plentiful teaching pool. Soon after we arrived in Crystal City, a delegation of impressive issei elders visited Father, and asked him to be the Superintendent of the Japanese School. Father said he did not care to be an administrator, but he would gladly teach. Father taught the highest level class at the Japanese school, an equivalent of the first year in college.

When we rejoined Father in Crystal City, we noticed he had a fresh scar on his bald head. What had happened was that the sub-zero New Mexico winter produced long icicles that would hang from the eaves of the barracks. This particular freezing morning, Father stepped out, and as the door banged shut, an icicle jarred loose, and made a direct hit on Father's bald pate. Father was relieved that the icicle did not deliver a fatal blow, as he could visualize the mourners at his funeral giggling every time they thought of the cause of his death.

One of Mother's first task upon reunion was to wash an enormous accumulation of Father's caked and dirty socks. It seems one of Father's job in Lordsburg was as a supply clerk, and rather than launder his socks, he would simply issue himself a new pair. Mother was scrubbing socks for three solid weeks.

Shortly after moving into our barracks apartment, Father announced that it would be 10 degree cooler than any other because he would insulate the ceiling with canvas fabric tacked from stud to stud.

Before long, we began to notice running ripples on the canvas. These ripples we then gathered were caused by four tiny feet scurrying on the canvas, and there were more than one set of ripples. It appeared the outdoor rodent population had found a home.

Father thereupon set out on a crusade to eliminate those critters. He came up with an escape-proof Rube Goldberg contraption where once the mouse gets in, he wouldn't know how to get out of the labyrinth passages. The only problem was that no mouse could figure out how to get IN either.

Father came up with a drowning device, with a small slatted plank leading up a water-filled bucket. Sawdust floated atop the water, and smack in center floated a small wooden plate laden with food. Father reasoned that the mouse, in stepping towards the food, would fall through the sawdust and drown. Unfortunately, no mouse showed interest in walking up the plank.

Father resorted to direct tactics as well: he came up with a homemade bow and arrow set, and whenever he saw the mouse rippings on the canvas, he would take aim and shoot, except his marksmanship resulted only in puncturing the canvas. On the other hand, if he had made a hit, and mouse blood were to ooze down from the ceiling, Father probably would have sickened.

Father used kendo tactics too, but all we got was a lot of yelling in the middle of the night. Father even tried mewling like a cat, a strange sound to awaken to at 2 a.m.

Finally, Father decided mouse traps may just work. He adorned the traps with a widely varied menu, but failed to tantalize a single mouse.

So one day, Father decided co-existence with mice was not healthful, and the canvas came down, and our apartment barracks became 10 degrees warmer (or colder) with the season.

We had a community hall near our barracks, and it had a lone aged piano. I tried to keep up with what piano practice I could, but there were too many girls who wanted to practice. As it was wasteful to stand around waiting for one's turn, I decided early upon arrival in Crystal City that we should get organized so we could set up a practicing schedule. We took sign-ups, and lo, there were 107 persons. One piano could not service 107, so the first order was to get another piano. A few inquiries revealed that the proper procedure was to approach the Community Council, and the head of that Council was a doctor from Hawaii named Dr. Motokazu Mori. When the father of a Pasadena girl friend came to Gila from the Santa Fe Internment Camp where many fathers were confined, he said there were three men at Santa Fe that all the men held in the highest respect. They were Dr. Mori, another man, and my Father. My friend's father paid the highest compliment to Father

when he told me how proud he was that his daughter was a friend of Nozaki-Sensei's daughter.

So I took our piano club's request for a piano to Dr. Mori's living quarters, and he and his wife invited me in. As I sat down, he asked me who I was, and when I said "Nozaki *desu*" ("My name is Nozaki") he chuckled in merriment and said "So you are a daughter of Nozaki-san!" From that moment on, both he and his wife gave me special treatment and I could do no wrong. Mrs. Ishiko Mori, also an MD, taught Biology, and she without question gave me the highest grade in class without looking at my test paper because she felt any daughter of my Father has to be a top student. And Dr. Mori started *Kenkyukai*, a study group, shortly thereafter as he said he wanted to nurture the brightest minds. Whether I deserved all this or not, the halo effect of Father was ever present from all those who knew him. And Mother used to always say of Father, "Your Father is such an eccentric, I can't understand why the newspapers pay money for his stories." Father would good naturedly reply "Casting pearls before a swine," and nicknamed her "Swine Pearl" whenever she made such comments.

Oh yes, we got that extra piano, but on condition that those of us considered more advanced had to give lessons to all members desiring lessons. That meant lessons for about 100 students. We got Thompson's introductory books for all students, and I had a roster of students I taught for the going rate of ten cents a hour. The net result was I had less practice time than before when the matter was a catch as catch can.

There were evening courses at Crystal City too, so I took German, taught by one of the German inmates and calligraphy. Mrs. Mori was in the German class, and it was a bit funny to hear her speak German with such a strong Japanese accent.

Kenkyu-kai, the study group started by Dr. Mori, greatly widened my horizon. To give a notion of what we learned at the feet of Dr. Mori, I am excerpting from a talk I had given at a panel discussion at the 50th reunion of the Crystal City Internment Camp in October 1993:

I would like to transport you back 50 years, and relive with you what to me was the best of Crystal City experiences. This was *Kenkyu-kai*, a study group initiated and conducted by Dr. Motokazu Mori to open doors, he said, for the minds of the young people in Crystal City.

Dr. Mori was a widely known and beloved physician from Honolulu. His ancestors were known back to feudal times, and his social position in class conscious Japan gave him access to the upper class shakers and movers. Dr. Mori gave us a smorgasbord of feasts from literature, history, science, politics, military operations, current events, and from his own life.

Today I would like to tell you ten stories that were given us on *Kenkyu-kai*

evenings. They are but a capsulized sampling, but I hope they will give you a taste to savor and perhaps a peek through the doors Dr. Mori opened.

Now imagine me to be Dr. Mori, a distinguished wisp of a truly educated man, always with a droll smile, and kindly twinkles in his eyes. And imagine you all are members of the Kenkyu-kai, gathered here this afternoon to listen to Dr. Mori.

Story 1

I was invited by a friend to spend a day at a boys' school; it was an interesting special school he said. And it was. The young boys there were all exceptionally bright. The instructors appeared especially caring about their young charges. Every meal served was a Japanese feast, served on *ozen*, a lacquered tray with legs, and consisted of many courses. The facilities of the school were of the best. I was puzzled by all this, and as we left, I asked my friend, why these boys were singled out for such special treatment. The friend replied, "These boys are in what is called the '*Shonen Koku-hei* (Youth Air Corp).' Their mission in life is to board a plane, and crash into a military objective. They are being trained to die, and that is why we cannot care for them enough." This was in 1939, long before the Kamikaze pilots appeared on the scene in the Pacific War. One of the follies of Japan was that she selected the brightest and the best to waste their lives in this manner.

Story 2

I would like to give you a taste of Japanese literature today. I've selected "Miyamoto Musashi," a popular historical novel (this was later made into the Samurai trilogy starring Toshiro Mifune). Dr. Mori read the first few chapters during the evening, and the book was good, but his rendition made it better. He varied his voice for each character, a strong, macho voice for Musashi, the hero. A sweet feminine voice for Otsuu, the heroine. A nonchalant voice for Takuan, the radical priest. When Dr. Mori stopped reading for the evening, our appetite for this Japanese book was whetted enough that we promptly went out on our own to read the entire three volume set...in Japanese.

Story 3

Let us discuss geo-politics, the Have and Have-Not nations. The size of an empire boasted by a nation was a matter of who got there first to take the country away from the indigenous folks. The English boasted that the sun never set on the British Empire. The Spanish, the Dutch, the French, even the Belgians, got there first. They became the Haves, and who were the Have Nots? The Germans and the Japanese. They got a belated start, and when they sought to catch up by emulating the other Have nations, they were regarded as aggressors, not colonizers.

Story 4

Let's compare the wealth of nations. An example would be a nearly identical

genetic research that was conducted by the Germans and the Americans at about the same time. The Germans used mosquitoes, and it was difficult to track mosquitoes, for they would be buzzing around, and which one was the sister? The brother? The uncle? The Americans used rabbits, and every hour on the hour, they killed a rabbit. Rabbit costs and mosquito costs are definitely in different leagues.

Story 5

Let's compare the difference in the military might of a nation with natural resources and one without. The U.S., with its rich and abundant natural resources, could have a good portion of its Navy wiped out at Pearl Harbor, but the shipyards and factories hummed on and its military might became greater than ever. Whereas Japan, in its preparation for war, could only stockpile goods because they had very little natural resources. An entire town in Japan is sitting on top of an enormous reservoir of oil. Even military socks have been accumulating in warehouses from shortly after World War I.

Story 6

The Japanese had believed that the Americans would be reluctant to fight and die, but look what the marines have done in Tarawa. They stormed the beaches and were killed as they landed. But more kept going, and more kept dying, and they fought on until the island was won. The Japanese would have second thoughts about Americans after Tarawa.

Story 7

Mrs. Mori and I were arrested on December 7, almost as soon as the bombs stopped falling. To me, a war between the United States and Japan was like a fight between one's Father and Mother. You love them both, you cannot take sides. After arrest, we were imprisoned on Sand Island. One morning, I was awakened early by an incessant sound of planes taking off from the nearby military base. I gazed skyward, and noted that a plane would roar into the sky in intervals of one minute. This steady stream of planes continued throughout the day, and at dusk, the planes were still leaving, one per minute. I wondered where these endless number of planes were going. Shortly thereafter, news was announced that there was a Battle of the Coral Sea, where the Americans claimed victory 6-5, and the Japanese claimed victory, 6-5.

Story 8

I had a mystery classmate while I was in grammar school. One day, the classmate, named Komatsu, invited me and another boy to his home. We were very excited over the invitation. As we entered a luxurious estate, I looked up, and over the gateway was a *mon*, a family insignia like the Western coat-of-arms. We were greeted by the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She bowed low and welcomed Komatsu home. Komatsu led us into a room filled with toys, and they were not Japanese toys, but European made, and this was in the early

1900's. There was also an elaborate train set already set up, and everything Komatsu showed us or brought out was the ultimate in luxury. A servant served snacks, and it was the like of which we had never seen before, so delicious. Then playtime was over, and this time, we departed by the back gate. As we left, I looked up at the gate, and this time, there was an entirely different *mon*. Who was this classmate Komatsu? I later found out that he was the illegitimate son of the Emperor's brother, and the two different mons belonged to the *kerai*, or vassals.

Story 9

I will speak today on the Japanese invasion of China. Those two countries had no cause for war. This was like two boys in a family, where the two are ill treated by others but they are powerless to fight back. So what do they do? They fight each other to take out the frustration. And so it was with China and Japan. It started with a dangerous situation. The Japanese navy was doing military maneuvers near the coast of China. The Chinese army was doing military maneuver along that same coast. There they were, in close proximity, a tinder box situation. Then from the Marco Polo bridge came sounds of explosives. The Japanese thought the Chinese was firing at them. The Chinese thought that the Japanese was firing at them. So they each fired back, and thus the Sino-Japanese war started. Later it was believed that the Chinese communists set off a series of firecrackers under the Marco Polo bridge.

I would like to tell you of how the atrocities committed in Nanking came about. The military tactic used then was the same later used by General Patton to capture Paris; the army speeds towards the target city, and moves forward even while there are enemies on either side. One consequence of this rapid advance was that the Japanese MPs were left behind. Under normal circumstances, the MPs in the Japanese army precede the troops, and one of their functions is to maintain order in the conquered city. But in Nanking, the troops outraced the MPs, and the Rape of Nanking was on.

Story 10

I have an anecdote on the Japanese occupation of China. A Japanese soldier raped a Chinese woman. When he was done and stood up, she clung to his legs, and was weeping and repeatedly saying something in Chinese. He tried to shake her off, but she clung tight, all the while crying and saying something in Chinese. He could not understand her, and he wanted to be on his way, so he calmly took out his pistol from the holster and shot her in the left temple. But the matter gnawed at his conscience, and when he was in the same area a year later, he asked the local populace what had happened to her, and was led to her grave. He had the grave opened, and reached in and took her skull. It had a bullet hole in the left temple. Shortly thereafter, he was released from the army, and went home to Japan. He kept the woman's skull in his study, and would look at it for hours at a time. One day, he had a headache which grew worse

with time. The doctor could not identify a cause, and eventually the man died. One day, out of curiosity, the doctor had the ex-soldier's grave disinterred. He took out his skull, and there on the skull... was a hole in the left temple.

There were many other Kenkyu-kai stories by Dr. Mori. We drunk it all in. It was such a privilege to be welcomed into his world. They were unforgettable evenings, a long 50 years ago.

Another person who made a strong impact on my life was a young Zen priest, Rev. Kenko Yamashita, who was my home room teacher at the Japanese school in Crystal City. We always called him Sensei (teacher, but in Japanese, it has a more respectful quality to the word). The class adored him, and since he was good looking to boot, there was a touch of crush here and there among the girls. He taught us not only how to read and write classroom Japanese, but also in the form of Japanese history, novels, and poems. He had us memorize a poem that expressed Emperor Meiji's desire for world peace and a darling Basho haiku written when the poet was five years old. He read us Japanese novels, and we remember in particular a daring one written by a modern author named Kikuchikan which had an unforgettable passage that went "Prove your love for me," said the Hero. "What do you mean?" replied the Heroine. "Why, by joining your flesh with mine" said the Hero.

We did not have textbooks, so members of the class had to take turn writing the lessons by hand which were then hectographed for distribution to their classmates. Sensei exempted me from this task, as he said my writing looked like something that was kicked around by a chicken.

Sensei assigned essays weekly. One time, a Crystal City community magazine asked Sensei for two essays by his students, and one of the two was mine. I wrote of Father's efforts to eliminate the mice that had moved into the canvas covered ceiling of our room, and it was a surprise hit because the issei got a big kick of seeing another side of Father. He usually looked dignified and somewhat aloof, primarily I think because he had such good posture. Father placed high value on humility, so I cannot consider him otherwise.

Sensei had his own gathering of students for intellectual pursuits outside of class hours. The first refreshment was deep fried thin dough covered with a syrupy concoction of soy sauce and sugar. The girls and the boys alternated taking turn in providing the refreshment, but somehow, the competition to outdo the other ran berserk. The climax was when the boys, with Sensei joining his gender, decided to put on a feast to end all feasts. It was the ultimate of the ultimate, and after that meeting, we realized food should not be the star of the evening. We returned to a saner and simple fare, but too late, our interest had shifted to a chowhound rut, and anything other than food paled by comparison. The group petered out shortly thereafter.

Another strong institution at Crystal City was the Boy and Girl Scouts. I can't recall much about the Boy Scouts, but the Girl Scouts was headed by Mrs. Mori. She was a dominant personality, and she was in full control of every phase of the Girl Scouts activities. Periodically Mrs. Mori would urge me to join the Girl Scouts, but there was one deterrent factor. Both the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts engaged in marching drills which were conducted by a former corporal in the Japanese army. He was a small, peppery man, a sadistic Marine sergeant in junior size. I used to watch him barking orders at the drills, yelling at the children who were not precise in footwork or making a wrong turn. Once a young girl made an error that infuriated him, and he stopped the entire proceedings and slapped her face full force. If atrocities were being committed by the Japanese soldiers in China, they were being done by men like him. But one day, Mrs. Mori appeared on our doorstep, with fabric for a Girl Scouts uniform in hand (all uniforms were custom made by the mothers of the scouts). "You do not come to me, so I have come to you" she said with her powerful charismatic smile. Flattered by being wanted, of course I promptly joined. So Mother sewed me my khaki winter uniform, and later my white cotton summer uniform.

Since I was 18 years old at that time, I was in the Cadet Corps. As a starter, I was assigned a Brownie group to which I was to teach craftwork or a useful skill on Sundays. Fortunately for me, the Cadet Corps had an older advisor who taught us craftwork or a useful skill the day before, on Saturdays. I was therefore one day ahead of the Brownies, and their progress in an art was directly tied to my progress. *A de rigueur* was basket weaving, and we got that down as our first project. When I learned how to make lemon pie, I taught lemon pie the very next Sunday.

One time by some fluke, I was put in charge of the marching orders as our ex-corporal was not available. I knew the basics, such as forward, left and right, but as the front lines approached a big puddle, instant amnesia befell me, and I forgot how to say "turn around." But the girls had good sense, so they just marched in place until my memory returned and thus avoided wet and muddy feet.

The Girl Scouts under Mrs. Mori was an engine of activities, and I was a good cog in a cadre of hard workers she had assembled. A memorable one was a variety show, with lavish and beautiful costumes. We had an especially talented young boy who danced with such elegance that he gave a professional sheen to whatever he participated in. He was usually in costume and makeup of the old-time Japan Yedo days. He later became a world traveled head of a dance troupe, and I saw him perform in Las Vegas.

The Young People's Association had ambitious plans one day. We would put on a carnival for the amusement of the camp residents... Japanese, Germans, and Italians. We had game booths of all kinds, and food booths galore. The fellows made banners and did all the carpentry work. I was on the Finance Committee with another girl who flabbergasted me on our first get together by setting the alarm

clock for half an hour and announcing "Half hour is all the time I want to work on this committee, and when it rings, I'm done." When there are weeks of planning and doings to be done, half an hour isn't much. Therefore I proceeded without her, and did all the planning, made all the chits to be sold for five cents each (using an unthreaded sewing machine for perforations) as all transactions at the booths were to be in chits, did the distribution, collection, and bookkeeping, and when the fair was successfully completed, the Co-Chair for Half Hour took full credit for being on the Finance Committee. Some people are like that.

There were a lot of athletic activities at Crystal City as would be the case wherever young people are around. I was my usual athletic self, which means I am the benchwarmer on a championship team as Sister more than compensated for my mediocre performance. Sister's home runs in baseball would more than equal that hit by any boy, and she was spectacular in basketball. She had a boy friend for a brief time, for it had lasted until that tender moment when he offered a newly won medal to her, and she said "Oh, I've got plenty of my own," and showed him her hefty collection. He slunked away with a severely deflated ego, never to be seen by her side again.

A member of the Community Council had heard that I used to be a reporter in Gila, and asked me to put out an English language newspaper which I did on a weekly basis. I had someone else do the sports, for I am a non-sports person, and this gave me another source of ten cents an hour income.

It was only a matter of time for V-J Day, and the day came. We put on the radio at a previously announced time, and heard Emperor Hirohito speak of his nation's unconditional surrender. Then MacArthur spoke, magnanimous and gentle to the defeated enemy. I read in the Time magazine of how the U.S. Occupation Forces landed, and discovered to their surprise and huge relief that there was absolutely no resistance.

The Japanese people acted to carry out the Emperor's wishes and were most accommodating to the Americans. GIs that landed apprehensively on shore were laughingly pulling rickshas a few hours later. Time also mentioned that the GI favorites were the *daruma* geishas. I did not know what they were, so I thought to be enlightened by my teacher, Rev. Yamashita in class. The word, "*daruma*" preceding "geisha" instantly froze Sensei's face. He then gave a stern lecture on morality and purity. When Sensei got through, I still didn't know what a *daruma* geisha was but it somehow sunk into me that asking for any clarification would be folly indeed.

War's end brought the future to the doorsteps. People were in excruciating quandary. The residents of Crystal City were allowed free choice, whether to remain in the United States or to be repatriated to Japan. Each option had drawbacks. Night after night, anxiety ridden groups huddled together...should it be relocation with frightening stories of hostile outsiders, should it be repatriation to a

wartorn country, or could it really be true that Japan did not lose the war as certain gung ho patriots were saying. Father's initial inclination was to remain in the U.S., but economics won out. He could not farm, he could not run a laundry, he was not a gardener, and he wondered whether he could eke a living with his Santa Fe shoe repair experience (fat chance). He finally concluded that if he stayed, there weren't any job open to issei that he could perform adequately, and his daughters would have to go to work as maids. But if he were to go to Japan, he could teach at a university and his daughters could be raised as ojo-sans (well brought up ladies). But ojo-san or not, Sister said she will not go to Japan, so I said I'll stay with her to look after her. Mother then said she wants to stay with her children. Father said if that is the case, he would go to Japan by himself as he could see no means of earning a living in the U.S. as teaching Japanese at a Japanese school was out of the question. With Father adamant, Mother said she would have to go with him as Father was rather helpless in practical matters. Then I said I can't let my parents go to a country that has lost a war, so I will go with them to look after them. Then Sister wailed she was too young to stay in the U.S. by herself. And that is how we found ourselves on the SS Matsonia in December 1945, bound for Japan.

The shipboard crossing was fun once we got over the seasickness. Sister was only one of two persons aboard ship that did not get seasick, moving all about with bounce and eating all meals. There was a call for volunteers in the kitchen, so once on my feet, I offered my services. This turned out to be an unexpectedly good move. We moved about the ship in gangs, exploring this former luxury ship which had been pressed into service as military transport. Someone said Robert Preston, the movie star, was on guard duty on a certain deck, so we hurried up to look at him. It was indeed Robert Preston in person, and we gawked. He knew why he was being gawked at and gave a smile in our direction.

The SS Matsonia arrived at its destination and moored in Tokyo Bay. The captain gave a little party for the young people, and placed a huge box of Sunshine cookies at our disposal for refreshments. He gave us his autograph, and in mine, he wrote "May all your problems be little ones," and drew stick figures of little children. After we sang and chatted around and it was time to leave, there were still a lot of cookies left. The captain urged us, "Take it all, you will need it." I was wearing slacks, so I only had my blouse to load the cookies on. I told Sister, who was wearing a dress with plenty of skirt yardage, to scoop up the cookies into the folds of her skirt. "No," she said, "This is enough" and took two dainty handfuls.

On the day before we were to disembark, the mess steward of the kitchen where I was helping out said to me, "Toast yourself a loaf of bread, butter it, and take it with you" which I happily did. But the next day, the water was too choppy, so we spent another day on the ship. But our young men went ashore with our baggage, and the following day returned for more. Their faces were ashenly sober with a tinge of alarm. "It's terrible out there," they said. "It is so cold, and the food is awful." That did not convey the full extent of what we were to see once we landed.

But the mess steward once again told me to toast and butter another loaf of bread, which I did and took back to our cramped shipboard room. I told Mother that since we have a fresher loaf, we could throw away the old one, but she said, "No, we'll keep both." Thank goodness! We needed both, and then some.

We now climbed down by rope the side of SS Matsonia and onto the heaving landing craft. We were going ashore at Uruga, which was acting as an assembly point for Japanese repatriates from all over the world. It was said to be a former Naval training camp. As we entered the compound, we could see the stark grim misery of the place in every direction. While we were still aboard the SS Matsonia, some of my classmates were chatting about what our first meal in Japan would be like. Would it be sushi? Tempura? Sukiyaki? No, the weather is too cold. It would have to be *udon* (noodles). But they wondered whether the rumors about Japan losing the war was true, and grew sober at the thought. There was a fellow from a wealthy family in Hawaii that I had regarded as sort of a lightweight playboy. But he impressed me when he said, "If it is not true, there is nothing to worry about. If it is true, then it is no time to be crying about it." It was amazing how many people could disregard news and publications on the progress of the Pacific war and even consider Japan to be anything other than unconditionally defeated.

We lined up for our first meal in Uruga, cold and miserable as can be, when a man behind Father said "Merry Christmas!" Yes, it was Christmas Day, 1945.

Our initial acquaintance with the Japanese toilet was a traumatic experience. First, there is that overwhelming smell of human waste as you approach the area. The toilet fixture was flush with the floor, but there was no flushing water, so it was essentially the old-time outhouse where you squatted instead of sat. One girl limited her visit to the latrine to once a day as she couldn't stand the smell, but the rest of us didn't have such accommodating bladders. We were assigned sleeping quarters with two other families, so there were 10 of us in the room. We were issued one blanket each, made with some vegetable fiber that furnished plenty of weight but little warmth. The fathers decided we should all lie head, feet, head, feet so that the 10 of us were in tight proximity and we could maximize the number of blankets to put on top of us. So we had five of those heavyweights on top of each five of us, and that plus the body heat each of us generated under our multiple layers of clothing, but that still left us freezing.

The following day after we entered Uruga, a group of us went exploring to a nearby village. There we discovered that a Hershey bar would go for 10 yen. Wow! At the time the war started, the exchange was 4 yen to \$1. So 10 yen sounded like \$2.50 to us, but we didn't have Hershey bars. The yen exchange was something like 15 yen to \$1, and it later soared to the high of 360 yen to \$1. But the price of the Hershey bar gave us the notion that money didn't mean too much, but goods did. One man from Crystal City forbade his daughters to associate with anyone from the ship in the event they may ask him for help (as if he would help even if he could),

and set about cadging cigarettes from everyone he knew.

The meals at Uraga were meager and barely fit for human consumption. But I ate every bite as starvation was not a fate I would court. However, there was one meal I just could not stomach. It was a ball made up of rice husks, and they had generously given us two balls, but I was not in the final stages of starvation enough to eat those. Back in our barracks room, Mother doled out the buttered toasts I had gotten from the ship kitchen. They were absolutely delicious, and we were happy we had two loaves. In addition to the cookies from the ship, we had other aces in the hole. Since Time magazine wrote of widespread hunger and starvation, one of the last things I did in Crystal City was to take all the flour and sugar we had left and made cookies. There was still more sugar left, so I made fudge with that. I wrapped both the cookies and fudge in individual wax wrap, and put them in two tin containers. It took three days just to get out of Texas to go to Seattle where we were to embark for Japan, and all of the other Crystal City people had made cookies and candies but ate them all enroute. But I kept ours for the worst if it was to be the worst, so we still had them in Uraga untouched. We didn't know how life was going to be outside of Uraga, so Mother was saving our cookie and fudge supply for then.

The saddest sight in Uraga was the repatriates from the South Pacific. They had extra food compared to the rest of us, as the U.S. Army was generous when they repatriated the South Pacific Japanese, and gave them a supply of K rations to the extent that they were tired of them and were willing to exchange a K ration for a pack of cigarette, even though the K ration included a small pack of four cigarettes. Except we didn't have any cigarettes since Father did not smoke. He used to smoke in Garden Grove, but he repeatedly strove to quit smoking. On those tries, he would gather the family before him, and we would have a Quit Cigarette Ceremony. As the three of us lined up before him, Father would intone, "I have now quit smoking," then throw down his cigarette holder on the living room rug. Then Mother, Sister, and I would clap our hands three times in unison, the end of which Father would stomp on the cigarette holder. He did eventually quit before we left Garden Grove. That is why in Arroyo Grande, Father no longer did any taste test on the contents of a cigarette box available for guests. Mother, being a non-smoker, regarded a cigarette as hospitable so long as it was unsmoked. Aging and dryness in the non-airtight carved wooden container were factors that did not play in her refill policy. Therefore the interval between refills lengthened with time, and eventually one refill could last for years. No smoking guest ever lighted up a second cigarette.

Back to Uraga. The South Pacific repatriates wore flimsy cotton dresses with no sweaters nor coats, no shoes, and were trying to survive in the unaccustomed freezing climate of Japan's winter. We from the U.S. could have shared, but we did not know what was ahead for us, and had already discovered that the yen was worth little, but goods could be bartered. So our young men guarded our baggage so none could steal our possessions. From time to time, my heart saddens when I

think of those South Pacific repatriate children, transformed by the climate to look just like dark-skinned South Pacific natives, looking as if they belonged under swaying palm trees under balmy weather, yet here they were, shivering from the severe cold, and here we were, bundled up with wool scarves, layers of sweaters and skirts plus coat, mittens, and still frozen.

Another interesting observation in Uraga was the extent to which the issei men had adopted American ways unknowingly. When a truck pulled in with baggage, Japanese workmen set about unloading the truck. Then a group of Japanese women appeared, and the men promptly stopped working and left the rest of the unloading to the women. As the women shouldered the heavy bundles, the issei men from Crystal City rushed forward to take over the load from the Japanese women.

One fact driven home to me with startling clarity was when several Caucasian GIs dropped by Uraga in a truck. As we bantered with them, I suddenly realized that the Japanese around us had skin and features just like us, but they were totally foreign, different in thinking and action, but the young white Americans were just like us. Or, we are just like them. We were the same, we were all Americans! It took going to Japan fully realize what we really were.

Before we left Crystal City, we had sent for our money from the Arroyo Grande bank, deposited in an account under my name, but it did not arrive in time. All we took with us was what was in our accounts in Crystal City, Father's \$19 a month salary and my ten cents an hour earnings. The night we landed in Uraga, Father took out the money in his wallet and counted it. Father said, "All we have is \$100." It seemed \$100 between us and starvation wasn't going to be much of a buffer, but we were saved from the stark fate that befell many of our fellow SS Matsonia shipmates that winter because we had only \$100. Although he did not say so, Father had determined that we could not afford to stay the winter with relatives; we had to go to work right away.

Ten days in Uraga left me forever appreciative of food, warmth, sanitation, shower, and basic comfort of all those around me. People had been leaving Uraga for their villages in the past few days. We were to go to Nara, where Father's relatives were awaiting us. A train supposedly reserved for all the repatriates headed in that direction were to leave from the nearest railroad station, and just the women and children were taken there packed on a truck. The men had to walk that ten miles or so. We were allowed no hand baggage, and what clothes going with us had to be on us. Sister and I each wore five wool skirts on top of another, three sweaters, a coat, wool scarf, mittens, and two rolled blankets criss-crossing our shoulders.

As the train roared into the station, we were surprised that all the cars were jam-packed. People were even hanging from windows, and on top of the cars. Where were the cars reserved for us? Nice, empty cars with seats just for us? Some-

one in our group gasped, "Those are the cars that were supposed to be for us!" Upon those words, Father leapt on the steps of the rear train car, elbowed his way in, and elbowing more space, held out his hand to us, and we clambered aboard quickly. I doubt any of the others in our group even got on, but we managed to fit somehow, and it was a tight fit. My left foot was facing 11 o'clock and my right foot was 2 o'clock, and so they stayed for the next 16 hours. I was smashed against a Japanese soldier who had been repatriated from China, so we talked for 16 hours. He told me of the atrocities committed by the Japanese soldiers in China, using pregnant women for bayonet practice, filling people with water from a hose, and again, using them for bayonet practice.

As our train pulled into Kyoto, Father announced we are getting off to get jobs with the Occupation Forces, and we clambered down. He inquired a passerby where the U.S. Army was, and was told to board a streetcar that would head straight down Karasumaru, the main drag, and get off at Daiken Building. We found our way there with no difficulty, and entered this imposing six story headquarters of the Sixth Army. Mother waited in the lobby, sitting on all the blankets each of us had criss-crossed on our shoulders. The three of us, Father, Sister, and I got off at the floor housing Machine Records Center where possible employment may be had. Father gave his credentials to the Lieutenant in charge, and was promptly hired as an interpreter-translator. The Lieutenant asked Sister and me if we could type. We took off our coats, and intact still in our three sweaters and five wool skirts each, we sat down, and the second he saw us use touch typing, he said "You're hired." We were told later that the Lieutenant remarked to his aide, "I hired two fat girls today." The Lieutenant asked us if we had housing, and we said we did not. The Lieutenant said "I'll get you a place to stay," and took our family in a weapons carrier to a Japanese hotel. The hotel owner greeted us when we got there, and it turned out that the lieutenant had commandeered the hotel for his Japanese key punching staff from Kobe. And we were now the hotel owner's new guests. The Lieutenant even gave Mother a job as a house mother for the entire Kobe group of eight giggling Japanese girls and one young man. The proprietor in short order served us simple but clean food on clean dishes. He said a hot bath was ready, our first bath in ten days. And we had a clean room to sleep in with clean futons and no foul smells permeating the air. We were blissfully happy. We later asked the proprietor how he came to house Japanese workers for the Occupation, and he said he had voiced an objection, but when the Lieutenant asked him who had won the war, the proprietor said he had no answer to that.

The following morning, we set off for work. Sister and I had now shed our excess clothing, had our hair combed in the teenage style of the day, with two perky ribbons pinned onto each side of our heads, with bobby socks and casual shoes. As we talked towards the Daiken Building, the GIs driving by in jeeps stopped, stared, and said "They're Stateside!" We just smiled, tossed our heads, and walked on. Another Jeep filled with GIs followed us, and they kept exclaiming "They are Stateside girls!" When we got to the office, everybody was amazed how the two fat girls

had become slim girls. The American soldiers were protective of us, very kind, and very generous, giving up cookies from home for instance and giving them to us.

To assure us some food supply, the Lieutenant instructed me and Sister to go with pots and pans to a building where the GIs were housed and see the Mess Steward at a time when all were finished eating. The mess steward loaded our pots and pans with leftovers from the dinner, and also slipped us extra goodies like condensed milk and coffee. We did that everyday, so the severely limited Japanese food ration did not affect us. Father felt terrible one day when his Japanese co-worker said to him, "Mr. Nozaki, don't you dream some day of eating until you are full?" People would lie starving on the streets, but nobody could help them as they were hungry themselves. The Japanese all had this unhealthy pallor of malnutrition. So we were fortunate indeed.

We were now concerned about our U.S. citizenship. A Spanish consul had come to Crystal City before repatriation, and I asked him what would happen to the nisei's U.S. citizenship if we were to go to Japan. He said we would not lose it, and that was an important factor in our willingness to accompany our parents to Japan. But now we were in Japan, and we had no papers. The Lieutenant said we should straighten it out, and provided a nisei soldier escort to go with Sister and me to Yokohama to see the U.S. Consul. We got on the U.S. military train, so it was not crowded at all. But when we got to the Consulate, there was a nisei secretary there, and from her hair style and dress, we can see that she was a nisei that got stuck in Japan during the war, and she was highhanded arrogance itself. She said that since we didn't have our old passports, we could not even go in and see the Consul. We had the SS Matsonia paperwork, but she haughtily waved it aside and would not even let us talk with the Consul. The nisei sergeant explained we had come great distance, but that did not cut any ice.

We were disappointed, but since we had come that far, the nisei sergeant said we might as well go see Tokyo. A mess steward at a Tokyo civilian army billet packed a sandwich lunch for all of us, and off we went on a Jeep. The sight was unbelievable. The entire distance from Yokohama to Tokyo was one mass rubble with not a building left standing. We were told that when the fire bombs fell on the wooden homes, Tokyo burned to the ground in three days and three nights and the flames could be seen for miles. But as we approached downtown Tokyo, the modern buildings loomed in sight, untouched by bombs. The marvels of precision bombing. All the buildings that would serve as U.S. Army headquarters and to be used for housing Occupation personnel were left intact. MacArthur was in the Dai Ichi Building. The Emperor's palace grounds were unbombed. And the world famous Imperial Hotel, built by Frank Lloyd Wright and that which had survived the great Tokyo earthquake of 1921, was still standing. What good planning! As we rode about in the Jeep, we decided to eat our sandwiches. When we finished eating, the nisei sergeant said "Watch," and threw the remaining sandwiches on the street. A Japanese man was riding a bike behind us, and almost before the sandwiches

landed, he jumped off his bike and scooped them up. The same thing would happen when a GI would throw a cigarette butt away; a half a dozen men would scramble for it. A mean GI would throw down his butt, then step on it and grind it with his heels, and thought it great sport to see the disappointed faces.

We took the train back to Kyoto with our escort nisei sergeant, and felt a pall concerning our citizenship status. Our whole family was working as Japanese, earning yen. Sister and I were being paid 500 yen a month as typists, but the Japanese Government had restrictions on what people could spend. Our pay had to go into a bank account, and we were allowed to withdraw only about 125 yen for spending purposes, and the rest were forced savings. Sister and I turned our entire withdrawals to Mother, who continued her role as the budgeteer for the family.

The first week we started work in Kyoto, the nicest blond, blue-eyed young Staff Sergeant who worked on our floor asked me out to a movie. Mother had a rule: Sister and I were to always double date. Therefore if he wanted to take me anywhere, he had to find a date for Sister. Except Sister was picky, picky, and a selection rarely lasted no more than one or two dates. This went on for a couple of months, but fortunately, John (the young man) won my parents' trust with his exemplary behavior and the great courtesy and kindness with which he treated them, and it was just in time as he was getting desperate as to where he could round up another acceptable young man as a date for Sister. We enjoyed each other's company, and would say "Moooooooo" to show our contentment (there used to be a Carnation ad that stated "Our milk come from contented cows.") We went to football games, movies, dances, and sightseeing. When he sent me a big basket of flowers, tulips of every shade, I was so thrilled that he sent an even bigger basket filled with chrysanthemum and other flowers a few days later. He had a tailor make a brocade happi coat with "Joy" embroidered on it.

But with the war over, the GIs were going home in a steady stream. John received his orders about four months after we had met. He said all GIs look forward to the day when they get to go home, but he did not want to leave. But leave he must. The day arrived, and his train pulled out of the Kyoto station and disappeared into the distance. We wrote each other nearly daily from that date onward until I returned to the United States about two years later. His first letter said "...as the train left the station, taking me away from you, I said to myself that I should not be sad, for with each turn of the wheel, the train is actually bringing me back to you, as each passing minute brings us together one minute sooner." It was first love for both of us, pure and innocent, and because of him, I had never considered getting serious with anyone else for the two years or so that we were separated.

About a month or two after we arrived in Kyoto, who do we see coming down the street but a fellow from Crystal City who had come to Japan on the SS Matsonia with us. As we hailed him, he ducked and seemed about to run away, but we were already upon him by the time he had gathered his wits. "Pretend you don't

know me" he pleaded. That only gave him more of our attention as we were now curious what was causing his strange behavior. Since he was pinned down, he said he was working for the I Corps in Osaka as a foreign national, and they don't know that he was a repatriate.

It seems there was an entire category of civilians working for the U.S. Army called Foreign Nationals, and they had uniforms just like the U.S. Military, except their uniforms were gray. Foreign Nationals consisted of all the non-Japanese that were caught in Japan during the war, and the nationalities included Japanese-Americans, Germans, White Russians, Belgians, Eurasians, and others. The good part was that the Foreign Nationals were housed in their own billet building, and had regular U.S. Army FOOD. That immediately perked our interest, and we hurried back to the office and told the Lieutenant that we wanted to be Foreign Nationals too. He said find out how we could get into the Foreign Nationals billet, and he would take care of it. We got the necessary information, and in a couple of days, it was moving day, and Sister and I were Foreign Nationals! The only thing bad was that we had to give up our pot and pan din-din for our parents, so I resorted to sneaking toast with jelly out at breakfast time so there would not be complete deprivation. And one of our first pleasant doing after moving in was to sweetly greet Mr. "Pretend-You-Don't-Know-Me" by name as he nearly fell through the floor. He need no longer have any fears regarding his repatriate status as we got in without hiding it.

Our first foreign national billet was Chuo Hotel, which had three stories, I think. There was a continuing influx of new residents, and when a new contingent arrived from Hiroshima, the billet manager, a Sgt. with cute dimples said more would have to share a room. Therefore, Sister and I, as roommates, had a third party arrive and somehow fit in. She was a nisei who was caught in Japan during the war, and worse, she was going to a girls' school near the Hiroshima military base which was the epicenter of the first atomic blast. She said all the girls had gotten under their desks when the aircraft siren sounded, then there was a blinding flash followed by a deafening blast that nearly levelled everything. It was a wonder she survived. Her immediate thought was to return to her home in the country. As she ran, leaping over the dead and the debris everywhere, she also saw people dazedly walking about with their skins falling off their bodies as if they were shedding a jacket. Fire and horror were everywhere, and she ran and ran until she finally reached home many miles away. As her mother greeted her and exclaimed at her sight, only then did she notice that she did not have any shoes on, and her feet were bloody masses from the innumerable cuts from broken glasses. She said she had not even felt those broken glasses as she ran.

We now had some of the privileges of the GIs. There was an Army Educational School classes held in evenings that we could attend. A German foreign national taught German and Philosophy, so I took both courses. There was an auto mechanic course that was fun, even the time I was under the engine, took out all the screws from an oil pan and discovered that someone had filled it with oil. One of the

students in my auto mechanics course named his motorcycle "Joy" and he said the color he used was "Virgin Blue" which was an apt description. There were also piano studios on school grounds where one could practice, and I purchased familiar pieces on the Japanese market to play. We could also go to US army movies, and the theater was run by a corporal from Tennessee who would announce before each showing "Welcome to the Kyoto Stateside Theater!" in the broadest Tennessee accent. I rolled over laughing the first time I heard him because I thought people talked like that only in the movies. We held dances at our billet, often hiring the Kyoto Statewide Theater live band.

On weekends, we became regular tourists, going to Nara to see the temples and deer, Osaka to see the famed Osaka Castle and the Bunraku (ancient puppet show) Theater, and to Takarazuka near Osaka for the world famous Takarazuka All-Girls Troupe at their home theater. Takarazuka had four troupes, named after the seasons, and they toured Japan; I was a great fan, and went to see them when I was in Tokyo too. I was with a Caucasian woman friend at one Takarazuka show in Tokyo, and she exclaimed of the female star impersonating a male, "Why, she is the most handsome man I've ever seen!"

Most of our stomping around was right in Kyoto, where there were 600 temples as a starter, with so many having their own distinctive features; castles (at the Nijo Castle, there was a walkway leading to the head man's quarters that would make chirping sounds like a bird as you walked on it, and that would warn him of approaching assassins and the like), and fabulous gardens. My favorites were the Heian Shrine (beautiful grounds and buildings, and a lake garden with a covered bridge that was elegance itself; it was featured in the movie "Around the World in 90 Days"), Kiyomizu (pottery shops lined the road to this temple, called Pottery Lane, and it was beautiful in its lush vegetation), Higashi-Honganji (a case displayed an enormous rope made with human hair; the temple bell was so heavy that only a rope made with human hair would be strong enough to hoist it up, and the women in the city cut off their hair and donated it for this purpose); and Inari Shrine, which literally had a forest of *torii*, a temple looking red gateways. as well as row after row of granite lanterns.

As overcrowding at the Chuo Hotel increased and more foreign nationals were due, the Army decided to move everybody to Station Hotel, a six-story building which was located near the Kyoto railroad station. Sister and I were put on the fourth floor, the only occupants of a room again, and we shared a bathroom with another room on the other side, a better arrangement than the Chuo Hotel where a common shower room was down the hall.

A large group of foreign nationals from Kobe had already moved into Station Hotel by the time we arrived, and many of them were nisei who were in Japan during the war. They were remarkably sophisticated and international in flavor, and I was surprised at the degree of ease and self confidence the young men had, so

tangibly different from the nisei fellows I had known in camp. I concluded that was because in the many years they had spent in Japan, they were able to pursue their education, career, and life without being repressed by prejudice and bigotry which the nisei were subjected to in the U.S. Furthermore, they all spoke fluent and correct English with hardly a trace of accent. One fellow, who was devastatingly handsome, and whose father taught at Harvard and was still in the U.S., told of the time a bunch of nisei got together during the war, spending the entire evening speaking English, and as a guest departed, the host said, in English, "Good-bye. Have a nice evening." The next day, the *Kempei-tai*, the Japanese Gestapo, was knocking on his door for questioning.

One night, while at the Station Hotel, I was dreaming that the room was shaking back and forth, and as I awoke, I realized that the room *was* shaking back and forth. "Wake up, Joy" Sister shouted, "It's an earthquake!" The way it felt, it seemed that the building leaned to one side, touched ground, and then leaned over to the other side in an 180 degree arc. I put the lights on as I got out of bed, then everything blacked out as the electrical system failed almost immediately. So there we were in the dark, in our nighties, and it was freezing winter outside. I stood there, swaying with the movements of the earthquake, debating what to save before dashing out. The Prince Matchabelli Royal Gardenia perfume that John had sent me? Any particular item of clothing? Any of our costume jewelry? No, no, no. It seemed saving our lives would be the best choice. The heaving of the building back and forth had tumbled and scattered everything out of place. I decided if I am going outside, at least I will be wearing a matching pair of shoes. I had six pairs lined up under my bed, but they were no longer neatly in pairs. So while the earthquake threatened to topple the Station Hotel, I was crawling along the floor in the dark, feeling each shoe to see if I could get a pair to match up. I finally did, and after putting on my shoes, I threw on a coat and Sister and I worked our way down to the first floor and outside. There was quite an assemblage out there by then, including a German girl in a flimsy nightie. She had been through so many bombings that she said when she realized that it was an earthquake, she had already run down four flights of stairs and was outside, shivering in the cold. We stayed outside for about half an hour, and then everybody decided the shaking was over, and we trooped inside rather than to brave Ole Man Winter any longer. The German girl however stayed out until dawn for she did not believe in taking chances. We later found out that the epicenter was in Fukui where it knocked the telephone posts out of the ground, but it was quite a distance south of Kyoto, so ours was considered a minor shaking.

Several months later, we tried our luck with the U.S. Consulate again, and this time, there was a transformation of the mucky-muck nisei secretary. She was smiling, courteous, and ushered us right in.

After about a year of anxious waiting, our papers finally came through. Now we were eligible to work as U.S. Army civilians and earn dollars instead of yens as

foreign nationals. But there were no such jobs in Kyoto, so we would have to go to Tokyo. Since we were U.S. civilians hired locally instead of coming over by ship as other DACs (Department of Army Civilian), we would have to find our own housing in Tokyo. We were advised that a major had a room to rent, so we went to his large Western style home where he and his elderly father lived. We got a room with a nearby bathroom, and we had kitchen and laundry privileges for a reasonable monthly sum. We practically never saw the major, but his father was home most of the time and we would chat with him. Sometimes we would hear the father and son arguing in the night, and all the yelling would be in Polish. They also had a Japanese staff of a cook, a houseboy, a maid, and a gardener. They all lived on the premises, so we got to know them well. The Army had a public transportation system where U.S. personnel could hop on free and go anywhere the buses went. The buses were rickety Japanese buses with Japanese drivers, but it managed to rattle from one place to the next. The bus would stop right in front of our place and its route would take us to our place of employment.

I worked for the Civil Property Custodian at a less impressive building midtown, and Sister worked at an office in the Dai Ichi Building, which also housed MacArthur. We could eat at the huge dining room in Old Kaijo, also in central Tokyo near the Dai Ichi Building, where the single civilian U.S. women were housed. We used chit books and all these full course dinners served on good china on tables with tablecloths and served by waitresses cost only 15 cents per meal. The DAC lifestyle was described as "Never Had It So Good!" We had girl friends who lived in Old Kaijo, and when we visited their room and looked out the window, there was another huge billet building across the courtyard, called New Kaijo, that housed single men. At any given time, you would see at least three men looking out of their windows towards Old Kaijo with binoculars.

My first day in Tokyo was exciting. I kept bumping into people I had known before. On my first trip to the PX, it was a hello to a familiar face one after another. Then all of a sudden, a man whose face I did not recognize invited me to have ice cream with him. I was puzzled. Perhaps it was one of the persons who had attended a conference I had covered. "Did you ever attend a meeting in Kyoto?" I asked. He muttered something that passed for a "yes." "Did I meet you then?" I asked. And he again said "yes." "Oh, I am sorry," I said, "I can't remember you at all." But being a chump that I am when it comes to social niceties, I decided to accept his invitation for ice cream with him to compensate for not finding him rememberable. His name was Ted Ohno. He came to see me every day, and on the sixth day, he proposed. I was stunned. One does not marry anyone without a thorough check on each other's background. "How can you consider marrying someone you don't even know!" I said. Which is a polite Japanese way of saying "How can I consider marrying anyone I don't even know!"

Ted was a brilliant nisei who was sent to Japan before the war by his parents to study. He was a graduate of Waseda University, the same Ivy League university

as that of my father. He was the chief interpreter and translator for Civil Information and Education, and handled all news conferences of dignitaries, including Father Flanagan, John Foster Dulles, Helen Keller, to name a few. He always did the major translation work for General MacArthur. I attended one of his news conferences, and he was amazing. The speaker would talk for ten minutes, and then he would translate what was said, word for word, with incredible memory and knowledge of the language. And his family was *shizoku*, the samurai class, the same as my parents. I had noticed he drank a lot of Japanese beer which is high in alcoholic content, but I had never known an alcoholic before, and he never behaved as drunkards do in movies. My parents were pulling for him. Mother said if I marry John, what would our children say? On the East Coast there are few Japanese and I would be a curiosity and may be subject to racial discrimination.

After working in Tokyo for about a year, I had saved enough money and was ready to return to the United States. I was going to Pennsylvania and marry John. He and his entire family were waiting. One of his aunts whose son was killed in Okinawa offered the diamond from his tie pin for the engagement ring. Later in our correspondence he had mentioned how his boss had a couple of tickets to an event, and suggested that he take his daughter out. Another time he mentioned that he and the daughter had eaten at a place where they both had mild food poisoning. But there was no tapering, no cooling in his letters, and our long awaited reunion seemed near.

When I decided to return, Ted decided to return with me. We were both booked on a freighter, and the only other passengers was a Chicago man who had gone to Japan to bring back his sons who were caught in Japan during the war. Ted said his parents were anxious to meet me, and wanted me to stay at their home. We landed in San Francisco, then proceeded to Los Angeles.

Ted had a married brother, who with his wife, was working at the home of a multimillionaire in Pacific Palisades, and they had a little girl. The brother owned a lot in Sawtelle, West Los Angeles, on which there was a larger home in the front, which he rented, with a smaller house in the back, where his parents lived

The first thing I did was to visit my girl friend in Sierra Madre where all of John's letters were being directed to. There was a pile waiting for me, and all the letters were filled with anticipation of my coming. I was supposed to go directly to Pennsylvania from San Francisco, but I was in a quandary. Ted had been pleading with me to marry him continuously. He said he drinks a lot because he had been so lonely, but if I would only marry him, he can stop drinking and live a normal life. And that he drank a lot because I would not marry him. I was torn, this man evidently needed me to get his life straight, but I was in love with John. Then I wondered about his boss' daughter, and his boss no doubt wanted him for a son-in-law as John was a fine young man. I thought I would go to LA and think over the situation.

My girl friend continued to forward John's letters to the LA address, and now John was asking why I had not arrived in Pennsylvania for the ship could not be taking that long. Then abruptly, John's letters stopped. Day after day, there was no mail. I phoned my girl friend, and she said she had been forwarding them on a regular basis, and she had sent three a few days ago that should have reached me by then. I suddenly realized that John's letters had been intercepted by Ted, and Ted had written John a letter probably saying I was his fiancée, and was to marry him soon. It had to be that terrible, but I had no idea what he did say. In bitter sorrow, I felt Fate had decreed that I save Ted from a life as an drunkard, so I decided to marry him. How dumb can a 22-year old be! A small home wedding was held on March 7, 1948 and I invited a few of my friends from camp days. John's words asking why am I not there haunted me, and the guilt lay heavy for many years.

The alcoholic I thought had saved, the one who said his love for me will be through eternity, had overstated the length of his love. The morning after the wedding, he was indifferent, for now that he had married me, he thought I was stuck with him forever. He had had no intention of cutting down his drinking, and the drinking he had done before marriage was restrained compared to what he now felt free to do. I promptly got a job, but he was going to return to his job in Japan, and was waiting for orders. While he was waiting, he drank up all of his father's beer and all of his mother's wine that she liked to sip after a day of hard work. I found that out when he and his father were quarreling about his drinking all the beer all the time, and the father was saying why doesn't he buy his own beer. So I went out and got cases of beer for the father, and a case of wine for the mother. Somehow my husband saw nothing wrong with mooching off his parents, and after the quarrel with his father over his father's beer, he angrily decided to move in with his brother. The brother's employer had a big estate, and there was a cottage there that was available.

But that move made commuting to work far more difficult for me. Before, I could leave about 7 a.m., make one transfer, and it would take me to where I worked, the Air Pollution Control Board office in the heart of Vermont, an industrial district. Now, I had to leave at 5 a.m., and catch four different buses and streetcars to get to work at 8 a.m. And the return trip took the same length of time, so I would never be home until 8 p.m. One time, I missed my bus stop as night was falling. I got out to walk home at the next stop, and soon noticed that a car was following me. I glanced at the car, and there was a lone man driving the vehicle. Things were not as dangerous then as it is now, but nevertheless, I felt uneasy, and went up the walkway of the first house I came to and rang the doorbell. An elderly man answered, and when I explained my plight, he quickly had me come in and said he and his mother would take me home. When I gave the address and my brother-in-law's name, he knew both him and the brother-in-law's employer, so it was like a friend taking me home.

Before long, my husband picked a fight with his brother, and we moved to a

rooming house on Fedora, closer to my work. I only had to catch one streetcar, and it took me straight to work in about 20-25 minutes. While I was busily earning \$191 a month, my husband would go downtown, eat lunch there rather than the paid for lunch at the rooming house, take in a movie, and then take a taxi home as buses were not for him. I could see that marrying him was not a life of bliss, but in those days, when you married, you married for good. He thought so, and I thought so, so he acted the way he did, and I acted the way I did. There was a great compensating factor though, which was that he would be going back to Japan, and I would be joining him and be able to help my parents.

Finally, the orders came for my husband, and he returned to his old job in Japan, but at a higher pay. Shortly thereafter, Sister decided to return home to the U.S., and became my roommate at the rooming house. She applied for a job at the Air Pollution Control Board, and they promptly hired her. I worked for a Public Relations man, who upon discovering I had newspaper experience, decided his secretary could also write the news stories and he busied himself public relationing with all the numerous newspapers in the LA region.

I was now waiting for orders to go to Japan to join my husband. Sister applied for a DAC job in Japan so she too can be near our parents, and being hired, was waiting to go overseas.

The mimeographed order came. The Lyon moving company came and packed my household goods, everything I cared to take. But I had little, unlike evacuation when a lifetime of accumulation had to be disposed of at sub-basement prices. I went by train to Seattle together with others who would be boarding the same troopship. Most were wives going to join their husbands, but there were some single DACs, both male and female. We bonded as a group on the train, and when we got aboard ship, bonded further with our shipmates. Everybody was in a holiday mood. I was the only Asian on the ship, so I was continually asked whether I was Japanese or Chinese. Finally I thought I would be different and replied "Neither. I am Eskimo and Tibetan. One day, my Eskimo mother was paddling in the Bering Sea in her kayak, when the Bering Strait Stream carried her off. Days and days later, she landed on the shores of Tibet. My father, a Tibetan monk, looked out of the window of the monastery, and saw her nearly lifeless figure in the kayak. He hurried out, and when he looked into her eyes, it was love at first sight." "How romantic!" exclaimed the inquiring lady. Somehow, a number of anomalies in the story escaped her, but being Eskimo-Tibetan was such a hit I was sorry I didn't use it sooner.

This trip to Japan was vastly different than the first one. Our quarters were to be Pershing Heights, known as Ichigaya in Japanese. We got a high ceilinged modern apartment, completely furnished with contemporary blond furniture, and Roman tiled bath and bathroom. There was a carpeted living room, complete kitchen, bedroom, and a storeroom, with a hallway connecting all the rooms. A

maid also came with the apartment, and the monthly charge for everything was \$19! If we did not wish to cook, there was a big central dining room. I thought we would eat Thanksgiving dinner there. The fare was: appetizers, soup, turkey with all the trimmings, and for dessert, Baked Alaska! The cost: 35 cents per person! Other than that one time however, I cooked at home as we liked Japanese food. My maid was very happy to be working for us and eating Japanese food, as her girl friend worked for a Hispanic family, and she was having a time adjusting to hot Mexican food. If we wanted chauffeuring service, we phoned the motor pool for a Jeep, but it came with a Japanese driver. When friends visited Tokyo, I used to hire the same driver each time to ferry them around. The driver said he would have worked for no pay, as he always got to eat dinner with our maid, and they always got the same food as us. *Sashimi*, or raw tuna fish, was cheap, as we got to shop at the same place as the Emperor's kitchen out on the Tokyo pier, and their price was the same as before the war when the exchange rate was 4 yen to a dollar, not 270 as it was at that time. Later, it reached the peak of 360 yen to a dollar, and we could buy so many things so cheaply.

The Korean War had started. Our parents had continued to live at the hotel where they were housed when we first went to Kyoto. The Kobe students who had worked the keypunch machines were long gone, and several families have moved in and occupied various areas of the hotel. Of particular annoyance to Father was the next door neighbor, or more accurately put, the next room neighbor. With the papered *shoji* screens, the walls offered no soundproofing. The occupant was a middle-aged male, and every night (or so it seemed to Father), this man would bring a different young female to his room, and Father would be subjected to sickening sweet talk that would precede the objective of the evening. But once the Korean War began, the proprietor, who had been refusing to sell the hotel to our parents for the past few years, now made a pilgrimage to our parents' place as many as five times a day to beg them to buy the place. He was positive that this time Kyoto would be bombed, and his hotel would go up in flames. The asking price was reasonable, as the exchange rate was 360 yen to a dollar and came to only \$15,000 in U.S. currency. We split that in five, with Sister putting up \$3,000, my husband and I \$6,000, and balance by our parents. I took our \$9,000 in cash to a bank for conversion to yen, then carried that in a bag to another bank to be sent to Kyoto, and carrying 3,240,000 yen made me a bit nervous. Father promptly evicted the womanizer, and gave the other tenants reasonable time to find other accommodations. Just the two of them stayed in this hotel, Father to the end of his life, and Mother until she joined Sister in the U.S. in 1969. When Mother returned to the U.S., the house sold for \$70,000.

Back in Tokyo, my husband not only stayed out late nearly every night drinking, but took up gambling as well. He was also not in shape to go to work in the morning after a bad night, so I would have to phone his office that he was not feeling well. My maid said he was taking goods from the pantry, such as sugar, coffee and the like to presumably sell in the black market to finance his drinking and gambling, and wanted me to know because she didn't want me to think she was

stealing. I also discovered he had asked for and taken the typewriter I had given Father, again to sell. He had even borrowed on his life insurance to the fullest without my knowledge.

I had gone back to work as soon as I returned to Tokyo at the same office I used to work at but with higher pay. I was now an administrative assistant, and had the typing and filing staff under my supervision. Soon I was writing the reports and memos for my superiors, and a superior thought I deserved a promotion to a professional level. But the personnel office kicked it back, stating that I did not have a college degree.

I shifted jobs within the same division, and I was working for a left-handed man who joked that I was the right-hand man for a left-handed man. When he got promoted, he spent most of the time until he reported for his new duty how to take me with him so that I could continue to do the thinking and writing for him. And he succeeded, and I moved to a new job with him.

One time we had a dinner party for the office at our apartment. One of the Japanese typist- interpreter looked at my wedding picture and exclaimed, "Mrs. Ohno, how young and beautiful you USED to be!" My alcoholic husband had aged me 25 or 30 years in two years, and this old hag was only 23 years old.

One morning I just could not get up. I was thoroughly depressed and exhausted. I went to the doctor, and he could not find anything physically wrong with me. Then he asked "How is your marriage?" I broke down weeping.

A separation was necessary. Sister had been taking UC Extension courses in the evening, and was planning to attend the Berkeley campus in about a semester. She suggested why don't I go back to school. It was a great idea, and I was accepted beginning the Winter semester in January 1951. The University Housing Office had a spot for me at Fernwald, a University dorm. Thus began one of the most exhilarating period of my life.

The Berkeley campus of the University of California accepts only those from the top 12% of the high school graduating class. The cream of the cream was supposed to be there, and I was wondering how I would do. After classes started, I was told there was a study room in the dorm. All the girls went there shortly after dinner, about 7 p.m. I did the same. About 10 p.m., I thought I felt I had done enough for the evening, and was going to leave, but not a person stirred. I didn't want to be the first one to go. Many of them were old-timers so to speak, having started in the Fall, and what they did I thought would represent the ongoing custom. Finally 11 p.m. arrived, and still nobody made a move. So I thought, heck with it, I'm going. I found out the next morning that the last one left at 4 a.m. I felt a bit of horror wondering what kind of competition I was going to have.

I decided to do most of my studying in my room, and bought myself a pair of glasses with no prescription in it so that I could affect a studious look. If someone comes to my room for no special purpose, I could look at that person over my glasses, and it would be clear that this was an *interruption*. I gave myself 7-10 p.m. as my study time. Then it was off to the showers. The red-headed house president of our dorm took a shower at the same time, and she was the fastest shower taker I had ever heard. She steps in, and you hear this supersonic scrubbing going on in the next stall, and bingo, a 60-second shower!

Of all the freshman courses I was taking, I put the most effort into English 1A. Some said the University chose the most sarcastic and sadistic professors to teach this course, and they abetted their style with a devastating grading system that had high casualties. Others even said English 1A was a freshmen weeding device. My English 1A professor was a Harvard man, and he looked upon the class with total disdain. The first assignment was to write an expository paragraph. The next session, the professor read my paragraph, sneered, and said to a student sitting in front "What is wrong with this? "I like it," he replied. That was not the answer the professor was seeking, and carefully explained that it was written in narrative form, not expository, and therein lies the sin.

We had to write an essay each week, and he always read my essays thereafter, but he now switched to praising me for a level of work that deserved emulation. That put me in a situation where I was competing with myself with each essay, trying to outdo the previous one each week. I worked hard, very hard. I did well in other courses, but my major effort was in those essays. The professor would read two or three essays each week, and mine was always one of them. There was no question I was Numero Uno in class, for none of the others was an every-weeker.

Then the finals came. As I scribbled in my Blue Book, about seven of my classmates gathered around me. They all wanted to read my final essay before I handed it in. As they were passing it from hand to hand, I glanced at the professor and he was looking directly at me. I knew I was in trouble. His look said "So you think you are so smart!" We handed in self-addressed postcards for our grades. When mine came, he had given me a B+. After all that superhuman effort, a B+. I later found out that he had given an A- to a pert sorority girl who never distinguished herself once, but with whom he was rumored to have a crush. I got the B+. One good student got a C+, another good one a C, and the rest of the class got D's and F's, and there were about 32 in the class. However, this taught me a most valuable lesson for the rest of my time at Berkeley: NEVER WORK TOO HARD FOR ANY ONE COURSE! And I never did, but was graduated with honors and a Phi Beta Kappa key. I am so glad I got that B+ in English 1A.

Although college life was relatively free of prejudice, and being one of the top students gave me status in the classes I took, the social disadvantage of being a minority Japanese was brought home to me in a psychology class. The entire class

was taking a test that determined what social strata you occupied. I was coming along great, with my grandparents' occupation, my parent's occupation, their education, my education, and so forth and I seemed headed to be a member of the upper crust. Then one of the final questions was on ethnicity, and boom! I promptly lost 50 points or so and hit the lower class, not even middle class. Well, well, well.

Another fortunate factor in my sojourn at Berkeley was that thanks to my husband, my interest in men was zilch all during my undergraduate years. Men are nice, but they exact time and emotional cost and distracting to academic and activities goals. I had coffee men friends and telephone men friends, but no romantic men friends. An excellent advantage for my gradepoint.

When I started college, I knew that I would have to work for the government to get a good job, as the private sector still was not hiring very many Japanese. Class standing did not matter, for if you were Japanese, you did not get that job unless you were applying for a government job, with the city, county, state, or federal. Therefore I majored in Business Administration, and minored in Public Administration. I also knew that to get anywhere, you had to be more qualified than your competitors (and once you are in, you have to work harder), so I would be getting an MBA in addition to the BS. And your qualifications had to be not just the grades, but in activities as well, or you will be accused of having your nose in a book all the time, and "not rounded." So rounded one has to be.

One of my first offices was as House President. Fernwald had five dormitories for women, so the five house presidents served as the Fernwald Council. And from the Fernwald Council a Hill President was selected, and I was voted in as the Hill President. This was fortunate, for I could work at two levels. Also Fernwald had two dormitories for men, and they called themselves the Smythe Association. We worked closely with them, and together we worked as one unit, the "Hill" as the rest of the campus called us.

As House President, a successful new activity was joining the basket intramural for women where all the sororities and dormitories competed. We won the championship for two straight years.

A frowned upon but loads of fun occasion took place one night: the house president gets a special room on the first floor with her own phone (others have to share), with the window looking out on the Bay and Golden Gate bridges, with San Francisco glittering and completing the panoramic view. It was spring, and I had my window open, when a hairy arm came through the window, and deposited a crumpled note on my desk. I read it, and the fraternity below the hill was challenging our dorm to a water fight at 9 p.m. It so happened that both the House Mother and the Graduate Resident were out that evening, so there was nothing to stop us. We dragged the hose in from the outside, and attached it to our laundry faucet. We got gobs of bags filled with water. And when the attack came,

we were ready. An enthusiastic soul even used the fire extinguisher, but aimed carefully. It was a riot but mid-melee, some one had alerted the House Mother next door, and she had security men put a stop to all this. The next morning I was called into the Dean of Women's office, and our whole dorm was campused for two weeks. But it was worth it. Otherwise, I carried out my duties as House President in a sedate manner.

As Hill president, I organized the Hill as one, whereas before they operated as seven separate dormitories. Our first win was when we decided to go for it in the World Student Service Fund (WSSF) fund-raiser called the Ugly Man Contest. We voted with pennies, so we had to raise as much money as possible. We had the Smythe Association come up with candidates for the Ugly Man, and all seven dorms voted on the choice. I held a meeting of all house presidents, and outlined a plan of action. They went back to their dorms, and put people in charge of each activity, and everyone joined in the spirit of "We Will Win!" We had donut sales each evening at break time, car washes, a road toll to come up the hill, students offering numerous services (I offered to sew on zippers for 25 cents), and we felt jubilant that we will win a campuswide contest for the first time in the history of Fernwald. And we did. It became a tradition after that that Fernwald would always win the WSSF Ugly Man Contest. Other changes I effected followed the same principle, that we at Fernwald are one unit. For example, whenever we had student elections, the candidates came to the huge dining hall where all seven dorms were served their meals, and spoke to each of the seven dorms separately. I did that when I took our WSSF candidate to where each of the seven halls were eating, and gave the same speech seven times amid the din of six other halls. I almost lost the use of my vocal words. So I had a PA system set up in the dining room so that the candidates could address all seven at the same time.

Fernwald was part of the 40 or so members of the Women's Dormitory Association. Our counterpart for the sororities was the Pan Hellenic Association, which we called "Pan Hell," and they also had about 40 members. The Dormitory Association had a board, so I became the treasurer on the board. We put on joint events with Pan Hell and made sure they paid their share. We also put on seminars for the different officers of the dormitories, and since I was the treasurer, I conducted the seminar for all the treasurers of the dormitories.

The most exciting activity for me was fencing. I became the president of the Fencing Club, and put on many events for the members. Once the PE Department put on a Athletic Day for about 30 high schools in the Bay area, and each sport club put on an exhibition for the hundreds of high schoolers who came. And because of my interest in fencing, I became a member of the Sports Club Board of the Women's Athletic Association, and I was at the Hearst Gym so much that people thought I was a PE major. The WAA had a thousand members, and one year, I was asked to be the chairman of its biggest event of the year, installation of officers and induction of the honor High C Society members. I had 16 committees under me,

and not fully realizing that being general chairman was enough, decided to be emcee for the event as well. One cannot be in two places at the same time, and although it went well, I will never do that again.

The head of the women's PE department called me in one day, and asked me to take one other gym course. I had taken swimming and tennis, but once I started fencing, I wanted to take no other course. She said they wanted to induct me into the High C Society, which is the honor society for PE majors, but I must have at least one more sport. She said I had done so much for WAA that they wanted to honor me. But I didn't want to give up even one semester from fencing.

An important part of my life started when my fencing coach asked me to help her write a fencing book. Under the "publish or perish" credo of the university, she needed a book to attain full professorship. She was one of the most intelligent woman I had ever met, and her mind moved so quickly that the first six months I knew her, a 15 minute conversation would leave me pooped out. We became friends, and that friendship last for over 40 years until she passed away several years ago at the age of 91. After I moved to Sacramento upon getting my first job after college, we used to meet monthly at the Nut Tree for lunch as it was a nice midpoint between Berkeley and Sacramento, and we continued to do so when she moved to Villa Marin, the most posh retirement home in the U.S. located in San Rafael. The middle name of my daughter is Frederica, the same as her first name.

As can be seen above, one thing can lead to another. There were also disparate activities, based on grades, such as the Phi Chi Theta, women business major's honor society, where I had to learn the Greek alphabet as part of the initiation process, and we got to go to different sororities for tea and see how the other half lived. There was Beta Gamma Sigma, honor society for business majors, and I was secretary-treasurer for that. When we were looking for eligible new members, and this was the day before computers, we had to look through the file student by student for those with high enough gradepoint, and the pickings were slim. Then suddenly, I found a terrific one, and I said to the president of Beta Gamma Sigma who was also combing the files with me, "Hey, I found one!" and it was Sister's record.

There were many others, in public administration, campus service organizations, newspaper, but generally, I used to be in about eight organizations each semester, and was officer in half of them. My schedule was tight with noon meetings, after school 4 o'clock meetings, and evening meetings. One semester, I got too involved. When the finals came, a horrible realization came over me that I was not really prepared for any of my courses. F's loomed before my eyes, not even C's. And C's were utter disgrace in my books. But I was unbelievably fortunate, to undeservedly luck out with little damage to my gradepoint average. In a public administration course, the book had 27 chapters. The exam would have seven questions, but we need answer only five. So I studied seven chapters...and all seven questions were on those chapters! In International Finance, there was a one-page article in the Time

magazine on the subject, so I memorized that, and answered every question from that article and that amazingly filled the bill. In Accounting, I couldn't even begin to learn what had happened in the second half of the semester for accounting for me is not something you gulp down, but I couldn't believe it, all the final questions were from the first half of the semester when I did do some studying. The other courses also were precarious thin ice skating, but in the same miraculous fashion, I made it through, and I didn't get a single C either. But I etched deep another code to live by: NEVER THINK YOU ARE SO SMART THAT YOU CAN GET BY WITHOUT STUDYING BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT! What a close shave that was. I can still remember my knees literally shaking as I stepped into each final thinking I'm going to flunk and be shamed, shamed, shamed!

UC Berkeley classes were graded on a curve vs. an absolute scale. An absolute scale is when a certain numerical score would give you an "A" and so forth, such as 90-100 = A, 80-90=B, 70-80=C and so on down. That means a lot of students could get an A, or nobody could get an A. Under the curve, the ranking is relative, so if you get the highest, no matter what the numerical score, you get an A, and where the people bunched up was a C. One time I got 68 in Business Law but it turned out to be an A as it was the highest in the class. An advertising test had 140 questions, but if you missed one, you got an A, miss two, you got a B, and miss three, you get a C. I missed two, got a B, and nearly broke out in sweat to think I would have gotten a C had I missed just one more. This is what you call a poor exam, for it didn't separate the goat from the sheep. Another poor exam was in Elementary Statistics, where the professor was inept, the exam worthless, and the class fared so poorly that the test had no letter grades, just Pass or Fail. And Pass was 35 or more, so I passed with a 38. Fortunately, the curve generally worked just fine, although the professors practiced their own notion on assigning letter grades to positions on the curve. One decided one A per class was enough, two B's, several C's, and the rest got D's and F's; I didn't know what a toughie the professor was until I discovered I had the only A (he later wanted to put me up as a Ford Foundation scholar, but my accelerated program where I attended summer sessions as well as regular session precluded my being a Junior for the regular school year; he did ask to keep my term paper on the merit system of the California civil service).

At the time I was at UC Berkeley, the student population was 12,000. I remember thinking it was the same size as the Butte Camp at the Gila Relocation Center. Many students complained that the campus was too big, but I thought it was just right, for Gila looked just right to me too. Berkeley had over 100 different extracurricular activities, ranging from hiking clubs, college newspaper, language clubs, sports, name it. In order for each club to have a respectable number of members, we had to be able to draw from a student body of 12,000. In our fencing club, we had 25-30, and all the clubs had to work hard to get and keep members. And 12,000 was cozy, for in those days, we had opportunities to get to know the professors, and we even got invited to their homes, either as students or members of a campus organization where a professor is advisor. By the time my daughter Robin got to Berkeley,

there were no personal friendships with the professors I hear. Usually we got invited, but one time, since Perez Prado was coming to campus, a Belgian student and I decided we'll invite our marketing professor and his wife for the event. They were dressed up for the occasion, and neither the Belgian nor I knew what a show at Wheeler Hall on campus was going to be like. When we got there, the huge place was packed to the outside steps and we couldn't even get in. The professor rose to the occasion, and invited us to his home for an evening of Beethoven on his sound system. He and his wife were so gracious that we didn't even feel embarrassed that we hosts became guests.

In my senior year, Sister got engaged to the Lt. Colonel she had been going with for a few years. Since she knew little about housekeeping and cooking, I decided we would get an apartment for her last semester to graduation. Ever since I started college, I had lived at the University dorm during the regular session where I would not have to shop, cook, launder sheets and make bed (after weekly change of sheets) or clean the room. During the summer sessions, the University dorms were not open, but there were the co-ops, a cooperative living arrangement where you had to put in two hours of labor a week and clean your own room, but linen was provided. I stayed at Stebbins Hall, and there were a lot of school teachers who would come to UC Berkeley to attend the summer session. We could put in our two hours in a number of different ways, and I tried my hand at the telephone switchboard and kitchen help, then discovered I could be office help at the Co-op main office. I took shorthand, typed, and filed, and it was a soft job. I had never done filing before, and learned a simple system that has been handy for me since: You put all the paper in three piles, A-G, H-N, and O-Z. Then you put each pile under each alphabet. Then you alphabetize within each alphabet, and zingo, there you are, quick and easy! One time, at the Co-op, there was a call for girls to wait on tables at a Co-op bigwig dinner. A pay of \$25 for the evening sounded pretty good to us, so five of us offered to work. We showed up with white blouses and dark skirts, and I had never realized what hard work waiting on tables could be. I didn't juggle several plates on my arms or anything fancy, just one plate in each hand at a time, but I was poopsy-woopsy by the time dinner was done. I have felt empathy for waiters and waitresses ever since.

One funny thing I remember of life at the Co-op was where a teacher was friends with an Iranian man. He had come over, and was talking with her in the living room, and I happened to be standing next her. Then he casually said to her, "Would you marry me and come back to Iran with me?" She was taken aback, and spluttered "I don't think so." Then he turned to me, a total stranger, and said "How about you?" "No," I said and turned down this romantic proposal.

Now that we decided to get an apartment so that Sister could practice house keeping, we had to do considerable searching before we found one to our liking in price, appearance, and within walking distance of the campus. It was a studio apartment, the other half of a duplex. It was compact, with a small kitchen,

tiny below stove refrigerator, and a bathroom with a cheap galvanized shower stall. It was furnished, Salvation Army style. We thought it was darling and pleased with our find. I sewed a casing for pillows to provide backing for the couch, and spent two hours admiring it.

After a month or two, a girl friend decided to rent a room from our landlady next door, so the three of us ate our meals together. When I divided the cost of food by three instead of two, I was amazed that the total had not increased much with an additional diner. Foodwise, three could live almost as cheaply as two. One day, I decided Sister and my girl friend could do the shopping for the week (the specials used to be only on weekends in those days) as it would be a learning experience for Sister. When the two of them returned with an overburdened pull cart from the grocery store (I had already determined the best bargain store), I realized neither of them had any notion of what a weekly shopping trip entailed. The shoppers gave no consideration to (1) capacity of our teensy refrigerator for perishables, (2) how much food three people could eat in a week, and (3) perishability of excess food if it was not consumed on a timely basis. And when I checked the register receipt, they seemed unaware that the purpose of shopping at a weekend sale is to buy the bargains and plan the entire menus around the sales items. Sister said how could she tell what are bargains, and I told her she has to keep in her head what regular prices are and what sale prices are. At that point, Sister and my friend decided they would rather pay more and buy as they wished, or better yet, they will learn when they *have* to (such as when they got married). So grocery shopping became my exclusive chore.

For my graduate year, I moved to International House, or I House as we called it. All foreign students were eligible to live there, but if you were American, you had to be a grad student. Food service was buffet style, a precursor of eat-all-you-want smorgy. At Fernwald, food was served to you, so you got a predetermined portion of items selected by the Head Dietitian. If you didn't want to spend money at the Snack Bar later, you had to eat everything served you, whether you liked it or not. At Fernwald, only Sunday brunch was cafeteria style where you had choices as to what and how much. except for orange juice, where you took one small glass. At I House, everybody took two glasses. I had told myself that when I am through with school and living on my own, I would have a very large glass of orange juice every morning, and that is exactly what I did. Except after several weeks I got sick and tired of orange juice and didn't drink it again for many years.

As a grad student, I felt I should maximize my time. So instead of doing my laundry with the washboard and drying them on wash lines in the drying room as I had done at Fernwald and Stebbins Halls, I spent *quarters* to use the washer *and* dryer. I also chose a single room so there would be no distractions of a roommate. I could be a bit lavish in my spending, as towards the end of my senior year, I had received a letter from the Business Administration office informing me that I was a Flood Fellow for the grad year; this honor was accompanied by a \$1,000 grant. That was

nice as Sister was prepared to send me money from Washington DC where she now worked in case I ran out of moolah, but as it happened, I finished school with money to spare, so I grandly gave her half of my \$1000 windfall.

Sister had been my closest companion during my undergraduate years, and as her Big Sister, I had her tucked under my wings. But after she went to Washington DC, my wings did not have a vacancy too long, for a week or so after I moved into I House, a RN from two doors down working for her Master's in Public Health Administration dropped by, and we became good friends. Also, every weekend, my boy friend from Sacramento would come into town, and take me out to dinner, dancing, and after hour clubs.

At the I House, we would pick up our mail on the ground floor where there is a desk clerk who hands us the mail from an array of cubby mail slots. One day I got a thick envelop of fine stationery. As I started to walk up the stairs to my third floor room, I slowly read out the Greek letters on the return address (slow because I only had to learn the Greek alphabet as part of initiation requirement for Phi Chi Theta and was minimally proficient thereafter). "Phi" was the first letter, then "Beta", and finally "Kappa." Phi Beta Kappa! I was electrified with thrill. I raced up the rest of the three flights of stairs to my room and opened the envelop. I was going to be initiated into PHI BETA KAPPA! The crowning dream of those who strive for excellence! I could hardly believe it. This certainly ranks as one of the happiest moments of my life. I wrote Sister, who was working in Washington DC to be near her fiancé, and she said her first thought was "I wonder if I made it too?" A week after I had received my notice, an envelop bearing the same return address with Sister's name as addressee was forwarded to me. We both had the same former address, so someone on the committee had made a good guess of reaching her through me. I jubilantly sent her a telegram (we didn't indulge in the luxury of long distance phone calls), and she was overjoyed. Her fiancé received the news with angry jealousy (he had forbidden her to go for a graduate degree since he only had a Bachelor's degree), and that was one of the many factors that made him a candidate to become an ex-fiancé. I also received a phone call from a San Francisco based nikkei newspaper. The reporter was doing a story on all the nisei that made Phi Beta Kappa on the Berkeley campus, and wanted to get some background information. He also said he had been trying to locate Violet Nozaki, and was wondering if I as a fellow nisei knew of her whereabouts. When I said I, Joy Ohno, was her sister, he asked for our pictures, and we got a nice write-up that was headlined "Sisters Make Phi Beta Kappa Together."

I had selected the most brilliant professor in the School of Business Administration as the one under whom I would do my graduate work. He was averse to giving out A's, but I wanted the best as I felt I could learn the most. I knew he especially didn't want to give me A's, as on my first course with him in my junior year, I had gotten a B in a midterm, and went to see him as I could not see what made the paper undeserving of an A. When I stated the purpose of my visit, he said in his Chicago

accent, "What is your gradepoint?" I told him, and he commented, "So you have A's and B's and very little C's." I firmly said "No C's." And in the nanosecond I said that, I just knew I would be in mortal danger of a C from him for the rest of my school career. I took seven courses from him altogether, living dangerously gradepointwise, but managed not getting a C but didn't get an A either. When I became a grad student, he even asked me to be his reader, so I evidently did not occupy the lower rank of his opinion. When I went for his verdict on my master's thesis, he said he was teetering between an A- and a B+, and he as usual chose the latter. But I was not complaining. While I was waiting for my turn outside the railing that separated the students from the teaching staff, my Professor was giving a fellow MBA candidate a scathing tirade, ending with "Your thesis is totally unacceptable. You might as well start from the beginning." As the crestfallen young man left and shuffled past me, the Professor nodded to me and I went in and sat down. The Professor looked at my anxious face and beamed, "You're all right Miss Ohno, you're all right." So you can see that teetering between an A- and B+ was OK with me.

Every semester, throughout my undergraduate and graduate years, I used to think no semester could be better than this, but the next one always was.

In my final semester as a student, I was taking a number of exams for federal and state employment. My political science professor, a leading national expert in public administration (it seems Sacramento should never make a decision without consulting him), told our class that we should take the Junior Management Assistant (JMA) exam, for that is how they selected the elite for federal service. Usually 16,000 persons would take the exam throughout the U.S., and only a minuscule fraction would pass. But those that do pass, the professor said, have a golden pass to top management on a fast track. The state had three classifications for which I qualified, so I applied for those too.

Governments would establish lists based on the written exam, oral interview, and veterans points (in those days.) The last weighed heavily in the final score. The personnel man from Sacramento who had been on my oral interview called me to San Francisco a couple of months after the oral, and told me I had scored near the top on both the written and oral, but the lack of the 10 veterans point placed me at considerable disadvantage. I was disappointed, as when I got a notice to see him, I had thought I would hear news of imminent employment.

I did not attend the graduation ceremony for my MBA. I had not attended the bachelor's exercises (nor the associate degree for that matter) either, for I am not the sentimental type, and there were no proud parents that would be present in the audience. After one week of vacation after finishing my MBA work, and with my name not coming up on the lists in the near future, I went to the State Personnel Board in San Francisco to get whatever was available as I could always do secretarial work. There was an immediate opening, as a legal secretary had just left to go on

maternal leave. Since I had Business Law and Corporation Law, the personnel person decided that was legal enough, and I was to report the next morning as a legal steno at the Industrial Accident Commission near the Emporium department store in San Francisco. There really wasn't that much work to do, so I spent half the time writing personal letters, but taking care to omit the date and salutation until it was done so that it looked as if I was working hard, typing away. I also did some personal bookwork too, so to a casual eye, here was one hard worker.

The weeks went by as I waited for my name to come up on the list. My lament was "The cause of my woe is that my status is quo." Then the office sent me to the Sacramento branch to help out for a week, and while there, a letter for my first job interview came in. I was to go to San Francisco to be interviewed by the regional head there for the Department of Employment. My professor had asked to be kept abreast of my job hunting fortune, so I phoned him and told him of the person I was to see. Quite by chance, this lady and he had worked together at the War Relations Board in Chicago during the war. He said he would put in a phone call to her, and that helped a lot, for I was promptly hired. Better yet, it was the highest paying of the three lists I was on: Junior Research Technician, \$341 a month. I started in November 1954.

Before school was out, I had applied at Macy's and Emporium, but there was no job offer. My retail management professor was outraged, and since he was on first name terms with the presidents of those establishments, he said he was going to put in a word for me. But I refused to have him do so. These private sectors were still closed to Orientals, period, and my study and preparations had been for government work so I was not surprised. Furthermore, the pay scale was barely \$200 or so, and all the jobs I qualified for at the state paid more than that. I had one other nibble, from the Stanford Research Institute, and that was \$200 a month for those with a master's degree, and a person got paid only for the time worked on a project, so no project, no laundee, and I preferred the security of a regular paycheck.

The job offer came at the right time, as the legal steno on maternity leave was chomping at the bit to come back to work even though her requested leave was not up. So she was happy that that I was leaving, and I was very happy to start work for which I had studied to do at a pay scale I wanted to get.

Shortly after I began work with the Employment Department, I received notice that I had passed the highly sought Junior Management Assistant federal exam. As my public administration professor had predicted, being on this list made you a fast track plum. Offers poured in from nearly every department of the U.S. government, practically begging you to come work for them. What a heady experience. But I was now ensconced in a job I liked, and besides, I liked my boy friend who lived in Sacramento.

When the Occupation Forces left Japan about 1953, Ted returned home and I

told him I wanted a divorce. This took place at a house in San Francisco where my best girlfriend lived with four others. I told him it took all my strength to hold him above the gutter, and I was now going to let him go. He promptly turned to my girlfriend standing next to me, and said "Oh Sachi! I am so sad! Joy is going to divorce me. Will you marry me?" The proposal was rather impromptu, so I guess he couldn't work in an eternal love speech.

I then filed for divorce, but did not want to make it final until he found permanent employment. He had applied for a job at the Language School in Monterey, and it took some time before the job came through. When it did, my attorney filed the final papers, and the divorce was effective on November 3, 1954. Ted's reaction was "I knew it! I knew the minute I got a job you were going to leave me!" But as his reflex marriage proposal to my girlfriend Sachi had indicated, he did not stay forlorn too long. He remarried, had three kids, and when his Monterey job ended, buckled down and held three jobs to support his brood. About ten years or so later, I heard he passed away. I sent a *koden*, a funeral money, to his widow intending that it be for the children, but she spent it all on flowers to put it on his grave in my name.

From the beginning, Ted's parents were so good to me. His mother was a tall, beautiful woman from a samurai family, *binbo shizoku* (poor samurai) she used to always say. She knew I loved bananas, being deprived of them all during the war years and in Japan. So with every visit home, she would always have a big bunch of bananas available for me. She was bitterly unhappy in her marriage, but she said it was too late so she will see the marriage through. Her husband was a difficult and stubborn man, but he told his wife he likes me better than his two sons. I think I had better training in filial piety, and acted accordingly. One time they came to Berkeley and took me to a hot springs resort in Lodi run by a Japanese lady. It was far from fancy, but it was a nice break, and the food was Japanese, which I was not getting at the University dorm. While Sister and I were going to Cal, we missed Japanese food, and ever so often we would go to a local sukiyaki place.

I was now a staff member of Research and Statistics of the Department of Employment located in Sacramento. My immediate supervisor was a Ph.D. from Stanford, a brilliant man who made light of heavy matters. Upon my arrival for duty, he took me to my oak desk, and pointed out that as a professional analyst, my chair has *arms*. He then carefully explained to me where one may hoist his feet on the desk is determined by rank. He pulled out the lowest drawer of my desk, and solemnly stated that as a Junior, my level entitled me to rest my feet atop that drawer. Then he painted the rosy feet resting future: an Assistant Research Technician may put his feet on, and he pulled out the middle drawer of my desk, "Here." Then he pulled out the top drawer of the desk, and said an Associate Research Technician's feet may lounge there. But to actually put both your feet on *top* of the desk, you had to be a Senior Research Technician. So class envy and strivings could start with how high a level your feet can be allowed to go in relation to the floor.

My co-workers were an impressive lot. All had Master's, and there were three Ph.D.s. So you felt you really were in the company of a think tank crew. I was the only woman in our unit for a year or so, but I didn't even note that until now as I write these words.

A few months after my arrival, my supervisor said he was congratulated by his boss for the great number of reports that had been churned out, and he laughed and said "...that *you* have churned out." We worked a lot with numbers, and on one of my first reports, I did percentage distribution by sex, rounding to one decimal place. However, when one rounds, the sum of the parts may not add to 100 percent, and since only the totals for women did not add to 100 percent, I footnoted it "Female figures may not add to total owing to rounding." That got chuckles from the men. As the newest and lowest ranking staff member, I also got to do the monthly report to the Governor. To note a drop that fell erratically, I used the word "tumbled" as that best described the pattern of the fall. "Joy," my supervisor said, "disability rates may decrease, decline, or fall, but they never, never tumble in a government report." I tried "plummet" on another occasion when there was a sudden and sharp drop, but it was on par with "tumble." Thereafter, all verbs were sedate, proper, and humdrum.

George Gee, my second husband, never did propose to me. Instead, he asked me one day what kind of a house I would like. I told him contemporary, reverse plan with living room in the back, kitchen in the front, one floor, halls connecting all rooms, and plenty of storage space. He wanted details, so I went through the Sunset magazines, and came up with cathedral ceiling, floor to ceiling windows, built in drawers, and the like. A few weeks later, he came with blueprints of a home along the line I had described, and the only thing I changed was to make the entire house of redwood. I didn't know redwood looked gorgeous for only three months, and had to be stained at regular short intervals to retain that beauty. About a decade or so later, I got tired of the constant staining, and just painted it and lost all that lovely grain showing through.

After I approved of the plans, George then took me out to the suburbs, and pointed out four vacant lots. Asians were finally able to buy lots there when a Japanese farmer sold his land to a developer only on condition that he will sell to Orientals. That is why this neighborhood has many Japanese and Chinese. George's mother had bought four contiguous lots, and told George he can have any two. So George chose the middle two. As the eldest son of the eldest son, he wanted to occupy a central position.

As soon as the rains stopped in March, the year was 1955, building of the house began. We visited the site each week, and George let me make the choices on bathroom sets and fixtures, the kitchen, colors, everything. Early in August, the house was completed. George said, "The house is finished. How about getting married?" It seemed "yes" may be an appropriate answer.

I wanted to keep things simple, so we went to Carson City in Nevada to get married. The justice of the peace had such a pompous and slow manner of speech that I spent most of the wedding ceremony trying not to burst out laughing. When the "I do's" were done, I could no longer hold it back, and exploded with laughter. After we came back to Sacramento, the electricity and gas were to be hooked up the next day, so I went back to my apartment with Sister, but George said he is going to his house, and cooked on an outdoor grill and slept in a dark house.

My new sister-in-law put on a shower for me. There were quite a number of persons present, and I received many nice gifts. Upon conclusion, one announced, "And Joy, these are all your new relatives!" Wow! The immediate Gee clan consisted of George's family (parents and nine children), his father's brother's family (parents and four children), and his father's sister's family (parents and nine children). The next circle were assorted second cousins and their parents. As the years went by, the grandchildren swelled the number, and if a Gee family member had any all-relative event, 300 were sure to show up. One is assured of a well attended funeral, as sheer relative count would overflow the church or funeral home.

George's Mother was not going to put up with a mere Nevada marriage, period. She put on a reception for 400 people, followed by a banquet for 125. It looked like an extravagant expenditure of money to me. There was another Chinese custom beneficial to the newlyweds' pocketbook. All the relatives and friends were invited to a dinner, and while everybody was boisterously eating, my mother-in-law handed me a tray of filled tea cups and told me to serve them to the guests. That I did without question, when one of the first served loudly told me to come over, holding his tea cup high. I thought he wanted more tea, so I went to get the cup, and surprise! There was paper money in there! Now everybody was calling out, handing me their tea cups, with MONEY! It was a nice haul serving tea.

My mother-in-law liked to have her family around, so every Sunday, it was dinner at her house after church. Attendance was mandatory. She had four or five other Chinese ladies helping her, and they would cook an enormous amount of food all morning. It was served family style, and everybody would stick their chopsticks into whatever bowl or plate they fancied. To me, that is one way to spread germs. Finally, after a cousin with a bad cold was putting his germ-filled chopsticks on the common food, I complained. Mother-in-law graciously placed a separate spoon with each food thereafter. On father-in-law's birthday, the entire clan and friends of the family were invited, and we would have canopies set up in the back yard to accommodate the crowd, and even then, everybody had to eat in shifts. Tables were set up in the kitchen, dining room, and family room as well. The noise level was incredible, as my new relatives and friends all seemed to yell as the norm for speaking. Sister attended one Gee family dinner, and she got such a headache she refused to attend another one thereafter. Even a niece, who left Sacramento for Berkeley after attending family Sunday gathering for years, returned home during a

semester break, and got a raging headache. She said she had never realized how noisy the family was. When the family is as large as the Gee clan, it is hard to get heard unless one's decibel level surpasses that of another.

Chinese food was another thing. No doubt it is more gourmet than Japanese cooking, but I dislike strange food to start with. Mother had us trained to accept primarily round steak in myriad forms, but not myriad forms as food. I once accused George of being a picky eater, and he said "Look who's talking!" I didn't go for the bird nest soup (a real bird's nest!); the Thousand Year Old Egg, a jellied blue-black egg that only looked a thousand year old and most unappetizing; sliced beef testicles; jellied pigeon blood; and snails consumed by slurping it in. Once I saw an entire laundry tub at Mother-in-law's house filled with turtles waving their little legs, so I made a mental note to avoid any suspicious looking meat at the next meal. In the middle of the week, the clan gathered to celebrate Father-in-law's birthday, I ate warily, and had finished the dinner without seeing anything strangely suspicious. So I asked a sister-in-law, "Where were the turtles" and she said "Why, the soup was made from it!" Yike! Actually, Mother-in-law was a top notch cook. No restaurant could match her egg custard, pork with tofu, crab foo yung, and other pedestrian Chinese food I liked.

About two or three months after I started my job with the Employment Department, I sat down with my boss and my boss' boss for my first performance review. My boss' boss had a question, "What do you know about the Chi Square Test of Significance?" Huh? And Analysis of Variance. And what is the Doolittle Method anyway? I had taken only one course in statistics at Berkeley. Here I got a Master's degree, and that brought me only to the starting line. So it was back to evening classes at Sacramento State College. I completed six statistics courses, one at a time, on my own time and money. Years later, the analysts wouldn't go unless they went on state time and money for the most part.

In about six months, the management put a Junior Research Technician under my supervision. He had gotten another job, and left prior to my arrival, but now he was back. I was surprised that a new Junior be above an experienced Junior. But this Junior was considered a bit of a hopeless case, and did not warrant supervision by an Associate nor an Assistant. So I got him to see what work could be eked out of him.

My boss' boss was an Italian, and known for his brains but his Italian accent was almost incomprehensible to me. The only phrase I could understand was when he said "Is datta rite?" Later, when a Research Assistant (a notch below the Junior Research Technician, would assume her feet had to stay on the floor only and no drawers for her) of Italian descent was hired to work for me, I was initially amazed when she said she had no problem whatsoever understanding my boss' boss. But on reflection, that is understandable when one considers I have no problem with a heavy Japanese accent that is unintelligible to a non-Japanese.

The next promotion up was for an Assistant Research Technician, and it was a time when promotion to Assistant was a big deal. I took the exam and even before I passed, my Stanford Ph.D. supervisor went to the Chief of Research and Statistics told him to start the paperwork for my promotion or else the division may lose me. The chief was notorious for his slow promotion practices, and those in our unit were exhorting me to leave when an offer came to "teach George a lesson."

Then a letter for a job interview at the Assistant level came from the Bridge Department, and the chief finally sprang into action. Between the receipt of the letter and the actual interview, he kept telling me, "Joy, we're going to get that promotion for you right here, so don't go anywhere." The entire unit was rooting for me to leave, and my supervisor, who had my promotion at heart with a touch of wanting to give a sporting "I told you so" to the chief, called his brother-in-law who was a big shot at the Bridge Department, and said he would grease the way a bit. He greased it well, for I got a job offer almost immediately. My supervisor promptly went to the Chief to gleefully announce this news, and my rooting section was saying "Go, Joy, go!" The Chief did his best to reassure me that a promotion was imminent and he is working on it, but a bird in hand has something going for it. I went. It had been almost two years since I started as a brand new Junior Research Technician.

The Bridge Department was severely short on engineers at that time, and had hit upon the idea of using research technicians to write reports, and I was replacing another research technician. I worked in an office with a Senior Bridge Engineer, with the office of the Principal Bridge Engineer right next door, with the connecting door always open. Right beyond his office was the office of the Bridge Engineer, the top dog. My work involved writing one major report and two minor reports each month. Neither took a high level of intelligence or creativity, so essentially I had three weeks out of a month free.

Being a diligent worker, I decided to put it to good use, and do research and write reports on hitherto untouched subjects. I needed a calculator and preferably an adding machine as well. They originally gave me a hand crank Monroe that the engineers took out to the field, but after I wrote a memo noting how many thousands of cranks I had to perform to complete one worksheet of numbers, an electric Monroe calculator *and* an Olivetti adding machine were approved for me.

I was busily turning out reports again. The head of the Bridge Department who was just down the hall passed our office both to and fro his office, and told me there never was a time when he walked by that I wasn't busy. Since it seemed I was working so hard, I was given a young engineering aide as an assistant. Those were the days before computer generated charts, so they were made on chart papers with tiny squares marked off into units of 5 or 10 or whatever both horizontally and vertically. There were many variations, but one of the chores in making what we called a bar chart was to differentiate the various layers with different designs. So as

a first assignment, I asked the engineering aide to do the fill-ins, by hand, of course. My assistant had about two drops of Indian blood, and his ethnic heritage came to the fore when he came up with his designs. I was astounded and shocked, or was it shocked and astounded by the dazzling bizarreness of his creations which would have been perfect for art craft. I taught him the niceties of black fill ins, dots, diagonal stripes, straight stripes, wide stripes, narrow stripes, and ad infinitum, quelching his creativity I am sure.

Two years to the date I went to the Bridge Department, I got my next promotion at the Department of Social Welfare. A man who was at the Department of Employment when I was there had become the new head of Research and Statistics (R&S). He wanted to staff it with the best, and asked my former Stanford Ph.D. supervisor for advice. My supervisor said that so long as there is Joy Gee on the list, she is the one to get. What a terrific booster to have!

The problem again was those veterans points. I was #16 on the list. But the R&S Chief patiently waited and got enough waivers until I became reachable. I reported for work on July 1, 1958.

About a year after I left the Bridge Department, I heard that my replacement there, another research person, went bonkers and quit because all she did were the required three reports and she spent a good part of the month doing nothing.

I almost retired on July 1, 1989 as I was putting in as much as 60 hours overtime a month, and it was not worth getting high blood pressure from the deadlines. Then the day after I announced my impending retirement, the chief of our branch dropped by my office cubbyhole (the State had switched to room dividers instead of solid walls), and said "I am changing the job requirements of your job for your replacement. That person will report directly to me (instead of a layer between with whom I sometimes had problems getting across technical methodology and progression of logic), there will be no overtime, the incumbent will choose the hours of work, the incumbent will select the research project to work on and have total freedom to conduct it in any manner seen fit by the incumbent, and other goodies." The following morning, I dropped by my chief's office and said "I think I have an applicant for that job." He smiled a big smile and said "What is HIS name?" My colleagues seemed pleased with my decision, and some took me out for a Unretirement Luncheon. Then one day about 11 months later, I calculated what my retirement income would be, and with social security, and not having to contribute to the state retirement fund, I was losing \$341 a month! I promptly went to the chief's office, and said I was going to remedy this loss of \$341 a month by June 30, 1990.

I didn't want a big retirement party as there were only 18 professionals on our staff, and we could have the usual cozy office party. But the chief would not hear otherwise. I selected a trendy new Italian restaurant opened by one of Bruce's high

school and Stanford classmate's mother to help the new enterprise along and discovered to get the separate Garden Room, 60 was the minimum. So I had to fret if they could scare up 60 people. But 90 came. My children came in from out of town too, Robin from Los Angeles (I was aghast at the plane fare on a business day) and Bruce from Palo Alto. It was terrific, and bang of a sendoff. A number of my former bosses spanning the 32 years at Social Services sat at the head table with me and said very nice things. As for my speech, my chief said keep it down to 10 minutes for it seems I had a penchant for talking a lot, so I kept it down to 22 minutes. Portions of it was devoted to the highlights and memorable scenes from my career at Social Services and they include:

- About a week after I came on the job, I had a need for Scotch tape. I went to the head secretary, made my request, and she handed me a small roll. I took it and as I walked off with it, she loudly said "Wait a minute! You don't think you can have the whole roll, do you?" As I peeled off the length I needed, I thought this is indeed a welfare department.
- The head secretary had a story to tell newcomer me. It seems that an adoption worker was working with the heavy manual that was on a jumbo sized binder perched on his lap. He took out a sheet, then snapped it closed, and Aiiieeee! She said he was writhing all over the floor in acute pain, but she was laughing so convulsively that she was barely able to rescue him from his plight.
- One of my colleagues had to make a presentation before the department brass. He laid down the report which he was going to read on the table. The Chief Deputy Director, a large woman with humongous breasts, sat right next to him. Unfortunately, one of her breasts landed right on top of his papers. Since his turn to speak was fast approaching, he was caught in a dilemma of how to remove his report without disturbing the resting left breast. Since he was no magician, he couldn't whisk it out as a magician does with the tablecloth loaded with china and silverware. He could attempt to sidle out the papers in a stealthy manner, but he felt he couldn't do it without jostling that breast. He could be direct and ask her, "Excuse me, may I lift your breast so that I could get my report out?" but that somehow didn't sound right. As he stared at the papers with these hard choices, someone approached the Chief Deputy on the other side to ask a question, and as she turned, there was sufficient clearance for my colleague to do a lightning speed pullout.
- It was the time of the massive welfare reform under Governor Reagan. Our entire division worked overtime on a regular basis, and weekends were regular work days. One night, about 11 p.m., my boss and I were summoned to the Director's office on the top floor. I was to testify before the joint legislative committee, and explain how caseload and cost estimates were made,

and answer questions thereon. I went home about 12:30 a.m., taped a speech on the subject matter and typed notes from it, which took until 3:00 a.m. I got up at 7:00 a.m. to be ready to testify at 8:30 a.m. and as I drove to work, I prayed that I would not disgrace myself. I accompanied our high brass to the hearing held at the Capitol, and there was Willie Brown, the powerful Speaker of the House, resplendent in a shocking pink suit, pink shirt, dark pink tie, and white shoes. He was on the left side of the platform with a mike, and there I was, wearing my brand new cream colored boucle laced front top pant suit, on the right side with a mike. Willie Brown launched right in, dramatically holding up the Legislative Analyst's report. He had it turned to a welfare page, and holding it aloft, he sweepingly addressed me "Do you see this, Miss Gee? Do you see this?!" I said "No, I do not." That wasn't what Willie Brown had expected apparently, for he stopped short as if startled. I then added "I don't have my specs. However, I do know what you are referring to." Then for every point he raised, I refuted clearly and assuredly and everybody in the audience and the legislative committee could see that what we had done was above question. Round One ended nicely for us.

Since I had prepared a speech on how estimates are made, the Director was eager to somehow turn Willie Brown's question to that area so that I would get an opportunity to speak. That chance came the next day, and I ushered myself to the microphone. I thought I was giving a fascinating account of the statistical and analytical techniques and methodology of how we arrive at caseload and cost figures, but the joint legislative committee members sitting in a semi-circle in front of me kept dozing off. As soon as I spotted a nodding head, I would smile and concentrate my talk solely in his direction until he abruptly came to attention as he awoke. Then I have to turn to another member who too was slumbering until he too emerged to the waking world. I was really busy, oscillating my smiling gaze on the sitting legislators who couldn't seem to stay awake. Also, I thought I heard considerable rustling behind me, and only when I was done and turned around did I note that the packed hearing room was nearly deserted, and later reports were that people left in droves. It seemed my 20 minutes or so talk so pristine technically had a boredom factor of 100 on a scale of 10. But that quality had a highly effective value.

The next time Willie Brown asked a question, the Director said "I believe Mrs. Gee has the answer," and Willie instantly decided perhaps he would rather proceed with the agenda. And it got simpler yet as the hearings proceeded. The Director merely had to turn his head in my direction, and Willie Brown would decide the question wasn't that important. Soon he ceased asking any questions. I heard that stories were making the rounds that I was the Department's Secret Weapon. The management treated me like a heroine.

Later when Governor Reagan became President Reagan, the Department executive team went with him to Washington, DC and I was called to the nation's capitol twice to serve as consultant. They wanted to show the Washington bureaucrats how we do it in California.

One of the sidelights of the Welfare Reform was that the primary bill was carried by Anthony C. Bielsen of Beverly Hills. He was a man of great integrity, with sincere desire to serve.. There was a boy in my son Bruce's class named Adam Bielsen, and when I saw Mrs. Bielsen at the Little League game where both our sons were playing, and since I was fresh from testifying at the welfare hearings and realizing what a fine legislator State Senator Bielsen was, I turned to her and asked "Does your husband have a brother in Beverly Hills who is a State Senator?" She laughed and said "That is my husband." "You mean to say Anthony C. Bielsen is your husband?" and she laughed again and said "Yes." Then she said "Mrs. Gee, are you the Joy Gee that was in the newspapers as testifying at the committee hearings?" and I said "Yes," and we both laughed. The next day, Senator Bielsen saw me in the hearing room, came back to me and inquired "Are you Bruce's mother?" I said "Yes" and we cordially shook hands.

A few years later, the principal of the local junior high school phoned me and asked that I and my husband be present at the special year end ceremony. When we got there, the Biensens were also there. It turned out our daughter won the highest girl honor, and their son (the older brother of Bruce's classmate) got the highest boy honor, and they wanted the parents to be present when the awards were made (I was there with a tape recorder as it had sounded important.) Before making the presentation to our daughter Robin, the principal praised her to the skies, ending with "...when we have our first woman president, I'm sure Robin Gee will be her." Anthony Bielsen then leaned over to me and said "I hope she will not run the same year I will be running."

Mr. Bielsen went on to the U.S. Congress, and I had hoped he would someday be the President of the United States. I was prepared to ring doorbells and stuff envelopes and anything else to help get him elected, but a few years ago, he was among the best who left Congress presumably in disgust with what public life had become. What a loss to the nation, for he was a true legislator in the complete sense of the word.

My children gave purpose to my life. Robin and Bruce give the ultimate pride and joy to us, and my feeling of blessedness and happiness as a mother cannot possibly be exceeded (my unbiased opinion.) I had not dared to have the highest hopes, but they have already far surpassed such hopes. I marvel at their continuous accomplishments, and each is like an unmatched jeweled gift to me. And such superb caring human beings Robin and Bruce have turned out to be. I will stop here, for persons not knowing them may think I am bragging when I am merely recounting objective facts.

Oh, why not a few of those facts. Both qualified for the California Mentally Gifted Minors Program (MGM), where the lowest entrance IQ is 133, the same requirement as for MENSA, the world organization of super brains. Robin was the first child selected from her grammar school when this program was initiated because of her high scores in both verbal and math standard tests. It was a big deal, with the principal phoning me for permission to be test her for this new program. She and another boy were the only ones in their class to qualify. When Bruce passed his MGM exam, the psychologist who tested him phoned me to give me the news. Bruce had tested at the adult level he told me. Then he said "Let's see where his weaknesses are" and after a short pause, he said "He has no weakness."

Bruce's class was amazing in that so many were mentally gifted, 13 in a class of about 32. Not only that, but 12 of the 13 were boys, and only one girl. As this cohort moved from one grade to another, the teachers could not believe the maturity of these children as well as high intelligence. At the annual parent-teacher conference, each teacher would tell me of her amazement of this particular group of boys, and what joy it is to teach them. At one grade, the school tried an experiment of the especially intelligent boys, and selected six for this program, with Bruce among them. When Robin started school, she set such an outstanding record that I was concerned how difficult it would be for Bruce to follow in her footsteps. But he had no problem, starting out in kindergarten with the top verbal and math scores and carried it through high school graduation with a 4.0 (all A) average, graduating with distinction from Stanford for his bachelor's, and getting his master's from the Sloan School of Business at MIT in Boston.

When Bruce was a little boy, about nine years or so, the mother of one of his Caucasian friends who used to invite Bruce to their cabin in the Sierras remarked to me, "Every mother should have a Bruce." That statement was so incontrovertible I replied without thinking, "Yes, they should." And I am the mother with the unbelievably good fortune of having *the* Bruce.

In junior high and high schools, both Robin and Bruce were well rounded, involved in many school activities as leaders, and winning numerous high and highest honors. Robin, who set the pace, was practically the whole show at the high school graduation, setting the theme, putting on an original slide show with music that gave nostalgic moments of the class high school experience for four years (this was copied by other schools the following year as it was much talked about success), not to mention the graduation speech. She majored in communications at UC Berkeley for her bachelor's, then obtained her Master's at the Annenberg School of Communication, the top school in her field, located at USC in Los Angeles. She was in the USC brochure for many years as an outstanding graduate.

Both Robin and Bruce are presently highly successful top executives in their chosen fields.

George passed away at the end of January 1994. He had remarried about two years previously to Cora, a woman in the Philippines with whom he had corresponded. She had joined him in the U.S. for less than a year when he died in his sleep. At his funeral, Bruce gave an eulogy that captured his father with so much love and humor that I would like to give it in full here, as nothing could capsule the life of George Gee as well:

As my Dad looks down upon us today, I can just hear him saying, "Wow, look at all these people. Those flowers must have cost a bundle. What kind of food is there going to be?" And I can see the big glowing smile on his face as he realizes these are all his family and closest friends here to honor him. It was all of us here today that made him the happy and energetic person he was. On behalf of Robin, Cora, my Mom and myself, we are proud to have you here and we thank you.

As I have talked to many of you over the past few days, I have come to realize the breadth and depth of Dad's friendships. Most of us know Dad from a certain perspective—brother or Uncle, Woodland Produce, Rotary Club, Honorable Gee's, Rancho Murieta, Farmer's Market or other time and place. In each of our own experiences we shed tears in how we will miss the fun and caring that Dad brought to each of us. But when you look around this room today and see the people that you don't know, you'll appreciate how Dad touched so many people's lives.

The memories growing up with Dad are close to the heart of Robin and myself. One special thing Dad brought to us was the sense of family. Robin talks about this in her tribute to Dad in the program. Last night we saw slides at Aunt Jenny and Uncle Stewart's house that just reminded us further of the incredible life in the Gee Clan. And over the past few days we have seen the outpouring of love and support of the aunts, uncles and cousins. Thank you.

When I was quite young, I would wake up and crawl into Dad's bed until he came home later. He would carry me back to my room and kiss me goodnight. In the process I would often take with me his favorite pillow that he had before he married Mom. As I grew bigger I think Dad realized it was just easier if he gave up that pillow. For the next 25 years and to this day (with a little reluctance of my wife Jane) I sleep with Dad's old ragged pillow.

Dad did not live a complex life. By looking at the way he lived I think that he had a few simple rules. Since Dad always had news ideas of how to sell things, he would probably package them as fortune cookies. Here are a few examples of what would be included.

Dad's Little Instruction Book to Life
Fortune Cookies Edition

- Friends and family are your greatest source of happiness and energy
 - Enjoy life to the fullest each day
 - Smile, it will improve your own outlook on life and brighten someone else's day
 - Use coupons and your senior citizen discount
 - Friends come in many different flavors. Each one adds a new spice to life and source of new knowledge and experiences
 - Never pass up a free meal - thank you to everyone that has provided Dad with a meal
 - Be kind and generous
 - Old friends are collectible antiques. Dust them off and polish them every once in a while
 - Always ask for a better deal and often you will get it
 - The best parking spaces are free and are closest to your destination
 - Learn how to use a computer - Dad actually was the first one in our family to own a computer. Little did he realize that I would build a career in this industry
-
- A helping hand is an investment that will repay itself many times over
 - Talk about your children to anyone who will listen
 - A sense of humor helps keep you young
 - Always have a spare set of keys and glasses. You will need them
 - Join the Rotary Club - thanks to the Rotarians that provided Dad with many years of fellowship and friendship
 - Your feet like how they feel, not how they look. Wear comfortable shoes
 - Work hard and look busy
 - Take a nap if you need one. If in a car, the side of a road or empty parking lot are handy
 - Read a book. It's an easy way to learn new things
-
- Treat everyone with respect and they will respect you
 - It's always handy to have a few empty apple boxes around
 - Listen to Rush Limbaugh. He's not always right, but at least he is interesting
 - Be proud of your heritage
 - Table manners - it's not good unless you wear it
 - Buffet manners - the first one in line has plenty of dark meat to select
 - A comfortable pillow helps you sleep well
 - Grow a beard or mustache
 - You can eat faster with a fork than with chopsticks
 - Microwave ovens make leftovers taste pretty good pretty fast
 - Love and you will be loved

Dad was always a cheerful person full of energy and spirit. To the last day he lived a full and active life. Just a week ago Dad and Cora were in Los Angeles visiting Alan and Robin, feeling the aftershocks and experiencing Disneyland. On Saturday he lived a full day - shopping at Price Club and Food King, visiting with friends and eating chili and tuna sandwich. In the middle of the night he passed away quickly and painlessly.

Being here at Harry Nauman and next to East Lawn is exactly the way Dad wanted things. He had told us many times that he wanted to be near Grandpa, Grandma and the rest of the family. He also loved the Rice Bowl Restaurant and is happy that we can have a great meal in his honor there.

I'm sure you have heard stories of how Dad was proud of his kids. He lived to see his kids graduate from college, begin their careers and happily enter married life. But I hope you leave today knowing how proud we are of him.

We're proud to be the family of George Gee. Dad, we love you, miss you and always think about you.

Father worked as interpreter and translator until the Army left Kyoto. Then he secured a position teaching English at the Saikyo University in Kyoto until he retired at age 70. All through his stay in Japan, he wrote articles for newspapers and magazines in Kyoto and Tokyo, and published three books. The city of Kyoto wanted a city song, so he dashed one off and won first prize. Father wrote essays, poetry, stories, articles with quick ease. He was so prolific that he wrote three different columns for a Kyoto newspaper under three pen names. Before the war, for Japan's 2,600 year anniversary, there was a contest that attracted every major issei writer in the U.S. Father won first prize. Shufuno-tomo, Japan's Ladies Home Journal, had a song contest for the 2,600 year celebration. Father's entry arrived after the deadline, but he still won a prize, and there were 20,000 entries. He also entered a *zaibaidoho kyoshin-kyoku* (Japanese living in the United States song) contest, and won first prize. Before the war, the Japanese newspapers in California would have a story contest for the New Year edition, and every year, Father would submit stories under a different pen name, and win enough prize money to keep us in movie admissions for the year, and Father loved movies. Father passed away in Kyoto in 1969 of uremic poisoning because a nurse in the hospital couldn't put a catheter in and decided not to bother. Mother held a grand funeral for him, with banners and flowers from each of us, including the grandchildren, and only when she sent us a letter with photos of his funeral did I know of his passing away. She did not want us to fly over to Japan immediately upon news of his death, and completed everything by herself before letting us know.

After Father's death, there was no question that Mother should join us in the

United States. She returned on September 16, 1969. After staying briefly in Berkeley with Sister, she came to Sacramento where she lived among other issei ladies at an apartment complex near Sacramento's Japan town where she could shop and bank with no language difficulty. She passed away in December 1971 from complications resulting from diverticulosis.

Have you gone to many of the reunions?

Just a few. I have tried to keep in touch with friends through the years.

Update, March 22, 1997:

Sister Vi

Vi worked for Dean Witter as a successful stock analyst with a huge following for her recommendations, and became the first woman to become a Senior Stock Analyst for a major brokerage company. But she wanted a family, and the doctor said her chances would improve if she quit her job as he considered her job stressful. She and her husband, Ted Tsujimoto, formerly from Vacaville, have two sons, Gregg who will be 29 in July 1997, and Brandon who just became 27 on St. Patrick's Day in March 1997. Her two main interests are her family, which includes two dachshunds, and the stock market. She used to have four dachshunds, Procyon, Adara, Canicula, and Aludra, all named from the Canis (Dog) Constellation by Gregg when he was a little boy. Procyon, Adara, and Aludra have all gone to Dog Heaven after living to a very ripe old age, and only Canicula, now 15 years old, of the original four remains. But a newcomer, an extra long black dachshund, named Aludro as a masculine for Aludra, has joined the family, and delights Vi with his antics; a friend of the family recently said Aludro qualifies to be on the David Letterman show, but Vi is afraid Aludro will not perform on stage. Canicula is world famous as a patient of a veterinary professor on the UC Davis staff, as she has a rare Cushing's canine disease, and the professor travels throughout the world spreading the word about Canicula and Cushing's canine disease. It is ironic that of the four original dachshunds, Canicula with her illness for many years outlived them.

Vi sews as a hobby, both for herself and her sons, collects many works of art, with her current passion being crystals and porcelain and collections of Baccarat, Steuben, and Lladro. But working with stocks is still her favorite hobby and she pursues it with ever greater success.

Ted goes fishing at the San Pablo fishing reservoir twice a week, and his other hobbies are useful as well as recreational, as he tinkers and maintains the family's six cars, cares for the landscaping, is an all around handyman for the house and appliances. They live in Lafayette, CA.

The two sons are both graduates of Stanford. Gregg, the older son, also obtained his Masters from Stanford, and is presently working in the research department with Intel in Santa Clara; recently he was lauded by the company for his two inventions that have been patented. Brandon works for the electrical engineering department of PG&E in the Bay area. He is a sports car enthusiast, and owns three of the six family cars. There are no family portraits of Vi's family, and few snapshots once the boys were out of babyhood, as she found it an impossibility to drag her sons to a photo studio or take pictures. Otherwise it could be seen that they are tall and good looking as well as highly intelligent (they both got A+'s in high school and Stanford).

Children Robin and Bruce

Robin is happily wedded to Alan Seals, formerly from Texas, and will shortly celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary on May 24. Robin won promotion from second in command at Los Angeles to head of her department in Santa Monica a year or so ago, important enough to be asked to served on boards of local corporations and organizations. She is widely known in her field, and always is a speaker at national conventions and invited to speak at other cities and states. She is currently the president of Public Interest Radio and Television Educational Society (PIRATES), an LA professional organization. She has won two Emmys, the same statuettes as the national Emmys, but at a regional level. Her husband is in the insurance actuarial field, and also working for his Ph.D. in evening courses. They have no children to date. They reside in Los Angeles.

Bruce continues to win promotions in his chosen field, and was recently appointed a Director, which he offhandedly remarked to me made him a "somebody." He and his wife Jane, formerly Alhouse of Los Altos Hills, announced their engagement at the celebration of Robin and Alan's wedding, and married five months later on October 17, 1992. They have two of the cutest and most darling children, Kirby, two and a half years old, and Keri, seven months old. They have their home in Palo Alto.

Joy

I have been retired now since July 1990. The first year of retirement was spent concentrating on completing my organic garden, which was on a regular city lot next to my house that I had purchased some years ago for sake of privacy. Since the lot was to serve as barrier to noise, I didn't do much with it other than to keep it clear of weeds. Then one day, the price of onions went up from 25 cents to a jaw dropping 69 cents a pound. At the same time, I noticed a K-Mart ad proclaiming "80 onion bulbs for 69 cents!" That sounded like a good deal. I planted all 80 in a patch on my empty lot, and the resulting harvest of green onions and eventual bigger onions hooked me on gardening for good.

The lot could not be rototilled, as my Father-in-law had used it for his garden (owned by George's brother from whom I had purchased it), and his hodge podge gardening method left bricks, stones, sticks, debris of odd shaped lumber, gravel of all sizes, one leather glove, and other assortment of objects in the ground that would damage a rototiller. So I shoveled and turned over the dirt of the entire lot manually, all the while removing much debris.

Once the gardening bug bit me, I read every book on the subject on the shelves of surrounding libraries. I subscribed to National Gardening magazine. I purchased gardening books I could not get from the libraries. I attended a gardening class called "No Work Gardening" at the nearby city college, which should have been titled "Lots of Work Gardening" which I discovered it to be in actuality. I taped and watched every TV gardening show, and listened to every gardening program on the air. I was going to sign up for the Master Gardener program, but that included flowers to which I am allergic, and besides, anything that grew in my garden had to be edible, so I took a pass on that.

After experimenting with nearly every method of gardening advocated by various gardening personalities and experts, I settled for foot-high raised beds boxed in with 2" thick redwood. I got a trench digging contractor to dig three foot wide and two feet deep and 10-12 feet long pits, and the result looked like open graves for a while. For organic material, I gathered over 150 large trash bags of leaves from established genteel neighborhoods to fill those pits; I sort of looked like a bag lady as I did so, but I looked upon it as conserving landfill. One young man who observed me said he was sure glad I was not his mother.

For mulch between the raised bed boxes (I ended up with 10), I originally got 15 dumpster loads of wood chips from the city and a tree contractor, but they required replenishment over the years as they decomposed.

My garden has many side benefits. Since I could not possibly consume what I grow, I share 95% of my vegetables and fruits with friends and neighbors. And they come back to me in multitude of forms that range from sushis to bird houses. Veggies I grow include Celebrity and cherry tomatoes, various cucumbers, green pepper, turnips, bok choy, nappa, Japanese egg plants, garlic, green onions, asparagus, aloe vera, parsley, lettuce, green beans, and beets. I planted jalapeno pepper one year, but only my Hispanic friends liked them. A neighbor asked me to plant *kabocha*, a Japanese squash, because her son wouldn't plant it in his garden. She brought over ten seeds and I planted them. They grew, and grew, and spread, and spread, and spread, and as my Irish neighbor put it, they "took over Oregon Drive." The crop yield was 155 gorgeous *kabochas*, and I had a heck of a time getting rid of all of them. I gave them to everybody I knew, and was busy delivering them all over town.

My fruit trees include orange, Fuji and Golden Delicious apples, peaches, Bing cherries, Kelsey plum, Satsuma plum (yum!), Asian pear, kumquat, and Mandarin

oranges.

The second and third year of my retirement was taken up working on a souvenir album for the 50th Anniversary Crystal City Reunion. My original committee assignment was Publicity Committee with the main job of producing a souvenir booklet of perhaps 60 pages. But our committee of four decided we nisei are kicking the bucket at an ever accelerating rate, and when we go, our stories would go with us, so we decided to include stories of when the FBI took away our fathers. Along the way, Topsy grew, and the souvenir booklet became a historical document that ran for 300 pages. It took one year to gather all the data and stories and obtain permission to reprint from all the proper sources, and another year to produce the Album. It was all done on the computer, and I saved typesetting cost by doing it myself. We had the photos done professionally, but I later learned how to scan in photos on the computer, and if I had access to such equipment then, we would have saved further. The resulting Album was very well received by all.

After the Album was completed, I was talking with my neighbor that I was now ready to do things and go places. She said why don't I join the Nikkei Singles Club. This is a social support group, not a dating bureau, and indeed they do things and go places as a group. The huge array of activities includes dinners, plays, picnics, pot lucks, museums, trips to Branson, Missouri and Disney World, Monterey Peninsula Tour, Daffodil Hill, Marina Headlands, joint activities with other singles clubs in East Bay, San Francisco, San Jose, and Stockton, going to places of interest such as Jelly Belly, Annheuser Busch, glassworks in Benecia where Hillary Clinton brought a work of art for Princess Michiko, GM-Toyota plants, St. Anthony ranch in Petaluma, and vaudeville show in Rohnert Park, really an endless list. The Club does good works too, raising funds for scholarships, nursing homes, memorials, taking part in bazaars, and many others. I have served as newsletter editor, recording secretary, chairman, co-chair or coordinator of numerous events, and truly enjoy myself. I have never eaten so many terrific sushi's as in the Nikkei Singles Club, for refreshments for every palate abound at every event.

I continue to go to the adult computer class where I learned the PageMaker program. I go four days a week, 3 1/2 to 4 hours each time. Since we get to work on any project we please, it is like going to an office for me. The environs are conducive to a disciplined approach to work, with no distractions such as telephone calls, visitors, other work to be done, and not the least, the refrigerator is not there. I usually have more than a dozen different projects on an ongoing basis, which utilizes softwares dealing with word processing, spreadsheet, scanning photos, Print Shop for posters and holiday cards, data base for mailing labels, PageMaker for desktop publishing, etc. Moreover, we have one of the most talented, knowledgeable, and highly intelligent computer teacher who is an endless resource. I have done an oral history for an individual, and now doing my own (this is it). I usually spend another hour or two on the computer at home in the evening. I have been avoiding getting on the Internet or America On Line as I didn't want to spend all my

waking hours on the computer, but I intend to sign up in the near future as both Robin and Bruce have shown me all the wondrous things I can access. As I write this, I will be going to Kaizu, Japan on May 2 for three months to teach English in association with a church I attend. I will teach 18 classes with over 500 students, primarily in the public middle school, and including three adult evening classes. I will also be assisting the pastor in translating his sermons into short written English summary for the non-Japanese speaking members of the church. Another person from the same church will teach three public 6th grade classes and six church classes. I expect to return on July 31. Just prior to going to Japan, I will be taking Robin and Alan to Disney World on April 24-28 with the Nikkei Singles Club.

Guitar is another love. I have played with different groups ranging from three to over 40 people for over 20 years, but have been with present group of six composed of three men and three women for the past 17-18 years. We meet monthly, and more often near Christmas time when we put on a Christmas show for the developmentally disabled (a true captive audience). We joke that when our audience is ambulatory, as has been on other shows we have put on, they have the option of walking away which they have done. Also, another girl from that group, the technically most advanced of the six of us, and I get together generally on Mondays and play more difficult pieces so that we can inch and mosey forward and upward. Another guitar activity is where a retired elementary school teacher and I play guitar and teach songs to 1st and 2nd graders at an elementary school once a week as most schools have tossed out music programs. Robin gave me a toy rhythm band set this Christmas for me to use in that class, and the class take turn being in the band and we concentrate on the beat and count ("Now, one-two-three-four, 'This land is your land, this land is my land.....'"). We always wind up with Hokey Pokey, forming two rings, one inside the other as we have about 40-60 children at one time and we need plenty of space to hokey-pokey. I have just as much fun as the kids, if not more.

Other organizations I am in include the California State University at Sacramento/Japanese American Archival Collection committee, Florin JACL, Woodland Young People's Association (it was Young People when it was started right after World War II), attend the Mayhew Community Baptist Church on a regular basis, and still keep in touch with the Crystal City Association headquartered in Los Angeles where I recently attended the 86th birthday celebration of my Crystal City home room teacher Rev. Kenko Yamashita (now Bishop Yamashita) in Gardena. And I am so fortunate to have many friends with whom I get together for lunches and dinners for a relaxing time together, and I stay in contact with out-of-town friends by telephone or letter with occasional visits. And I have nearly daily contact with wonderful neighbors.

I have two cats, Rembrandt and Saskia. I manage my holdings... stocks, bonds, other financial instruments, and rental properties. I am an avid reader of newspapers, magazines, newsletters, and books. I tape all TV programs on VCRs so I am

not tied to the hours they come on; besides, I could fast forward all commercials and boring segments and save 30% of viewing time. I do my own housework; I had a cleaning lady for over ten years, but when my last one went to work at a cannery, I did it myself for a while and it was so much fun I've done it ever since. I do have a gardener though because I am terrified of a rotary lawn mower that can spin rocks at you with the speed of a bullet. I also wash my own cars (a Toyota Cressida and a Toyota pickup) because I can't see paying that much when I could do it myself. So my cars are often dirty with cat paw prints all over them.

When George passed away in January 1994, I felt as if the last reins of my duties and obligations were loosened. I felt exuberantly liberated from the molds of conformity as the obedient daughter, loyal wife, a mother raising her children the best she could, a professional at work... they were now in the past. I am still a mother of course, and a grandma as well, and will always try to be a credit to my race and uphold the family name, but for the first time in my life, I felt I could do whatever I want to do whenever I wanted to do it. What fun it is! What freedom! However long it can last I dare not think, for I am 71 and reading obituaries each morning. But for now, I am having a glorious time!